

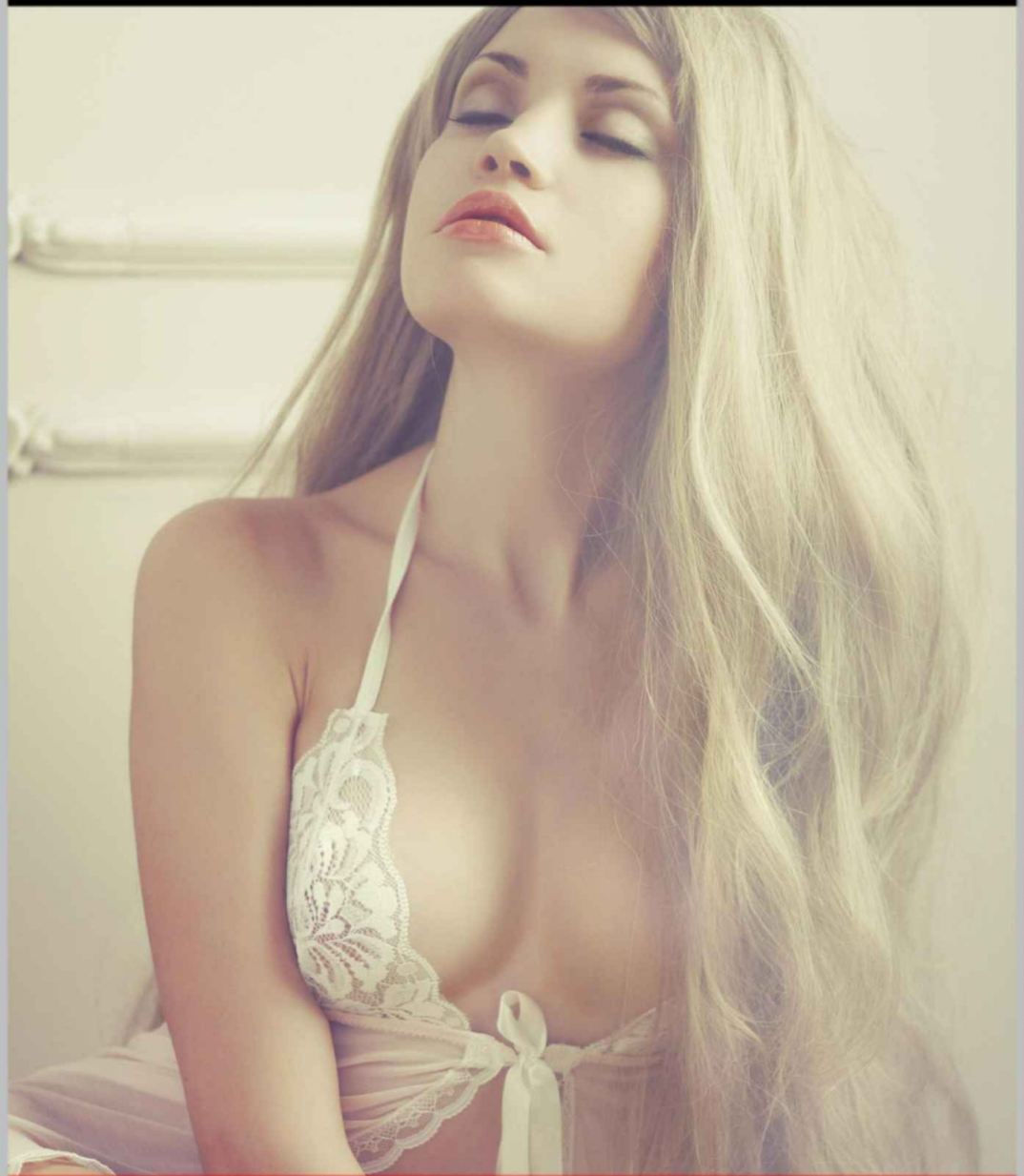
FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



COMPLETE COLLECTION

BY JULIE LAW

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RAPUNZEL

Rapunzel
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #1)

By
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Rapunzel

There was once a man and a woman who longed for a child. They prayed and begged God, but it appeared that their wish of becoming parents would never come true.

It all changed when they met the Enchantress.

They had heard the woman was powerful in magic and in herbs. Feeling desperate, the couple approached her and begged for her help.

The Enchantress was a fickle woman, capable of great generosity and great selfishness. When she heard the couple's plead she was moved and consented to help.

As the months went by and she continuously prepared herbs and magical potions for the couple, the Enchantress slowly fell in love with the husband. He loved her back and, without his wife suspecting anything, they became lovers.

He would spend the days with his wife, making love to her and trying to make her conceive, and at night he would slink out of the house and find the Enchantress, losing himself in her embrace.

Their relationship lasted for months.

The Enchantress knew she shouldn't have seduced him, but she couldn't help it. She didn't hate the woman, but she envied what she had. She hated to smell his wife in his skin when he came to her, she hated that he didn't have the stamina to fully satisfy her after spending the afternoon with her, and she hated having to share him.

So she gave him an ultimatum.

He would have a week to leave his wife and go to live with the Enchantress. The husband pleaded with her for more time, but she didn't relent and he accepted her offer and decided to end his matrimony.

The week passed slowly, their routine uninterrupted, the husband enjoying his last few days with his wife, knowing he would leave her before long.

Finally the last day of the week came and he and the Enchantress went to confront his wife. He had barely stepped inside his home when his wife rushed to him and embraced him, laughing and smiling. When he questioned her why she was so happy she replied she was pregnant, that their efforts had finally paid off and she had a child inside of her.

The husband laughed and embraced her back, holding her with all his strength, the love that had been forgotten during the last few months suddenly rekindled. Husband and wife laughed and danced and talked, always without noticing the

woman by the door, the one with a breaking heart.

A sudden party was prepared and the joyous couple called all their neighbors and friends, spreading the good news. The wife, happy and radiant, called the Enchantress to her side and told everyone how without her help she wouldn't have been able to have a child.

The Enchantress received the woman's thanks and the gratitude of the couple's friends and family, all while feeling her heart die bit by bit, smiling while she didn't mean it, jealousy growing by leaps and bounds in her soul.

At the end of the night she approached the husband and spoke to him. He kissed her one last time and told her he would always love her, but he couldn't and wouldn't abandon his wife, not when she carried his child.

The Enchantress nodded and accepted his words, even as she seethed inside.

During the next few days the Enchantress' anger, envy and loneliness grew. Feeling fury and despair, the woman decided to get her revenge upon the husband, and steeled her heart. She prepared a magical potion and after completing it, she soaked a rampion, a rapunzel as it was called in their land, in it.

She took the plant with her and visited the couple, gifting the rampion to the wife, saying that if she ate it the couple's child would grow to be healthy and strong. The wife embraced her heartily, thanking her for all she had done. A part of the Enchantress' mind shouted at her for deceiving the young wife, but her desire for revenge won out and in the end she left without warning the woman about her poisoned gift.

The Enchantress disappeared for a few months after that. No one knew where she was, or when she would come back. The couple returned to a semblance of a normal life.

The Enchantress returned the night the wife's waters broke. She assumed the role of the woman's midwife and helped her give birth. The wife, husband and the Enchantress were the only people inside the house when the new child came to the world, a beautiful newborn, with a few tufts of blond hair on her head.

There was only one thing different about the child. She had been born with sexual organs from both male and female, a hermaphrodite.

The couple despaired as they saw that.

The wife cried and the husband raged. They screamed and blamed each other for their daughter's differences, all the while the child cried in the Enchantress' arms.

Finally the Enchantress couldn't help it anymore and she started laughing, making both wife and husband stop and stare at her. When the wife questioned her why she was so happy, the Enchantress replied.

The Enchantress told the wife about the affair she had with the husband, she told her about the fact that the husband had been coming to abandon the wife the

night the woman told him she was pregnant, and the Enchantress told them that their child's state was her curse, her final revenge for her abandonment and her last gift to the couple.

Both husband and wife raged at her, and at each other, the wife infuriated about the affair, the husband aghast at the Enchantress' revenge when he and his wife were most happy.

Despite their fury, neither of them made a move against the Enchantress; even in their state of mind they knew she was more powerful than them, and there was nothing they could do against the magic user.

So they turned on each other.

The wife shouted at her husband and expelled him from her house. He left saying he didn't want anything to have with such a harpy for a wife and with such a freak as a child.

The woman turned to the Enchantress and told her to leave, ordering her to take the monster with her, before she immersed herself further into the home. The Enchantress laughed at the turn the events took and felt sated, her fury abated by her revenge's outcome, happy for the first time in months.

Looking at the child she held in her arms the Enchantress felt her heart stirring for the first time since her lover had forsaken her, and she saw in the child a face similar to hers and that of its father. Stroking the blonde hair, fine as spun gold, so much like the Enchantress' own hair, the woman smiled.

"My revenge worked better than I hoped and I have you to thank for all of it ... little Rapunzel."

Rapunzel grew hearty, hale and beautiful. She was the Enchantress' joy and happiness, capable of making the fickle woman smile at any time.

Rapunzel had fine gold for hair, the blue oceans and skies as her eyes, and the more succulent of red fruits as her lips. She smelled of flowers and the sea breeze, even though she had never come close to the shore in her life. Her smile was radiant like the sunlight and her pout capable of bending the most resolute of men.

Wherever Rapunzel and her mother went, people talked about the most beautiful girl in the world, the one with gold for hair. Soon her fame spread all over the kingdom, every village and town hoping to see the Enchantress and her beautiful daughter.

Rapunzel was seven when she and her mother arrived in a town at the northern regions of the Kingdom.

As always, whispers of them had found the town before they did, and when the people saw them arrive they received Rapunzel and the Enchantress as best as they could. Everyone wanted to see Rapunzel and to touch her hair, the one they

heard so much about.

The Enchantress grew furious at their pretensions, tired of always being hounded wherever she and her daughter traveled to, but she couldn't forbid the people from seeing Rapunzel, especially when her daughter hadn't know anything but adoration and adulation from the ones around her.

It changed that night when a drunken old man, believing Rapunzel's hair truly was gold, tried to cut it away with a knife. Rapunzel cried and the Enchantress fury was unleashed when she saw the man wielding a knife near her daughter's face. With a gesture she threw him into a wall, her will and magic making him appear a puppet in her complete control.

He babbled and tried to apologize, but the Enchantress' anger wouldn't be sated by mere apologies. She threw him again and again, his body hitting the inn's walls, the crunching of his broken bones audible by everyone inside. No one spoke, or moved, while the Enchantress punished the one who attacked her child. Only Rapunzel made a sound, the young girl smiling and clapping at her mother, not understanding the harm the older woman was doing to the old man.

No one bothered them in the town after that, and after a few days, mother and daughter left the place and never returned.

Yet the incident remained clear in the Enchantress memory, the moment she had seen the man attempting to harm her daughter, the moment she saw that knife so close to her daughter's throat etched into her mind, burned there by the fear she felt when she saw it happen.

Fear lead to jealousy, and while cautious the Enchantress couldn't stop the people from the next village from flocking to Rapunzel's side, eager to see her. Rapunzel appeared to have forgotten the incident that so unsettled her mother, but the Enchantress started thinking and planning how she would make it so Rapunzel remained hers and hers alone.

When Rapunzel turned eight her mother imprisoned her in a tower. She didn't call it that, of course, she told her daughter that the tower would become their new home and that they wouldn't continue to roam all over the Kingdom.

At first Rapunzel found it strange, she had known no other life since she had born, but as the months passed she got used to it and loved it. Her mother taught her to read and gave her books to entertain herself, her mother also taught her to sew and while Rapunzel struggled at it she eagerly practiced.

They had been living in the tower for four months when the Enchantress had to leave for the first time. Rapunzel looked confusedly at her mother when she told her she had to go, never having been apart from the elder woman.

The Enchantress heart leaped at the face her daughter made when she explained she had to go away for a few days, but she was practiced in resisting her daughter's pouts. She left the next morning at sunrise.

Rapunzel found herself alone for the first time in her life.

Her mother had left everything she needed to survive prepared, so she only had to entertain herself until the older woman returned.

When the Enchantress came back three days later, Rapunzel was there to embrace and welcome her, proud at taking care of herself for the time.

The next years continued in the same trend. Rapunzel learned everything her mother taught her, from identifying herbs and magical reagents, to singing, to cooking, every little bit of knowledge her mother wished to impart on her she learned.

The Enchantress continued leaving for her visits to neighboring villages, seeking food, clothes and supplies for her and her daughter, never letting anyone find out where she lived, and proudly watching her child grow.

Things started to change between the Enchantress and her daughter a few days after Rapunzel turned thirteen.

Rapunzel couldn't say when exactly her relationship with her mother started souring.

It had started slowly. She could remember that.

Rapunzel was used to share everything with her mother, they read together, they cooked together, they slept and bathe together, and suddenly things changed and the Enchantress forced Rapunzel to manage for herself.

The young girl didn't understand why her mother was shying away from her, she just knew it was happening and so she tried to hold tighter to the older woman. She tried to spend more time with the Enchantress; she begged the other woman for help in the most varied of tasks, even if Rapunzel had no problem finishing them. She followed the older woman during the day, hoping for a chance to make the other woman talk or smile, or even to see if she could help the older woman.

The Enchantress chafed at Rapunzel's hounding and ignored her as much as she could, until she couldn't control her anger and, in a moment she would forever regret, slapped the blonde girl.

Rapunzel froze when that happened, and she let tears fall down her face, but she didn't sob or made a fuss. She cried silently for a few moments and then left, leaving the Enchantress alone.

From that moment forward Rapunzel was the one shying away from the Enchantress.

Eventually the Enchantress would come to regret her actions, but at the time she had been pleased she had put an end to Rapunzel's harassment, and became content in being alone for a while.

Rapunzel wouldn't forget the slap her mother had given her, and slowly her anger grew.

She rebelled against her mother's hold on her life.

Where before she was a pampered and gentle child, she became unruly, rebellious, all of it because of her mother's seemingly rejection. She became lonely.

One day her mother had ordered Rapunzel to cut her hair. The blonde child ignored the older woman, and from that moment on she decided she would never cut her hair, it would be another way of rebelling.

She then started hiding from the Enchantress and spent a great deal of her time wandering through the tower. It didn't take long for Rapunzel to realize one truth that made her even wearier of her mother. She was a prisoner in her own house. There was only one exit from the tower and it was guarded by her mother's spells, and only the Enchantress could open it. When her mother left it remained closed, and no matter what Rapunzel attempted it wouldn't open.

Because of that Rapunzel approached her mother and begged her to learn magic.

The Enchantress' gaze pierced Rapunzel, the woman looking at the girl from top to bottom. Rapunzel then saw something in her mother's gaze, something she had started seeing some time before they started drifting apart, but she couldn't say exactly what it was she saw, she just knew that look made her tremble and her heart beat faster.

Then her mother shook her head and told Rapunzel she wouldn't teach her what she wanted, she wouldn't make it easier for Rapunzel to escape and leave her alone.

Rapunzel raged at her mother until her voice became hoarse, asking, begging for a reason why she imprisoned, and why she couldn't simply walk outside. The Enchantress remained still and didn't reply, until Rapunzel slowly lost her strength and will to question why, and fled.

The relationship between mother and daughter had frayed until just the barest touch of affection remained.

The Enchantress started spending more and more time away from the tower, in some occasions spending more than a month without returning to her home. She loved Rapunzel, but she had no idea how to fix their relationship, and as such remained away, preferring to hide than to face the blonde child.

Rapunzel enjoyed her solitude as much as she could, although every time her mother left she felt a tug at her heart. That tug returned whenever her mother took more than a week or two to return. It was a fear that she wouldn't see the other woman ever again, and it made her feel lightheaded and without breath. Every time that happened she would only become at peace when she saw her mother return from the window of her bedroom.

She didn't show it when she greeted the other woman, always intent to show she was perfectly capable of living without the Enchantress. Her mother, one who once was capable of understanding her daughter – but no more – wouldn't realize what truly lied behind her daughter's façade, and would believe what Rapunzel tried to make appear as truth.

The years passed with their behavior unchanged for the most part, mother and adopted daughter seemingly becoming as strangers to one another, barely speaking or seeing each other.

It all changed again when the prince appeared, a few days after Rapunzel's eighteenth anniversary.

Rapunzel was brushing her incredibly long hair, the one she had let grow unimpeded for years, when she heard someone call for her.

Curious – it hadn't seemed like her mother's voice – she leaned over her window and looked down, seeing a man she had never seen before at her tower's entrance.

The man grinned at her and recited a poem to her beauty. Rapunzel flushed, and smiled back at him, pleased by his words and his appearance. They talked, and smiled at each other.

Rapunzel felt joy like she hadn't in years, not since she was a child and still accompanied her mother in her wanderings.

Her happiness waned when the beautiful man begged her to open the door to the tower. She had to tell him it was locked by her mother's magic and she had no way to open it.

The man looked pensive for a moment, but then his sight fell on the tower itself and he grinned, saying he was confident he could climb it. He started slowly, making sure his footing was secure, but soon enough he climbed most of the edifice, until he almost reached Rapunzel's window and realized he wouldn't be able to climb further.

The beautiful blonde woman, seeing him so close but unable to come closer, looked around herself and tried to find something that would make it possible for him to come to her.

Her sight fell on her own hair, the only thing that could possibly reach him. She grabbed her gold spun hair and threw it at him; he grabbed it and managed to finish the climb into her bedroom.

Rapunzel watched him as he slowly beat the dust out of his clothes. It had been years since she had seen someone other than her mother up close, and she found him rather handsome.

His hair was dark and short, his frame was bulky and strong and his eyes made Rapunzel flush and try to hide her face. When she did that, he touched her cheek

and made her turn her sight back to him, smiling at her innocence and making her smile in turn.

They spoke for hours. Rapunzel learned he was a prince and that he had been adventuring through the kingdom when he saw her brush her hair and sing while she leaned over the window. He saw her greet the Enchantress when Rapunzel's mother returned from one of her trips and he heard the older woman call her Rapunzel.

Rapunzel in turn told him about her life, from her memories as a child walking around from village to village, to her life in the tower, her imprisonment as she found it.

The prince realized she was a very sheltered and innocent woman, and he couldn't help but find her striking, the most beautiful woman in the land. He kissed her, and Rapunzel, not understanding what he was doing, kissed him back.

They separated after a few moments, Rapunzel once again flushed, while the prince grinned at the effect he had on the beautiful woman. They continued talking further, until night started to settle in and the prince decided he had to go.

He was about to start his climb down when he turned back and came to Rapunzel's side. He asked her if she wanted to do something fun and naughty.

Rapunzel, always hoping to annoy her mother and knowing from her books that doing something naughty always annoyed mothers accepted.

The prince swallowed, having second thoughts for a moment, but then he bade Rapunzel to kneel in front of him. She did so, and he slowly undid his trousers, reached inside and dragged his cock out into the open.

She looked at it, finding it very similar to the one she had between her legs, but something held her from commenting that out loud.

The prince reached out with his hand and caressed her hair and asked her to touch his member, to hold it in her hand and stroke it, slowly. She did as he asked, wrapping her hand around his cock and gripping tightly, feeling his warmth. She started to move her hand up and down, making him groan in pleasure, and feeling a quivering between her thighs, a wetness flowing down her leg while her own member hardened.

He told her to kiss his cock, and Rapunzel leaned forward and touched her lips to its reddened head. He groaned again and she could see as the veins on his cock widened as more blood was pumped into his member. At his urging she kissed him again, and her tongue sneaked out of her mouth to lick his cock's tip.

The prince's hands came to rest on her head, and his hips started moving forward. Rapunzel followed his lead and took his cock into her mouth, marveling at the strange texture of his member and at its salty, musky taste. Her tongue swirled around the member, tasting him, making the prince grab a lock of her hair and fist his hand in it.

He told her what to do next. Following his instructions, Rapunzel started to slide her mouth over his member, taking his cock further into her mouth, her lips wrapped tightly around it. Her hands moved to cup his scrotum, playing with his balls.

The prince groaned and his cock twitched in Rapunzel's wet embrace.

Rapunzel moved slowly at first, her lack of experience obvious, but soon enough the blonde woman was bobbing her head up and down the prince's cock, the prick moving in and out of her mouth faster with every moment that passed.

Rapunzel marveled at what she was doing, instinctively knowing it was a very naughty thing, but she couldn't stop. So eager was she that she took the cock further than she should and it hit her throat, making her gag.

The prince loved that and he grasped her head with both of his hands, and started thrusting hard, making Rapunzel hold still with her mouth as open as she could make it, as he fucked her face.

A few moments after he started Rapunzel heard him groan louder than before, and suddenly she could taste his come, and feel his seed flowing from his prick into her open mouth. She swallowed what she could, as he begged her to, but it was too much and she felt some of it escape her mouth and dribble over her chin.

The prince moved back a couple of steps after his cock finished spurting its thick substance and he looked at Rapunzel's stunned face, seeing his seed dirtying her entire face. His cock twitched at the sight, but one look out of the window made him realize he had to leave. He arranged his pants and he moved to climb down, a much easier task than climbing up and possible without Rapunzel's aid.

Rapunzel remained on her knees for some time, his flavor still remaining in her mouth ever after she had swallowed the last of him. She felt his seed sticking to her chin and used her hands to clean it, and felt its white texture between her fingers, marveling at what seemed to her to be really thick milk.

She put her fingers on her mouth and tasted his semen once again, before she got up and went to take a bath.

She was lying in the warm water when she started thinking about what happened and couldn't help but flush when she remembered what she had done. She felt her own cock hardening, and for the first time in her life she couldn't help but touch it and grip her hand around it.

Seeing its swollen state, Rapunzel wondered about how it would feel to have someone's lips around it, like hers had been around the prince's cock. Slowly, Rapunzel moved her hand up and down, her grip tight. She marveled at the feeling of it and moaned in pleasure. Soon she sliding her hands as fast as she could, pumping up and down.

The stimulation proved too much and Rapunzel soon came, shooting a load of thick white seed from her cock's head. She closed her eyes while the orgasm shook her

body, her chest and breasts heaving with her efforts to breathe.

When she opened her eyes and saw the white milk she released floating in the water she wondered if it would taste the same as the prince's. She found that the flavor was different, spicier, and the texture was thicker.

Resisting the urge to nod off in the warm water, Rapunzel got up and moved unto her bed where sleep took her along shortly.

The prince returned the next day, and in the days after.

Rapunzel eagerly waited for him and he longed for her. Their meetings were always the same; the prince would climb the tower with Rapunzel's help, and they would talk and kiss, and at the moment of goodbye Rapunzel would fall on her knees and pleasure the prince.

He couldn't help but feel a guilty about using the innocent girl to obtain pleasure, but any guilt rapidly fled when his eyes fell on Rapunzel's tight mouth wrapped around his cock.

Their routine was broken on the day the prince let his guilt get the better of him. Ashamed of how he had behaved the prince decided he would make Rapunzel his wife, and so erase any and all wrongdoing he did to her, even if she hadn't realized he had done so.

So he asked Rapunzel in marriage, kneeling before her for the first time.

The young woman didn't understand what was happening at first, but once he explained, she jumped at the chance and accepted without hesitation. He smiled, got up and took her in his arms, kissing her with all his fervor. She replied with equal desire and before any of them realized they were atop Rapunzel's bed and their clothes started to come off.

Rapunzel was flushing and breathing hard, happy without measure. Slowly her prince took off her upper clothes, baring her breasts to the open air. She saw desire in his eyes, an emotion that before she met him she wouldn't have been able to identify, and her chest heaved.

The prince's eyes followed her breasts all throughout the motion of inhaling and exhaling, his sight focused on the pink peaks that adorned Rapunzel's beautiful mounds. His mouth descended upon Rapunzel's nipples, taking the little buds into his mouth, tasting and suckling them.

Rapunzel moaned and her hands grabbed onto his head, holding him tight to her.

The prince's hands wandered down her body, slowly, feeling her stomach and tummy until they arrived at her core. They hovered over her sex and then descended, fully feeling the apex between Rapunzel's thighs.

The prince stopped moving. His hand had found Rapunzel's secret and he froze, trying to understand what exactly was that he was feeling between her legs. Grabbing tightly onto her underclothes, he pulled, hard, and ripped the last thing remaining between his sight and a fully nude Rapunzel.

What the prince saw between her legs made him pale. He remained still for a few moments, until he flung himself back, away from the bed and away from Rapunzel.

The blonde woman looked at him hesitantly, noticing his mounting fury, but not understanding why it was so. The prince's anger didn't allow him to see Rapunzel's doubts and so he screamed at her, questioning her about what she was, and why did she deceive him.

Rapunzel tearfully tried to tell him she didn't understand why he was upset, and moved close to him, extending her hand to his face while she kept professing her innocence.

He slapped her hand away, hard, and screamed at her, calling her a demon and a freak. He pushed her and she fell unto the bed, from where she looked at him silently, tears falling down her face.

The prince gritted his teeth, his anger obvious and dark little thoughts made themselves heard in his mind. He looked at Rapunzel, and realized that although she had a male organ she also sported a woman's sex, and his method of revenge became clear.

He advanced upon her, intent of forcing himself on the young woman, when there was a crash. Both the prince and Rapunzel looked at the room's entrance and froze.

The Enchantress stood there, her face white from shock, eyes fleeing from the prince to Rapunzel. A moment later she understood what she was looking at, and her features became twisted with wrath.

The prince raised his hands, trying to appear as non-threatening as possible. He remembered what Rapunzel told him about her mother, and he knew the woman before him was very powerful. Slowly he tried to move towards the window.

He didn't get a chance to escape.

The Enchantress raised her hand and he froze in place, before he slowly rose into the air. He tried to talk to her, first begging and then threatening, identifying himself as a prince, but the Enchantress didn't care and with a pushing motion she threw him out of the room, through the window and into a fatal crash beneath.

She turned to Rapunzel afterwards, anger clouding her thoughts, and if not for Rapunzel throwing herself at her and holding her, she didn't know what she would have done. In response to her daughter's embrace, The Enchantress froze, but then her arms closed around Rapunzel, and held the younger woman as she hadn't done in years.

Rapunzel sobbed into the older woman's chest, the feeling of heartbreak, and the fear she had felt of the prince unbearable. The Enchantress held her and guided

her to the bed, where she slowly and carefully comforted Rapunzel.

When the girl had calmed down slightly, she questioned her about the prince, careful not to make the other girl's sadness return anew. Rapunzel told her about how he had called for her, and how he climbed the tower until he managed to come inside her room.

The Enchantress hands tightened on the bed's sheets when her daughter told her how the prince fooled her into using her mouth on him, and she regretted having killed him as quickly as she had.

Rapunzel's tale finished with the girl telling her mother how the prince asked to marry her, and how they had kissed upon her bed, until he had realized she had a cock between her legs.

Rapunzel asked her mother why the prince reacted as he did, and the Enchantress froze as sliver of guilt sneaked into her mind, both for the curse that made Rapunzel as she was and for the fact she had never explained to the girl the differences between her and a normal woman.

Carefully, the Enchantress told Rapunzel about how she was special, how she had something other women didn't have, and the prince hadn't been able to see past her differences and love her all the same.

Rapunzel thought about her mother's words for a moment, and then she questioned the other woman why she was different. When the enchantress didn't reply, Rapunzel accused her of being like the prince, and feeling disgust because she was different.

The enchantress denied it, and professed that she always had loved Rapunzel, from the day she was born, but the young woman didn't believe her, saying that the Enchantress had basically abandoned her, and the prince was the most company she had in years. Rapunzel ripped herself away from her mother's embrace and crawled further into the bed, as far away from the older woman as she could.

The Enchantress watched as her adopted daughter moved away, doubt about what she could do creeping into her mind. It was the thought of continued strife between them that made her crawl after Rapunzel.

Rapunzel shied away when she arrived, but the Enchantress' hand sneaked faster than Rapunzel's movement and gripped her daughter's cock. Rapunzel froze, feeling her mother's hand close around her sex, and she looked at the older woman, startled.

The Enchantress smiled at her, sadly, and said that she didn't care about Rapunzel's differences. Rapunzel watched her for a moment and then asked her to prove it, gesturing towards her cock which hardened and twitched in the Enchantress grip.

The Enchantress mouth fell open in startlement at her daughter's suggestion, but then she realized Rapunzel had no idea of what she was asking. The young woman didn't understand the taboo she was asking the Enchantress to break, and once

again the Enchantress realized her failings as a mother.

The older woman looked at the rod she was gripping. It was a fairly sized one and strangely smooth, lacking any kind of hair. The blue veins traversing it were easily noticeable, thick as they were with Rapunzel's blood pumping through them.

The Enchantress couldn't help but swallow as she looked at her adopted daughter's cock, and a memory surfaced from the depths of her mind; a memory of waking up to find her daughter spooning against her, Rapunzel's cock having somehow found itself lodged between the Enchantress' legs. She remembered feeling the cock's warmth between her thighs pressed against her opening, and she remembered the slick feel of her own wetness coating the small cloth that kept her daughter's cock from touching her aching pussy lips.

At the time the Enchantress had frozen and remained still for what felt like hours, a sudden surge of lust having almost overpowered her and making her contemplate do something she would have probably regretted.

Eventually she had shaken those dark thoughts from her mind, and slowly, with trembling legs, she had managed to escape the bed, leaving a sleeping Rapunzel behind.

Rapunzel had been thirteen.

It had been from that moment forward that the Enchantress' relationship with her daughter had soured, when she pushed Rapunzel away, afraid of the emotions the girl had managed to awaken within her. Rapunzel hadn't understood why the Enchantress did so, and so she started to resent her mother.

Now the Enchantress looked at her daughter's cock and wondered. Maybe if she hadn't pushed her daughter away Rapunzel wouldn't have been taken advantage of by the prince. Maybe if she had been a better mother and hadn't imprisoned her daughter, the girl wouldn't be so easily fooled.

Slowly the Enchantress leaned down and kissed the top of her daughter's cock. She didn't care what anyone else thought, she cared only for Rapunzel's opinion and, because of her failings, her daughter didn't believe her when she said she loved her – so the enchantress would show her love, even if it was the kind of love usually reserved for lovers.

Rapunzel gasped as her mother's lips grazed her cock, and again when the Enchantress kissed the top of her cock's head. The older woman poised a hand on Rapunzel's inner thigh, and used the other to grip the base of her cock, fingers rubbing the erect member even as her mouth closed around its tip.

Rapunzel gasped non-stop while her mother's mouth pleased her. From the first grazing touches of the older woman's lips, to the point where the Enchantress took Rapunzel's cock into her mouth and bobbed her head up and down. The girl's hands had settled behind her mother's head and she tried to hold her down, much like the prince had done several times to her.

The Enchantress replied by taking Rapunzel's cock even deeper into her mouth, feeling her daughter's cock sliding into her throat as she used the experience she had accumulated over decades not to gag.

Rapunzel moaned loudly in pleasure, only now understanding the depths of the enjoyment she had given the prince.

A moment later Rapunzel screamed out loud as she achieved her release, unloading her seed down her mother's mouth and throat, making the older woman struggle to breathe for a few instants, until the Enchantress started swallowing the thick white substance. Rapunzel's eyes glassed over with pleasure, even as the older woman finished milking the last of her seed.

The Enchantress raised her head from Rapunzel's lap, using her sleeve to wipe a small amount of whiteness from her mouth's corner, before she faced her daughter. Rapunzel seemed listless for a moment, before she shook her head and seemed to regain her focus. She looked directly at the Enchantress.

The older woman smiled at her and looked down, finding that Rapunzel remained hard even after she used her mouth on the girl's cock. Surprised, the Enchantress leaned down again, decided to make Rapunzel feel quite satisfied.

This time she decided to focus her efforts in Rapunzel's other sex. She gripped the girl's cock and slowly pumped it, even as her mouth closed over the opening beneath the thick rod, and her tongue slid inside the blonde haired girl.

Rapunzel gasped, feeling her pussy being pierced for the first time and she couldn't stop herself from screaming out loud as the Enchantress tasted her. Rapunzel's hands played with her own breasts, gripping and kneading them as the Enchantress' mouth pleased her.

The older woman swirled her tongue around the girl's insides, careful to fully taste her, even as her hand kept pumping Rapunzel's rod. A moment later the Enchantress' mouth closed over Rapunzel's clit, a small nub that rested on the base of the girl's cock, between both of the girl's sexes.

Rapunzel came screaming once again, wetness squirting from between her legs and another load from her cock, the white cum hitting the Enchantress, dirtying the woman's hair and clothes.

As Rapunzel recuperated from her last orgasm, the Enchantress left the bed and started undressing. When she turned back to her daughter Rapunzel was focused on her, eyes roving over her body, and cock hard, prepared to fuck the Enchantress.

The older woman raised her eyebrow when she noticed Rapunzel's member, finding the girl's resilience astonishing, but then she remembered the girl was the result of several spells and potions to improve fertility – she shouldn't been surprised by Rapunzel's stamina when it came to lovemaking.

The Enchantress crawled onto the bed, liking the way Rapunzel's eyes clung to her breasts and sex, finding the girl's lust an aphrodisiac for her own. She kissed her, taking the girl into her arms and invading her mouth without mercy, her tongue finding and dominating Rapunzel's.

The girl clung to her and they rolled around the bed, their breasts pressed together, Rapunzel's cock between them a warm reminder of what was coming ahead. They stooped, and the Enchantress found herself pressed with her back against the bed, Rapunzel above her.

When she tried to change their positions, preferring to be on top, Rapunzel stopped her.

The Enchantress, seeing Rapunzel's firm stance, surrendered and spread her legs, opening her sex to her daughter, showing her the pink pussy held between the Enchantress' thighs.

Rapunzel appeared lost, but the Enchantress smiled and with one hand directed the girl's cock into her opening, sliding the tip inside and making the long haired girl closed her eyes in bliss. A moment later the Enchantress' mouth whispered at the girl's ear, urging her to thrust her hips and slide the big fat cock into the warm opening waiting for it.

Rapunzel moved her hips awkwardly at first, inexperience and the feeling of her mother's pussy's lips wrapped around her cock making it hard for her to concentrate, but eventually she settled into a position and rhythm that allowed her to thrust freely, sinking the entire cock into the Enchantress' wet folds.

They fucked each other with abandon, Rapunzel moving her hips as fast as she could, and the Enchantress arching her back and thrusting her pussy into her daughter's thrusts, until they were both screaming and panting in pleasure.

The orgasm took them at the same time, Rapunzel releasing her cum inside her adopted mother's womb.

Rapunzel fell on top of her mother afterwards, and the women clung to each other, bodies pressed sensually together.

Their embrace lasted until a twitch from Rapunzel's cock alerted the Enchantress of her daughter's stiffness and the woman received further proof of her daughter's magical endurance.

It would end up being a very long night until Rapunzel became fully satisfied.

The relationship between the Enchantress and Rapunzel changed completely from that point on. For the first few days they were barely a moment apart, most of their time spent in bed with their bodies entwined.

The Enchantress surprised herself with how easily she became her adopted daughter's lover.

There was no regret, no doubt, and no more hesitation.

As the first week ended she knew she would never leave Rapunzel alone again. Their days were now long and filled with their lovemaking; every moment awake spent searching for their common pleasure.

Once at breakfast, Rapunzel had asked why the Enchantress drank one of her potions every morning. When the older woman explained that the potion stopped her from conceiving – and then explained exactly how sex led to children – Rapunzel had violently slapped the potion out of her hand, and demanded that the older woman stopped taking it at all.

The Enchantress' mouth had opened to complain, but Rapunzel's look froze her in place. She found herself nodding almost absently, the fire in Rapunzel's eyes making her obey without hesitation, without thought for what would come of it.

Afterwards Rapunzel made the Enchantress turn around and she bent the older woman over the table. Rapunzel then fucked the Enchantress harder than she ever had done before.

The Enchantress loved it and followed Rapunzel's instructions. She wasn't surprised when after a month she started to feel the signs of a pregnancy.

The Enchantress poised a hand delicately over her belly and smiled. She couldn't wait to see Rapunzel's face when she told the girl she was awaiting their child. She was sure her adopted daughter would smile for days at the thought.

There wasn't a happily ever after though.

Rapunzel's libido increased with each passing day, and it became too much for even the Enchantress to satisfy. At first she had used her magic to keep up with Rapunzel's stamina, but it became obvious it was only a stopgap measure. Now that she was pregnant she couldn't use magic as carelessly as before, and Rapunzel was starting to become frustrated.

The obvious solution made the Enchantress laugh out loud in remembrance of the past.

Years ago she had given an ultimatum to Rapunzel's father due to her jealousy and want of him, wishing to have him only for herself, and trying to force him to leave his wife.

Now she would have to find someone she could share Rapunzel with, or else she feared her daughter wouldn't be able to contain her immense lust. Thinking back to all that happened with Rapunzel's real parents, the Enchantress couldn't help but think that maybe this was some kind of punishment for her behavior and that she deserved it.

She shook her head and focused, now was the time to plan how to find someone who would be capable of satisfying Rapunzel, someone who wouldn't discriminate against her daughter.

She would find that someone eventually ... but that was a tale for another time.

The end.

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



**SNOW WHITE AND
THE EVIL QUEEN**

Snow White and the Evil Queen
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales)

By
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Snow White and the Evil Queen

Once, there were two kingdoms at war.

It was a bloody struggle, etched across generations by pain, darkness and loss.

No one was spared the destruction; there was no family untouched by it, yet not everyone wanted to end the fighting.

Some saw it as a possibility, some saw it as rightful, some didn't care, and the war raged on spurred by the greed and malice of some, and the pride and lust of revenge of others.

On one side of the conflict was the White Kingdom, ruled by the White family. It was the bigger nation, the most populous and richest one. When the war started, most assumed they would be capable of shortly winning the war, but it was not so. Countless of their men and armies had fallen over centuries of struggle.

In the opposite side there was the Evil Kingdom, a domain that had been ruled by the Evil Queen since before the war with the White Kingdom started. It was a harsh land, filled with harsh people, dark forests and dangerous woods where every manner of creature existed.

Unlike in the White Kingdom the people didn't love their ruler, but they respected her and obeyed her, fearful yet hopeful of her power since she was the only one keeping them alive, both from the war that ravaged their homes and from the dangers their lands held within.

The Queen was a powerful witch, and it was her magic, the magic that made her ageless, that brought hope of a better future for the people of her kingdom. They dreamed of the lands to the west, the lands of the White Kingdom, bountiful in food and wood, lacking most of the dangers that roamed the Evil Kingdom.

It was her power that had allowed their people to resist the White Kingdom's armies for generations, and that power that allowed them to dream of one day winning the war.

As in every realm, there was nobility in both the White and the Evil Kingdom, and as in every other kingdom that nobility was only human, assailed by human emotions and qualities and flaws. Some were greedy and some were merciful; some were cowards and other courageous.

It was a combination of all those human emotions and fears that lead some of the nobility of both kingdoms to unite in secret, to try to find a way to end the conflict.

Some had seen their lands burnt and salted, some had seen their people slaughtered. Hopelessness gnawed at their hearts, and fear at their minds. They understood that there was no one who would benefit with the continued struggle – except foreign countries – and only peace would allow their kingdoms to prosper.

Yet peace would be almost impossible to achieve.

They knew that.

The war had started more than two centuries ago. No one, else perhaps the Evil Queen, could precisely say why it had so. The White family preached that it was started by the Evil Queen and her deeds, and that they had been obliged to oppose her.

Other's believed the White Kingdom had attacked first, and the Evil Queen had simply defended herself.

It would be difficult to find out who was right, and the nobles who wanted peace soon realized it wasn't important to find out who started the war, or how it had started, the most important thing was to stop it.

For several years they meet and discussed possibilities to end it, but they had never found a solution that might work – until the year the White Queen died.

The White family was the founder of their Kingdom and it was prophesized that it would bring their realm to glory and fortune eternal.

During the centuries of war, the family had been very successfully culled by the Evil Queen's spies, until finally only a young man remained and he became King. He then married a beautiful woman and learned to rule his kingdom with mercy, understanding and compassion, as his forefathers did before him.

He loved his wife with his all heart, a loved returned by the woman. A few years after their wedding night, she became pregnant and nine months later his daughter was born, beautiful Snow White, the kingdom's new princess.

Yet the White Queen never completely recuperated from labor and became a fragile thing. She realized she wouldn't have long to live, but she tried to hold on for as long as possible, so that she could raise her daughter and teach her all she needed, but unfortunately it was not to be.

When Snow White was eight years old her mother died.

And the conspiring nobles had what they believed to be a bright idea.

They would unite the Kingdoms into one, and marry the Evil Queen to the White King.

Initially they tried to be subtle. Slowly, they planted the idea on the White King's mind that he should find another wife, someone who would be a doting mother to the recently orphaned Snow White.

At first the King refused to even consider the notion of a marriage, but as the months passed he realized Snow White needed more than the meager amount of time and affection he gave her every day.

He loved her, but he couldn't easily care for her while ruling a kingdom. Her tutors and maids where there for her, but it was not the same.

While they tried to convince the King to marry again, the nobles started paving the way for the Evil Queen to accept the union. Knowing she was a greedy woman, they were far more direct, and one of them started whispering at her ear about the possibility of the two kingdom's uniting.

She heard the noble detail his idea for a marriage between herself and the White King, before she struck him down with magic for even daring to contemplate her marrying a member of the family that hounded her for generations. She left the noble lying bloody and broken in the middle of her throne room as a reminder to his peers that she ruled their kingdom and her word was law.

Yet the idea presented made the Queen's mind churn, and she couldn't help but stew on it.

For the first time the nobles started fearing that their plan would never come to fruition, especially once the White King started searching for a wife amongst his subject's daughters. They tried to difficult the king's search, but their influence was limited in the matter.

It was when they were near desperation that a light appeared at the end of the tunnel.

The Evil Queen contacted one of her nobles. She wanted him to serve as a courier between herself and the White King.

The noble was supposed to take a marriage proposal to the King and await a reply.

The conspirators might never have found out about that proposal, except for the fact that noble was one of their own. He quickly contacted his associates and they rejoiced, making sure the letter swiftly arrived at the King's hands.

When the White King first read the proposal he was ready to tear it to shreds, but his advisors stopped him and begged him to think on the matter.

While not part of the conspiracy to end the war between the Kingdoms, they realized peace would be a boon, and acted accordingly.

The White King thought about the proposal for a week.

The greatest benefit was the possibility of peace between the kingdoms. It was something he truly desired, but never had thought possible – the war had been going for a long time and their armies were stalemated, there was no victor in sight.

On the other hand there was a marriage to the Evil Queen, a woman responsible for the deaths of all of his extended family, someone ruthless and cruel, and someone he viewed as evil.

There were many other things to consider, and he thought about them carefully.

He had decided to marry in order to give Snow a new mother, but the Evil Queen was not the kind of person he wanted as his daughter's step-mother.

Then there would be the reaction his people would have to their new Queen. He wasn't innocent enough to believe everyone would accept the union without complaints.

Finally he couldn't help but be repulsed by the tales of the woman.

His ancestors believed she was some kind of demon, and one who wasn't even was a full woman. It was well known the Evil Queen was a hermaphrodite and that she indulged in the pleasures of the flesh with both men and women frequently.

Yet peace, the King felt was more important than his own, or his daughter's, comfort and he accepted talking about the deal.

Soon enough, but not so soon that it would seem desperation, the White King drafted a response.

Negotiations were long.

Every little detail was debated upon, from the date and location of the ceremony, to what their united kingdom would be called, to details about the education of any and all future children the couple would have, until finally, a little over a year after the negotiations had started, the Evil Queen and the White King agreed to marry.

It was sunny when the White King and the Evil Queen married.

For months, nobles and commoners travelled to the White Kingdom's capital, where the celebration would be held. Some hoped for a glimpse of the royal couple, other's looked for work and coin, other's came simply for the party.

The Queen rode into town in a carriage pulled by black unicorns, animals almost twice as big as regular horses, as black as night with eyes red like blood.

The people cheered her.

They didn't care that she had been the monster mothers frightened their children with for generations, they didn't care that she was one of the persons responsible for perpetuating a war of misery and devastation – they cared for glamor, they cared for royalty and they cared for the possibilities they saw in a united kingdom.

When the throne room opened and the White King gazed at the Evil Queen for the first time he was smitten by her beauty.

He had always heard she was both a heartless and horrible monster, but the beautiful woman he saw coming towards him couldn't be such a being.

He smiled at her, and she replied in kind, both of them turning towards the White Kingdom's councilor – the one who would celebrate their marriage.

It wasn't long before the ceremony ended and they were pronounced husband and wife. A resounding cheer was the reply to that declaration, as nobles from both

kingdoms celebrated together the end of the war.

Amongst those were the ones who had conspired for that peace, and they silently congratulated one another, feeling they had done a good deed.

After the celebration came the party.

On the streets food and alcohol brought by the Evil Kingdom was distributed to the people and the soldiers, while fireworks illuminated the skies for hours on end.

Inside the place the merriment was just as great, and a ball was held. Noble's daughters from one kingdom mingled with the noble sons of the other, meeting new persons and simply enjoying the newly found peace.

After several hours, when the turn of the clock approached, the King and Queen left the ballroom under the whistles and cheers of their subjects.

The King led his newly wife to their new quarters, drink and lust marking his pace as he swiftly moved towards his destination.

She followed behind at a more sedate pace.

After entering the room, the King turned toward her and slowly, hesitantly, he embraced her, shy all of a sudden. She replied warningly, and gently kissed him on the lips. He grinned at her and started unlacing her garments then there was a knock at the door.

Irritated behind measure, he gave her another peck on the lips and apologized, before he turned around and moved to see who was bothering them at such a time.

He never got to the door.

He felt an immense pressure on his head and tried to scream in pain, only to find out that he couldn't, his mouth wouldn't move. He fell to the ground and found his newly wife looking at him with a smirk in her face.

He understood then what happened, and the last thing he did was close his eyes and beg God for mercy on his kingdom and his daughter before he died.

The Evil Queen gestured with her hand and the door opened by itself letting her soldiers come inside.

In the Evil Kingdom soldiering wasn't exclusive to men. Due to necessity, and the fact they were ruled by a female, women were allowed in the armies of the kingdom, although mostly in support roles.

Only a select few managed more than that and witnessed armed combat first hand, amongst those the Queen's personal guard, dubbed by the Queen's enemies as her Amazons.

The Queen gestured in the direction of the King's body and her soldiers swiftly removed it from sight. Then she questioned them about their positions inside the

city.

Finding that everything was going according to the plan, the Queen gave them the go ahead.

In moments, the word spread amongst her hidden soldiers and they attacked, taking possession of the palace and of the people within.

The Evil Queen wanted to use her marriage celebration as a distraction and take control of the palace, then using the confusion of the King's death to take control of his Kingdom, hoping that his nobles and soldiers were too disoriented to do anything about it.

If she managed to take the families of the nobles present at the marriage hostage, she could conquer the White Kingdom completely unopposed.

The Queen, despite her awesome magical powers, was only human and as such prone to their failings.

She had assumed her nobles would follow her without hesitation, as they had done for centuries, and that they would join her troops in capturing her enemies.

She was wrong.

At first, when the Evil Kingdom's troops entered the room, there was doubt, but when they started attacking the White Kingdom's nobles, the nobles of the Evil Kingdom rushed to help their counterparts and attacked their own soldiers.

What was supposed to be an easy and quick military action soon became an all-out brawl as the soldiers tried to take their targets alive and nobles fought to stop them.

The fighting only reached an end when the Queen entered the room and made her voice heard above the battle.

She lashed out verbally against her nobles for daring to interfere and turning their back on her, and they angrily replied it was she who had turned her back on them, because after centuries of suffering they had finally found a solution for the conflict that had plagued them, but her greed got in the way of peace.

The Queen was taken aback at the accusation.

Never, in all her centuries of rule, had her subjects questioned her as they now did and, as she looked around the room, she realized she had no allies there.

She became livid, feeling fury as she hadn't in a long time.

She wanted to attack them and teach those traitors a lesson, but it wouldn't solve anything – it would only make things worse, maybe incite them into an all-out rebellion.

The Evil Kingdom's nobles themselves were hesitant.

While they felt wronged by their Queen, they knew how fantastical her powers were.

They knew it was said she was immortal – some of them had even seen that immortality first hand during several battles as the woman sometimes let an enemy get close to her and strike her down, only to recuperate from the wound as if nothing happened.

They were at an impasse.

The Queen feared that if she pressed her intentions her nobles would join the White Kingdom, rebelling against her and making the war unwinnable.

The nobles were aghast at their Queen, furious that she ruined the fledgling peace they so long fought for, but they were her subjects and, despite it all, loyal to her – and afraid.

Seeing the lack of movement of both parts, one of the nobles suggested that they adjourned to a council, and that they tried to find a way of keep the peace, and solve the crisis.

The White Kingdom wanted revenge on the Queen, but they were weakened.

Centuries of war had taken its toll on their country and weakened their position, not only relatively to the Evil Kingdom, but also to other neighboring kingdoms. Now that they were also Kingless that situation became even direr.

They needed an alliance with the Evil Kingdom, and they realized the Evil Queen would, unfortunately, be a part of it.

The debate raged through the night. Nobles from both sides tried to find a solution that would please most of them and which would allow them to keep their newfound alliance.

They needed to find some kind of punishment for the Evil Queen, but at the same time they needed her to be the figurehead of their new united kingdom. She was much feared outside the kingdoms and her presence would be enough to deter the most adventurous of men.

They also needed her to submit to the punishment. They had no doubt she could easily escape them, only by giving her something she would support could they keep the peace.

In the end, it was an old wizened advisor from the White Kingdom that suggested a solution that was found agreeable by all parts.

They would keep their previous bargain, just in an altered form. Snow White would take her father's place in the deal, and marry the Evil Queen once she was of age. The Queen was a hermaphrodite after all; she would have no problems conceiving a child within the White Princess' womb.

At first there was outrage amongst the members of the White Kingdom's nobility.

They couldn't bear to see their precious princess, a beautiful and innocent young girl, in the Evil Queen's clutches. Slowly though, the idea swayed more and more opinions.

No one truly liked it, but it would give them what they desired, without any other sacrifices. It was the easiest solution.

Not everyone agreed, and some of the White Kingdom's nobles left the session while protesting against it.

The remaining ones however were than enough to seal the deal, and young Snow White was sacrificed for the peace.

There still needed to be some kind of punishment for the Evil Queen. Eventually they settled on making the Queen a prisoner on the White Palace until the day of her marriage to Snow White, while the new kingdom would be ruled by a council of equal numbers of nobles of the Evil and White Kingdoms.

The Evil Queen considered their terms for an hour, before she accepted. They were quite acceptable and she soon realized that after her imprisonment she would rule basically unopposed; Snow White would be little more than a pet and a toy to her.

After the Queen's agreement, the mood became lighter, and some cheer could be seen.

Nobles congratulated themselves in defusing a crisis, even though some of them regretted Snow White's fate, but they felt it was for the best.

The Queen became increasingly pleased with each moment she thought about the deal. Then evens might not have been according to her original plan but, after some hiccups, she would still rule their new kingdom, and this alone – she doubted Snow White would be any kind of adversary, she would make sure of it.

And like that, Snow White found herself betrothed at the age of ten to her father's killer.

Snow White had always been a bright child, observant, capable of discerning people's moods and worries.

She could always tell when someone was lying to her.

So when her father's advisors told her that her father had died of a heart attack she knew they were lying.

She didn't tell them that of course. If they were lying to her, either they were at fault, or they were afraid of who did it.

It wasn't hard to connect the dots.

Her father had just married the Evil Queen and now he was dead – it was obvious to see who was responsible. Snow just didn't understand why the advisors of the

White Kingdom where covering the crime, when they should be up in arms about what happened.

Snow hadn't stayed long in her father's marriage party, leaving a little over an hour after it had started. Her father didn't want her near him when he met the Queen; he didn't trust the woman and was afraid for Snow.

When the princess had left the celebration, he had seemed happy. She had slept with a smile on her face.

Now she woke to the news of his death, and to a conspiracy to hide the crime.

When the councilors told her she was to marry the Evil Queen in her father's stead, Snow blinked and remained silent. She couldn't believe the words that were leaving their mouths.

When she realized they were serious she screamed and raged at them, but they ignored her and had her maid take her away, as if she was a normal child and not a princess. She let the woman drag her away, her throat becoming hoarse from screaming.

Snow white became listless after that.

She wouldn't respond to people, she would barely eat and she remained mostly withdrawn in her own mind.

The people closer to her became worried for her health, but they trusted time would be able to cure her of her disposition.

It wasn't time that shook her into full awareness. It was blood and death.

A few months after the new agreement between the Kingdoms was reached, some members of the White Kingdom's nobility tried to kidnap Snow White. They were aghast at the deal brokered by their peers, and knew that without Snow White it would fall through.

A small trope of soldiers entered the palace and broke into the princess' quarters. They found the girl asleep, and swiftly woke her, being careful not to frighten her.

She was their princess and an innocent in the entire situation.

Slowly, they her explained who they were and Snow listened with a focus she hadn't demonstrated in weeks.

She nodded at them and let herself be taken away. There was a new brightness in her eyes, a new hope. She knew that if she managed to escape she would be free of the Evil Queen's clutches.

She fought the only way she could – by letting herself be kidnapped.

It failed.

The Queen's personal guard found them on the outskirts of the palace and after a confrontation they retook Snow White, killing the soldiers that tried to rescue her.

Yet Snow White didn't forget their sacrifice.

There was fire in anger in her mind, awakened by blood of those who were only doing what they knew was the right thing.

As the days passed and Snow White witnessed as the nobles that had ordered her kidnapping were executed, she swore to herself she would give them their revenge, her father's revenge, and kill the Evil Queen.

Life changed for Snow White after her kidnapping.

The Evil Queen used the attack by the White Kingdom's nobles as justification to basically take control of Snow's life. The Queen determined who cared for her, who guarded her and what she learned.

The older woman saw an opportunity to mold her future wife and took it.

The ruling council let her, hoping to appease her, and not upset the deal they had previously made.

Snow White hated them even more for it.

She hated the fact that the Evil Queen had such control over her life and her activities. While most of the staff that had cared for Snow during her life remained, Snow was now permanently accompanied by members of the Queen's personal guard, supposedly for her protection.

In truth they were there to protect the Queen's interests.

They spied on both Snow White and her caretakers, trying to find the slightest hint of treason, the slightest fault that would allow the Queen to increase her hold on Snow White even further.

The princess knew it and was extremely careful not to show the true nature of her feelings for the Queen.

She didn't complain when her tutors were exchanged and a new, far more forgiving account of the Evil Kingdom's history was taught. She didn't speak out when her personal maid was replaced and the new one would sing the Queen's praises, and she didn't quarrel when her playmates were dismissed, and children with parents amongst the Evil Kingdom's nobility started surrounding her.

Snow excelled at her studies, dedicating herself in full to them, knowing much of what she was now learning was a lie, but realizing she needed to fool the people around her into thinking she was under their control.

She would eventually get her revenge, but for now the only thing she could do was play along.

She managed to fool them until her eleventh birthday.

That was the day she met the Queen in person for the first time.

She had seen the woman before, but only from afar. She had never stood a step away from the woman that had murdered her father, looked right into her face, and saw her eyes.

Snow didn't say anything, she didn't make a single threatening gesture, but the Evil Queen saw the rage and the need of revenge in her eyes ... and then laughed, loudly, amused.

She reached out and took Snow's face into her hands, feeling the soft skin and turning her face upwards until they were looking directly into each other's eyes.

Then the Queen smiled and released Snow White, walking around the girl, her eyes roving over the child's body, before she turned and left.

Snow White shuddered.

She knew hate and anger, but whatever emotion she had seen on the Queen's eyes unsettled her, and she couldn't help but start fearing the other woman as well.

Had Snow been a little older, a little more experienced, she might have understood the look for what it was. A mix of lust, not just sexual lust, although it was also in there, but a lust for the power and dominance possession of Snow White would bring her.

Snow tried to forget that look, but she would sometimes wake shivering in the night, the memory of the Queen's eyes making her tremble.

From that point forward Snow found her path crossing the Queen's many times.

Royalty wasn't imprisoned as regular people, or even nobility, were. While the Queen was forbidden from leaving the palace grounds, she was quite free to roam them as she desired.

It didn't take long for Snow White to realize the woman was hounding her, teasing her, making them bump into each other as many times as possible. She knew the Queen was amused by Snow's reaction on the day they first met.

She tried to ignore the woman, making it seem as if she couldn't be bothered by her or her actions, but the Queen had seen her true feelings and wasn't fooled.

Snow's studies became harsher, more focused on politics and war. The Queen was challenging her, daring her to try and do something, to fight against her.

Snow's pride and need of revenge rattled her mind, but she controlled herself and refused to let the Queen goad her into acting unthinkingly.

She swallowed her pride and her fury and her spirit, and held on, carefully thinking about her every move, her every thought, hoping for the day she would have her revenge.

And the years slowly went by.

Snow met who she would consider her first true friend when she was fourteen.

She never imagined she would call someone from the Evil Kingdom a friend, but Anna was special. Snow got to know her, when the girl, a recruit of the Queen's personal guard, arrived at the capital.

The young princess found the then eighteen year old near tears when she was supposed to guard her. Pity moved Snow, and she questioned Anna about her mood. After some coercing, the girl talked.

What she told Snow made the young girl hate the Queen even more.

The Amazon's – the Queen's personal guards – weren't responsible for just guarding her. From what Anna told Snow, they were also supposed to be the Queen's concubines, ready and willing to provide any pleasure and entertainment their Queen desired. That night would be Anna's first time as the Queen's bed partner.

Snow long held suspicions about that fact. It was something usually rumored about when someone spoke about the Queen's personal guards.

What Snow hadn't known was that the female guards didn't seem to have much of a choice, at least at first. Some of the older guards had seemingly told Anna to 'suck it up' and do her duty when she told them she didn't wish to sleep with the Queen.

Some small, more cynical and dark, part of Snow's mind filled the knowledge away as a possible means of inciting rebellion within the Queen's allies.

The rest of Snow was horrified.

She grabbed the older girl and hugged her, whispering soothing words into her ear. Anna cried and held her Snow tightly, dirtying the princess' dress with her tears.

Snow felt her own tears start to slide down her face, not only for Anna, but for herself. If she didn't get rid of the Queen before her own marriage, she would be forced into the same fate as Anna's.

For the rest of the day Snow tried to take the girl's mind out of what was coming.

She skipped her classes and dragged Anna into the palace's gardens where they walked and ran between colorful flowers, gazing at all the beauty held within. Snow felt very proud whenever she made Anna smile or laugh.

Eventually, though, the hours passed and night started to settle in.

One of the older Amazons appeared and relieved Anna, ordering her to go to the Queen.

Snow watched as her new friend straightened her back and breathed deeply, before she turned to Snow and said her goodbyes. The princess saw her move away, and couldn't help hoping she wouldn't have to face what Anna was facing, but if it happened she wished she would be as courageous as the older girl.

Snow didn't see Anna for two days.

She searched for her, but it was as if the other girl had disappeared.

Snow's tutors burdening her with twice the workload because of the classes that she skipped didn't help her efforts.

Eventually, at the end of the second day, Anna was the one coming to Snow.

When the princess left her last class of the day she found the other girl waiting for her. Snow's current guard narrowed her eyes at the sight of her junior, but she didn't do anything else.

Snow bounded forward and took Anna into her arms, hugging the girl with all her strength – the moment she saw Anna she realized just how worried she had been about her.

Anna hugged back, somewhat awkwardly. Now that she wasn't concerned about the Queen, she realized just how inappropriate it had been to share what she did with Snow, especially seeing as the princess would be the Queen's wife in time.

Nonetheless, Anna held Snow tightly, grateful beyond measure for what the princess did for her.

They parted and looked sheepishly at each other for a few moments, before Snow grabbed Anna's hand and dragged her to her quarters.

Once she arrived she closed the door on her guard's face, making clear her intention of having a private conversation. Not even the Queen's pets would dare disobey her so obviously.

Then she proceeded to cajole and squeeze out every little detail of the night Anna spent with the Queen.

At first the girl was very reluctant, but once Snow started to remind her she was the princess, Anna gave up and told her everything she wanted, although being very careful with her language and the visuals provided.

The more Anna spoke, the more furious Snow became.

Her new friend talked about the Queen with a new shine in her eyes, and a breathlessness that hadn't been there before, seemingly almost excited in the simple fact of remembering what happened.

Snow refused to believe that the older woman had been capable of actually charming her friend by natural means, which meant the Evil Queen must have used magic to twist Anna's heart and mind. While the princess smiled on the outside as Anna spoke, on the inside her rage grew.

When Anna left the room some minutes later, Snow started throwing her things around in anger, before she settled down to think.

The Queen had to die, and Snow wouldn't wait even one more day for it to happen.

She waited until night fell, and then picked a dagger, one of many weapons she had hidden around her room, and prepared to sneak out.

Snow had spent the last years exploring the palace, figuring the most hidden and recondite places she could, knowing some day she might need that knowledge to escape from her fate. She had never considered using it in a direct attempt against the Queen's life.

Deep in her heart she had hoped someone would appear and save her from her fate, becoming her hero in the process. Life taught her better – there were no heroes – people could only rely on themselves.

It was easier than expected to get pass the Queen's bodyguards. Maybe she should have suspected something, but Snow wasn't thinking clearly, and believed her sneaking efforts were good enough.

She entered the Queen's quarters and moved until she stood a couple of feet away from the woman. Then she raised her hand, dagger held tightly in her grip, and swung down.

The Queen's hand closed over her wrist. The woman moved so fast Snow didn't even see her – she only felt pain and her hand being stopped mid-air.

Snow gulped her eyes wide. The torches on the room's walls lit by the Queen's magic, blinding the princess for a few moments. When she finished blinking she found the Queen's eyes locked on her own.

Snow shuddered and couldn't help but let her gaze wander over the woman she loathed most in the world.

The Queen was a beautiful dark haired woman, with pale skin and dark eyes. Snow hated that face, she hated the fact that if the two of them were seen together they might pass as a mother and daughter. They had the same features, the same coloring, and the same hair.

The Queen's body was even more impressive.

The woman was tall with round curves and full breasts. Snow had seen people drooling at the sight of the Queen, and she couldn't help but be disgusted with how even the more honorable men would be affected by the monarch's presence.

The Queen's grip increased, making Snow flinch, and then the woman drove the dagger in Snow's hand into her own heart.

Snow blinked; hope filling her for a moment.

Then the woman laughed and Snow closed her eyes, letting her head fall into her chest. Tears started falling from her eyes, and she didn't even notice when the Queen dragged her into her lap and held her, almost as if she was consoling the princess.

Snow stopped crying once she felt the Queen's lips kiss the flesh beneath her ear. She realized the position she was in and tried to escape, but the older woman tightened her hold, and didn't let her move.

Then the Queen started speaking, murmuring against Snow's ear.

She told the princess the tale of a witch – the witch that taught all that the Evil Queen knew – a witch who had the power of prophecy and had foretold that the Queen would only find her demise in her bloodline.

Then the Queen told Snow about how she had murdered her entire family, taking her revenge for how they had treated her when she was young, and ensuring – through a very powerful ritual – that she would be completely invincible.

For one moment, Snow felt the weight of the task she had imposed on herself. She wanted to do what multitudes of people tried and failed to do for centuries, and she had to do it without help.

She despaired.

She cried and sobbed and raged at the Queen, until she felt nothing more ... and then the Queen took Snow's earlobe into her mouth and suckled it, and Snow felt something anew – fear, fear the woman would take her revenge and ravage Snow right then and there.

The Queen saw her fear and laughed, darkly.

Snow saw desire in the Queen's eyes, and realized the woman was contemplating doing just what she feared. She felt the Queen's hardness pressing against her, and trembled, fighting again against the woman's hold.

The Queen let Snow escape.

She wanted to take the girl, but she didn't want to jeopardize the deal with the White Kingdom's nobility. She knew she might have managed to justify her actions in light of Snow's attack, but it was better not to risk it.

She watched as Snow ran out of the room, content in the fact the girl's will the fight was broken. She had time on her side, Snow would find herself in her bed sooner or later and then the Queen would take great pleasure in defiling the young princess.

The next years were some of the most difficult of Snow's life.

For the first few months after her confrontation with the Queen she felt listless, useless, defeated. She felt there was no possible escape from her fate and she

would never get rid of the Queen's presence.

Snow feared never avenging her father.

It took a long time for Snow to regain some of her spirit.

The more she studied history, the more she realized just how big of a liar the Queen was, and she knew there was nothing confirming the woman's tale of her invincibility, except some battlefields' tales.

Snow White couldn't give up. She needed to fight. There needed to be some way in which she could defeat the older woman.

Time went on and the date of Snow's marriage approached.

She didn't find anything to use against the Queen, until one night she woke up, sweating and trembling, the Queen's words about her prophesy ringing in her ears.

...find demise in her bloodline.

The Queen would find her death at the hands on her bloodline, of her family.

That was why the woman killed them, because she feared dying to one of them. That was why she had sacrificed all of them in the ritual that made her invincible, assuring, from her point of view, that she would remain undefeated.

The Queen might have failed to account for every one of her bloodline, Snow thought, hoped, but she doubted it – the woman was incredibly thorough.

There was another way.

A far more perverse alternative, but one Snow was ready to pursue.

A week before the marriage the princess was visited by the Evil Queen.

The older woman was suspicious of Snow's seemingly acceptance of their marriage. She wanted to make sure the girl didn't have something up her sleeve.

She couldn't let Snow escape from her grasp when she was so close to fulfilling her ambitions.

Snow wasn't planning on escaping, not anymore, not when her marriage to the Queen might be the only thing that gave her the means of finishing the woman.

The Queen, unknowing of Snow's thoughts, made sure the princess wouldn't run.

She took the girl into her arms and started whispering at her ear. She spoke of the maids that cared for Snow while she was little; she talked about her first tutors, about her old playmates, and about Anna.

In those few moments the Queen displayed a depth of knowledge about the people closer to the princess' heart that startled Snow White.

She closed her eyes, and held back her tears because, even if she wasn't planning to escape, the threat in the Queen's words was quite real and Snow couldn't bear imagining being responsible for the people she loved being hurt.

So she bowed her head, and the Queen left, satisfied in the fact Snow wouldn't miss their wedding.

Snow appeared dressed all in white to her marriage.

Part of her thought it was fitting. The last White princess being led to her sacrifice dressed in her house's colors. Any child she and the Queen conceived were supposed to use the older woman's surname, which made Snow effectively the last White dynasty ruler of the kingdom.

It wasn't a long ceremony, at least not as long as Snow wished it to be.

The party afterwards was somber, most of the invited guests remembered what had happened last time.

The Queen, in a rare act of something like mercy, made sure that there was always something to drink near Snow White. While she wouldn't have minded taking Snow against the girl's efforts, she realized it would be much more entertaining in the long term to seduce the girl with kindness and caring until Snow wouldn't know how to resist her.

Snow entered their room first and moved towards the desk where a bottle of some strong beverage stood. She grabbed a glass and filled it, and drank the alcohol as if it was water, wincing at the taste afterwards.

The Queen moved slowly, until she was behind her new wife, and started unlacing the girl's dress.

Snow didn't resist, she didn't protest, she simply shivered when the garment fell to the ground.

Afterwards the Queen swiped Snow's long hair aside, and started kissing her neck, slowly, teasingly, making goose bumps appear on the princess' flesh. Snow shuddered as the woman slowly wrapped her arms around her, but she didn't move.

The Queen, realizing Snow wasn't fighting back, smiled and groped the girl's breasts, pressing her hands against them and squeezing, hard, until she saw a small flinch. Then she eased her grip and let her hands wander over the girl's body, softly, gently, trying to incite Snow's lust.

Snow bit her lip and let her.

Slowly, piece by piece, the Queen unclothed Snow White, until the young woman stood nude. Then she turned the princess around, and let her gaze wander through the girl's body.

Snow was stunning.

Her face was the most beautiful in the kingdom, no matter how much the Queen wanted to deny it. She had spent considerable magic through the years to make sure she was the prettiest, but Snow's loveliness was without peer.

The Queen consoled herself with the fact she had a more attractive body, and that Snow, beautiful Snow White was hers and hers alone.

Snow's face was flushed, out of doubt, fear and alcohol. The Queen caressed it, gently, and led the girl to the bed.

The princess didn't resist as the older woman laid her on the bed, body arrayed in a display of beauty and innocence. The Queen breathed deeply as her eyes roved over Snow's body. She could feel her cock hardening, and she had to control the urge to ravage the girl.

She stripped, letting Snow watch her as she sensually took off her clothes until she remained with only her undergarments. Then she crawled into the bed.

Snow watched her come.

Her eyes were reddening with the start of tears and the haze of drunkenness. She could feel her heart pounding in her head, and she felt tired. She wanted what was going to happen to end as soon as possible, so she lay there and let the Queen crawl all over her body.

The Queen wanted to make Snow scream with pleasure; she wanted to see the girl that had fought so hard against her, and for so long, in the basest surrender.

She poised her hand on Snow's foot and moved it upward, fingers stretched, teasing the girl's flesh, making goose bumps appear all over they passed.

Snow gasped once the Queen's fingers moved over her inner thighs, a sound that surprised the girl and excited the older woman.

The girl gasped again once the Queen's fingers reached her breasts, the woman's fingers teasing the pink nipples, flicking them, before the hand moved upwards until it stopped over Snow's face, caressing it again.

Snow had to resist the urge to lean against the woman's hand, her addled mind not really understanding why she should resist her.

The Queen's hand retreated, and her mouth descended, taking Snow's lips for the first time, kissing the girl. It was gentle, a grazing of their lips, before she managed to open the princess' mouth and the Queen's tongue entered.

Their tongues entwined themselves, Snow contributing almost unconsciously as the Queen's hands cupped and played with her breasts, making the princess gasp and moan into her newly wife's mouth.

The Queen smiled and kept the kiss for as long as she could, before she leaned back and started kissing Snow's throat and collarbone, slowly moving down. She didn't stay long on the girl's breasts, only enough to make the girl's pink peaks wet

and erect, before she continued her route down.

She wanted to taste Snow White, to have the girl scream and gasp as her tongue violated her, and for the girl to come screaming with her legs wrapped around the Queen's shoulders.

She wanted to see the look on Snow's face as she realized just what the Queen had made her do – enjoy her father's killer tongue in her most secret of places.

Snow moaned when the Queen stopped over her core, some part the girl instinctually understanding what was going to happen.

The older woman spread Snow's legs, gently, displaying the girl's curls. She then touched her wife, making her gasp, feeling the softness and wetness of the hair she found there, before she dragged a finger over the girl's slit and flicked her pleasure button.

Snow gasped again and looked incredulously at the Queen, as if she couldn't believe the pleasure the woman was bringing her.

The older woman smiled, and other fingers joined the first, exploring Snow White's core, tracing the girl's nether lips, and sometimes dipping, slightly, into the girl's opening.

Snow shuddered, and moaned, faced with something she had never faced before. She tried to gather her thoughts and resist the pleasure of the older woman's touch, but then the Queen's fingers left her and her mouth descended, and Snow couldn't even think.

The Queen's tongue flicked up and down over Snow's opening, then from side to side, making the girl squirm. Her hands held Snow spread open, while the woman's tongue worked, tasting Snow White, entering the girl, tongue swirling around her insides.

The girl shook as the Queen licked a path from her opening to her clit, and then the older woman wrapped her mouth around the little nub and suckled, tongue swirling around the little bud, the motions creating an intense pressure on the girl's pleasure nub.

Snow came screaming, her body twitching and her brain shutting off for a few moments. When she regained her focus she was far more alert than before, almost as if the orgasm had shocked her system into full awareness.

She looked at the Queen, startled beyond measure. She had never felt something as intense as when the Queen used her mouth on her and, the fact it was the woman she most hated that had done it, made her feel embarrassed.

The Queen smiled and started taking her undergarments, crawling up Snow's body afterwards, seeing the girl's gaze fixed on her cock as it swung from side to side with the her movements.

When the monarch stopped, Snow turned her face back to her and the Queen took her mouth once again.

Snow didn't resist.

The Queen's hands came to rest on the girl's thighs and she parted Snow's legs, gently, slowly, positioning herself between them. They broke their kiss and Snow breathed deeply as she felt the Queen's hardness so close to her core.

The older woman kissed Snow's throat, making the girl moan again, before she took her cock into her hand and positioned it at Snow's opening. She made sure to swipe it a few times over the slit, lubricating it with the girl's wetness.

Snow shivered, feeling anticipation for the first time, and her hands rested on the Queen's body holding tightly unto the woman.

The Queen smiled and kissed her again, turning one of the girl's legs just a little and making sure the position was right. Then she thrust, slowly, making sure not to sink more than her cock's head into Snow.

The girl shuddered, wincing a little from the pain, but also feeling a deep pleasure. For a small moment she forgot her hate for the Queen, her anger and her resentment and enjoyed the woman's cock.

It didn't last.

Her hate came raging in and she hated herself for enjoying the Queen's motions, but then the woman moved again and Snow White's mind became too preoccupied to process any kind of emotion.

The Queen moved slowly, careful not to pain Snow more than necessary. With each thrust she pushed a little more of her cock into the girl beneath her, loving how Snow's virgin walls wrapped themselves around her member, increasing both woman's pleasure.

Eventually the Queen's thrusts hit a barrier. Snow felt it, winced and looked at her wife.

The Queen looked back, almost questioning, until Snow turned her face away. Then she moved her hips back a little and thrust, harder than before, breaking Snow's hymen and claiming her virginity.

Snow winced again at the pain, and grabbed the Queen, stopping her motions for a moment, trying to accommodate to the feeling of the Queen's cock inside of her.

The Queen remained still for a few moments, but then started moving, in and out, slowly, thrusting deeper with each motion of her hips until she fully sheathed herself inside Snow White.

Snow forced her to stop once again, pain and pleasure mixing together and making it hard for her to breathe. She could feel the Queen's cock deep inside of her, a warm presence filling her womb. She just needed a few moments to *think*.

The older woman didn't let her and raised her hips, moving her cock out of now's cunt until only its tip remained buried, and then thrust back in again. She repeated the same motion over and over, increasing her speed with every thrust, until the girl beneath could only feel pleasure.

Snow started thrusting back at the Queen almost unconsciously, her ass leaving the bed for a few instants, before the Queen's motions made it crash back down. When the former princess realized what she was doing she tried to stop, but it was as if she didn't have full control of her body.

She moaned and moaned and, when release wasn't forthcoming, she begged the Queen to fuck her harder.

The Queen laughed at Snow's words and did as she plead, amused beyond measure at the girl's desire.

Snow clutched at her, not caring that she was holding unto her greatest enemy, simply wanting to find the release that would alleviate the need she felt between her legs.

It didn't take long.

The older woman's cock hit a particularly pleasurable spot inside of her and Snow came screaming, her sex tightening around the Queen's member making the monarch close her eyes in bliss.

Snow kept moaning as the Queen didn't stop her thrusts, prolonging her pleasure to the point of deliriousness.

The Queen only stopped when she reached her own orgasm, thrusting hard into Snow and coming inside the girl.

Even through her own pleasure Snow felt it.

She felt the Queen's cock twitching and jerking inside of her, and she felt the woman's seed invading her womb. A tear escaped her eyes, born of the humiliation she felt at that moment, both from being forced to lay with a woman she hated and enjoying it.

There was no post-coital bliss.

A few moments after her release, the Queen slid out of Snow's cunt, making the girl wince in the process, and moved to dress herself.

Snow watched, not moving from her place on the bed, as the Queen prepared and left the room, walking towards her old quarters, determined to live separated from Snow White as most 'kings' did from their wives.

Snow didn't say anything as the woman closed the door and remained alone in her new room, the bed stained by hers and the Queen's fluids.

The newly made woman turned her head, laid it on her new pillow and cried, her tears flowing without end from her eyes as she mourned her lost innocence.

The next months were some of the busier of the Evil Queen's life, comparable to the months after she took control of her kingdom from her family.

She reorganized the kingdom's government from the ground up, changed several laws and united the two militaries into a single one. None of that was easy, people were always resistant to change and, in some cases like in the military, there were a lot of grudges, of resentment, perfectly natural after a centuries-long war.

The Queen loved it.

She loved her new power and the fact she was now ruling what was one of the biggest kingdoms in the continent, she loved ordering the sons and daughters of people she had fought against for centuries as her puppets, but most of all she loved her nights with Snow White.

To have the last descendent of the family who most opposed her on her knees sucking her cock was something pleasurable beyond measure. She loved teaching innocent Snow White the arts of the bedroom, making the girl enjoy every single thing she did to her.

Sometimes the younger woman would balk at some of the Queen's demands, but a single mention of one of her loved ones was enough to convince her to try what the Queen wanted, and the older woman made sure the girl would enjoy it, knowing that would pain the girl as much as if the woman had forced her to do it.

For Snow White the first few months after her marriage were a kind of hell.

Not because of the Queen incidentally, but because she had nothing to do. There were no more classes, no more tea and biscuits with nobles from one kingdom or the other, no more outings.

Snow was bored out of her mind and nothing disturbed her more than realize the highlight of her day was when the Queen visited her chambers. She hated the older woman, but found herself always wishing the nights would come sooner; always waiting for the moment the Queen crossed her door.

Some of the nights Snow spent with the Queen were almost magical and she would almost give up on her need of revenge. Then some other nights were ... harsher.

The Queen would come into her room angry or furious and would take her fury in Snow's body, fucking the girl as hard as she could. Snow surprised herself by enjoying these nights almost as much as the ones when the Queen was gentler.

There were some things Snow wasn't comfortable doing at first, but the Queen eventually persuaded her. Snow still didn't enjoy giving the Queen oral pleasure for example, the act of getting on her knees and taking the Queen's cock into her mouth felt almost humiliating for her, but she enjoyed what usually happened after that.

As the first year of her marriage came to an end, Snow found herself getting used to being the Queen's wife.

She seriously considered simply giving up on her revenge, especially when she started to see the kingdom flourishing around her. There was an air of happiness in the capital city as new coin and people entered the town.

It was what happened in the night of her marriage's first anniversary that convinced Snow White the Queen had to die.

There was a party celebrating the anniversary of the union between the kingdoms and the union between Snow and the Queen.

Everything was going fine until a noble made some drunken comment about the Queen, saying she was a monster and that they shouldn't have allowed her to rule them.

The Queen heard him.

The people around the men tried to shush him, but the Queen stopped them and made him stand in front of her. When he saw himself facing the Queen he denied saying anything, and then apologized blaming his drunkenness.

The Queen smiled.

For a moment Snow thought she might be merciful, but then the reigning monarch raised a hand and closed her fist, and the noble's throat was crushed by the air itself.

People screamed and the man's family sobbed as they saw him die.

The Queen's smile didn't fade as she looked around the room, making sure everyone inside saw what would happen should they displease her. Then she turned her back on them, grasped Snow's arm and dragged her wife out of the room, moving swiftly towards their royal quarters.

Snow didn't even manage to protest against the woman, horrified by what she had seen. What she found inside her rooms made her get past her stupefaction and she rounded up on the Queen ready to lash out against her.

The Queen grabbed her chin and stopped her, making Snow stare at the cool look the woman gave her. Never in their entire marriage had the Queen looked at her like that, and Snow felt her anger turn into fear.

She was forced to turn around by the woman's grip and then pushed towards the bed.

On top of it rested Anna.

The Queen's guard was only wearing a small garment, a lacy and semitransparent cloth that molded itself against her body, tight around her breasts and not hiding in any way the woman's assets.

Anna was embarrassed; when Snow looked at her she looked away and blushed but didn't move. Snow was sure she wasn't there of her own volition, but she couldn't do anything about that, not when the Queen was as angry as she was.

When Snow hesitated for a moment at the edge of the bed the Queen ordered to crawl into it.

She did, her heart pumping on her chest. The Queen had both girls undress each other, both of them blushing furiously, neither one of them wanting to disobey the ruler when she was so clearly enraged.

Soon enough the two of them stood naked and the Queen ordered them to please each other.

Snow, seeing that Anna was very hesitant, started moving towards the other girl.

She knew the Queen wasn't happy, and the longer they took the more furious she would become. She was mostly safe from the woman's wrath, despite it all she was needed to produce an heir, but Anna wasn't, and if they didn't please the Queen her friend would suffer.

She made Anna lie on her back and kissed her, slowly, until the girl opened up. Then she moved down the other girl's body, her lips tracing a path through Anna, tasting her throat, her breasts, her navel, until Snow found herself atop the girl's core.

Anna was very different from the Queen; she was a regular girl just like Snow, but the Queen had made sure her wife knew how to please both of her sexes; it wasn't hard to have Anna squirming and moaning in a few moments.

The Queen undressed while she watched them both.

The young women in her bed painted an incredibly alluring sight, and the Queen could feel her cock swelling. She pumped it a couple of times before she crawled into the bed, moving until she stood behind her wife.

She felt Snow tense as she got behind her, and she enjoyed her wife's apprehension. She poised her hands on Snow's behind, caressing and kneading the flesh, then spreading Snow's legs just a little bit, putting the girl's cunt at the same height as her cock.

With her cock in hand, the Queen teased her for a few moments, wetting her prick in Snow's wetness before she pushed forward and sank her cock into her wife's pussy.

Snow moaned and clenched her sex, making the Queen close her eyes in bliss for a moment, before her hands gripped the girl's waist and she started moving in and out of Snow's tight cunt.

She thrust as hard as she could, never completely leaving Snow's warm embrace, and then moving back in again, almost raising her wife's body from the bed.

Snow tried to keep a rhythm going, careful not to stop pleasing Anna, but at the same time thrusting back at the Queen and clenching her pussy walls, wanting the woman to come as soon as she could, hoping that would drain some of her anger.

It didn't long for the first orgasm of the night to occur. Anna couldn't resist Snow's tongue squirming around her insides and came, her legs wrapping themselves around Snow's shoulders as wetness poured from her cunt.

Snow continued tasting Anna even through her orgasm, wanting to prolong her friend's pleasure.

The Queen loved seeing Anna come on Snow's tongue, and that visage was the match that ignited her own passion. She came, hard and screaming, driving herself to the hilt into Snow and filling her wife's sex with her seed.

Snow felt her come and relaxed, hoping the edge of the Queen's anger had dried off. The Queen, realizing she had come before Snow, sneaked a hand between the girl's thighs and played with her clit, holding the little nub between her fingers and flicking it.

That, together with the Queen's cock still buried within her, was enough to make Snow come, and she shook as she screamed in pleasure, falling on top of Anna's legs afterwards.

The Queen slid out her and looked at both spent women on the bed for a while, until she felt her cock hardening once again and she turned her wife around and made her watch as she fucked her friend right then and there.

It was as the Queen fucked Anna, the woman's cock still wet from being inside Snow's pussy that Snow realized the slight hope that had awakened in her heart, a hope that she would eventually forgive the Queen and live her life at her side, died.

She knew her wife would never change.

As she convinced herself the Queen needed to die a tear escaped from her eyes, before the woman dragged her back into her orgy of pleasure and Snow spent one of the most memorable nights of her life.

Snow saw her victory become closer on the day the royal physician confirmed her pregnancy.

She had long thought about the Queen's words about the vision that foretold her death and she knew only the Queen's bloodline would be able to harm her.

But now Snow had the Queen's child within her womb.

She didn't know if that meant she could hurt the woman, but she had to try. The Queen was a good ruler, but also a ruthless one. Snow feared sooner or later she would drag their kingdom into another war in order to increase her power.

So she waited until night, after making sure her physician wouldn't tell anything about her pregnancy to the Queen saying she wanted to surprise her wife.

When the Queen came to their quarters, she received her with relish, and fucked her with abandon, obeying the Queen's every whim, her every desire. The Queen enjoyed that side of her woman, and replied in kind, making sure Snow felt pleasure like never before.

It was when they were on their last stands, exhausted, and as the Queen thrust down into her wife beneath her that their lovemaking took a tragic turn.

Snow felt her orgasm coming close and, understanding that was the ideal time, wrapped her arms around the Queen, dragging the monarch's body against hers, pressing their breasts together.

The Queen let her, happy about their proximity, and drove herself even harder into Snow's pussy.

Snow felt the Queen tense, her motions gaining a desperate edge and she struck, slipping a dagger into her wife's back, even as the Queen emptied herself inside of her.

The Queen startled, feeling pain for the first time in centuries, blood flowing from the wound on her back. She looked at Snow's face and saw her wife crying, tears flowing from her eyes, the beginning of sobs in her countenance.

It took her a moment to realize what had happened.

At first she didn't understand how Snow could have found a weakness in her enchantments, but then younger woman explained between her tears, saying she was pregnant with the Queen's child.

The Queen was dying.

She knew then it would happen and that she wouldn't be able to save herself.

In that moment she might have simply left herself fade away, leaving her wife in peace and consoling herself with the fact her blood would live on, her child would live on inside of Snow.

Snow would be a good mother.

But the rage and darkness in her heart was too strong and she couldn't resist a last revenge, a last act of evil.

She poised her hand against Snow's navel and looked at the girl's eyes even as she spoke the words of a spell, killing her own child in the process, cursing Snow White to never have a child of a man or a woman.

And then the most evil of being died, leaving her wife broken, childless and sobbing.

Surprisingly there wasn't much confusion after the Evil Queen's death.

Most people simply shrugged and kept going with their lives, while some of the oldest members of the former White Kingdom cheered.

The nobles of what had been the Evil Kingdom mourned their Queen, but they didn't break their treaty with the White Kingdom and the two remained as one, Snow White as their queen.

There were no protests against her, or condemnation, for killing the Queen.

Everyone knew just how evil the old Queen had been, and they didn't blame Snow for killing her, they simply wondered how she had managed it.

Snow couldn't say she was happy.

She had not enjoyed killing her wife; she suffered at the death of her child and even the death of the woman that part of her had learned to love. And the Queen's curse weighted on her mind.

Life went on.

The new united kingdom progressed, and Snow White slowly recuperated some of her cheer, even though ruling was an exhaustive work.

Sometimes she missed the simpler times of her youth, especially the years before her father's death.

She couldn't imagine the adventures she, and her kingdom, would have to face in the future, but if she did, she would say they were ready.

But those were a long time in the coming.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



CINDERELLA

Cinderella
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales)

By
Julie Law

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Cinderella

Cinderella believed she had a very happy childhood.

She remembered her mother's laugh as they ran through their mansion's gardens, playing; she remembered her father's lips twitch as he saw the two of them together, smiling at the women he loved most in the world.

Cinderella could recall a hundred memories of laughter, happiness and joy.

There were also some dark memories that would never leave her.

She would never forget the day her mother died.

Her father had looked devastated barely holding himself upright, his eyes red from tears.

Cinderella had been seven years old.

More than two hundred persons came to the funeral, most of them sporting a dark semblance, having come to say goodbye to one of the gentlest and more charitable persons of their small community.

Cinderella's family was one of the richest of the region, her father a very wealthy merchant. Many people had knocked at their door begging for help, food, or simply a blanket.

Cinderella's mother had never refused anyone and provided them with whatever she could.

The people would smile at her, singing her praises and never forget her charity. A great deal of the guests were persons who Cinderella's mother helped, the others people that had come to say goodbye to the brightest soul they had ever met.

The years after her mother's death weren't easy.

Cinderella spent a lot of time alone, as her father grieved and took care of his business, often travelling away from home.

One of the few occasions where they mourned together was when she asked him for the first twig he found on his way out of the house. He brought her a hazel tree twig and, together, the two of them planted it besides her mother's grave.

Slowly, the years went on and their hearts mended.

A more contained happiness returned to their home, their lives progressed and Cinderella slowly grew into a beautiful blonde girl.

She was eighteen when she realized her father was courting another woman.

At first she was surprised, her father had never truly forgotten her mother, and she had never considered the fact he might want to marry once again.

But then, after seeing how happy he became in the few short months of his new relationship, she understood he needed something more in his life and she did what she could to show she was happy for him.

Her father married a few months later.

For a while everything was perfect. Cinderella felt she had a family now, never being completely alone when her father travelled. She had her stepmother and her older stepsisters.

That happiness didn't last long.

Cinderella's relationship with her stepmother deteriorated without the girl understanding why it happened.

At first they got along perfectly well. There was some awkwardness and strangeness, but nothing a few weeks of coexistence wouldn't solve.

Then things changed.

Cinderella caught her father and stepmother discussing several times, almost fighting, and the older woman started looking askance at her. Once, Cinderella even heard the woman calling her unnatural under her breath.

Cinderella was hurt and confused.

She had done nothing wrong to the woman, behaved as she always did and yet, for some reason, her stepmother started being cold to her, ignoring her most of the time, being outright mean in some occasions.

Her father would only smile sadly when Cinderella asked about it, saying that her stepmother didn't hate her, trying to convince his daughter of a truth he knew was not real.

Cinderella saw through his attempts, but chose to make it as if she believed him, and sooner or later would she question him again, hoping he would tell her the true reason of her stepmother's dislike.

Cinderella's stepsisters followed their mother's lead, but while similar in appearance they were completely different in temperaments.

Elsa was adopted, daughter of one of Cinderella's stepmother's dead friends. She would ignore the younger girl, behaving as if she didn't exist, rarely speaking to her and going out of her way to not cross Cinderella's path.

Elena, believing Cinderella had done something to make her mother cross, made her best to make Cinderella's life a living hell. She would prank the younger girl, steal her clothes and sometimes lead wild animals into Cinderella's room.

Cinderella complained to her father, but it didn't change anything.

He talked to Elena, but the wildest of Cinderella's stepsisters was stubborn and would sooner or later return to her harassment.

Slowly, Cinderella saw herself becoming a pariah in her own house.

While her father was away, her stepmother was in control of the household.

The woman tried to curtail Cinderella's interactions with the outside world, making her spend most of the day in her bedroom when there were guests, and forbidding her daughters from speaking to Cinderella.

Slowly, despair took hold of Cinderella.

Only when her father started speaking about arranging some suitors for her stepsisters did Cinderella see her salvation.

If Elsa and Elena married, they would leave and Cinderella might get some of her freedom back.

The days would be easier to bear if her stepmother was her only family remaining inside the house.

Or maybe, in a few months, she would be the one to be wedded. Then Cinderella would have a house of her own, with a husband and a child, and she wouldn't have to deal with her stepfamily anymore.

Hesitantly, one day during dinner, Cinderella questioned her father about a suitor for herself.

He reddened and started breathing hard, looking as if he had choked on his food. Cinderella's stepmother glared at her, and the girl deflated, resigning herself to talk about the matter later.

Elena, who was incredibly observant of the world around her, and capable of reading Cinderella like a book, knew the girl wasn't happy about her father's lack of response and mercilessly teased her younger stepsister.

Cinderella endured Elena's barbed tongue with decorum, knowing if everything went according to plan she wouldn't have to deal with the girl for long.

But the worst happened.

Cinderella's father returned home from a trip, in the middle of a night of winter, with a cough and by the next morning he was running a fever. Cinderella and her stepmother fussed around him, but he argued that he would be fine.

He didn't improve.

Later that day they called for the local physician, who came to them and did all he could.

Yet her father worsened.

For weeks he lingered, barely breathing and sweating, until finally his body didn't resist and he expired, leaving Cinderella alone in a house where she felt she had no one to love her.

Life changed for the worst after Cinderella's father died. Without him their business became ruined, without someone with the necessary skills to administer it.

The people who owed them money disappeared, Cinderella's father the only one who knew who they were and how much they owed. Creditors appeared from all around them, demanding their coin, friends and allies turned their backs on the ruined family.

The older girls' suitors refused to marry them; Cinderella's family didn't have the means to pay a dowry and the girls saw their future prospects become bleak.

Cinderella's stepmother did all she could to stop their family's descent.

She fired the household staff and sold everything of value in the house, but it only allowed them to pay for some of the smallest debts and find some time to pay for the biggest ones.

The woman thought about selling the mansion, but then they wouldn't have a place to live and it wouldn't pay their debts in full.

Cinderella saw herself forced into the role of the servant of the house.

Cinderella's stepsisters did little to contribute, their mother preferring to burden the younger girl and leave her daughters in peace.

Now that there were no maids or butlers, Cinderella was the one that cleaned and cooked, chopped wood, and sewed.

Her stepmother spent most of her time out in the village or the town, trying to find some way to arrange the money they needed to pay their debts and return to their former life.

Elsa did help a little in the household by taking care of the mansion's gardens. The girl had always been one to love nature; taking care of plants and flowers was a pleasure for her.

Elena spent her days in her study, painting away her sorrows, and mostly making Cinderella's work harder with the amount of paint she got on her clothes.

Cinderella's life became a living hell.

She had no rest, no day off. Her mother had always told her to be a good girl and obey, but she couldn't help but think of running away, of leaving her house and never come back.

Her anger grew as she thought about how her stepmother made her do all the work, leaving her daughters mostly untouched by the misery that had befallen them.

She couldn't understand why her stepmother stopped Elsa from working. Like Cinderella, Elsa wasn't the woman's true daughter, being adopted, but it seemed Cinderella's stepmother only wanted to punish Cinderella and was quite capable of loving someone who wasn't her daughter.

Cinderella became depressed, listless, without knowing what to do.

She couldn't help but think on her life, wanting to lose herself on her thoughts and dreams.

She wished she could return to what was before, but she knew it was impossible.

Cinderella's sadness grew to the point she considered finishing her own life, but then it all changed.

And it was because of Elena.

Cinderella had to, very reluctantly, admit her stepsisters were beautiful.

They looked almost like twins, with long brown curly hair, tanned skin and shapely curves. Their eyes were like almonds and their lips to die for.

Cinderella considered herself pretty, with her straight blonde hair and her blue eyes, but she couldn't help but think her stepsisters were more attractive than she was. She didn't let the thought bother her very much.

Yet her stepsisters weren't only attractive, they were also intelligent and artsy.

Their tastes were very different, almost as much as their temperaments.

Elsa was shy, withdrawn and gentle.

She loved to spend her days taking care of the house's gardens making the most beautiful flowers bloom without effort. She also liked poetry, both to read and write, and music, being capable of playing several different instruments, from simple flutes to harps.

Cinderella loved hearing Elsa play; the girl would unwind while her music flowed out of her, making her appear as if she was some outworldly being that came to the Earth to grace them with her presence.

Then the music would end, and Elsa's timidity would flare again and she would hide in her own skin.

Elena was very different.

She was wild, outgoing, playful, cruel, vengeful, easy to anger, adventurous, sensuous. There were many more words Cinderella could use to describe Elena, not all of them good.

While Elsa would spread her love of art over a dozen subjects, Elena focused exclusively on painting.

She could depict the most realistic of landscapes and imagine the most strange of architectures. She could dream of the most beautiful things, and then she would combine them all into a painting.

Cinderella loved her Elena's work, even if most of time she couldn't abide the other girl. There was something so primal, so unguarded about Elena's art that Cinderella couldn't help but being touched by it.

The events that happened when Elena caught Cinderella admiring one of her paintings were what started to change Cinderella's life for good.

The younger girl had never told Elena she loved her paintings, she felt Elena was arrogant enough and didn't need the ego boost.

So when Elena caught Cinderella, standing in the middle of her study looking intently at her work, she bristled, fearing the girl was there to vandalize her work. She screamed at Cinderella and accused her.

Cinderella denied it, snapping back at the older girl, until they lost their patience, and Elena, in a fit of anger, pushed Cinderella.

Cinderella's eyes widened at her stepsister's move and her hand held unto the other girl, dragging Elena down with her.

They fell into a heap on the ground and struggled, both trying to get from under one another, until they hit a chair where several of Elena's paint supplies were poised and both girls became drenched in paint.

They disentangled themselves, both looking wide eyed at each other, until Elena started to laugh, both at Cinderella's appearance and the thought that the other girl would have to clean the mess they did.

She said so, eagerly to see Cinderella's good girl mask slip for even a moment, but her stepsister's reaction confused Elena.

Cinderella's nerves were so frayed that tears started seeping out of her eyes.

Elena was stunned; she had never seen Cinderella cry before; the girl was tougher than she appeared. Cinderella had never cried at Elena's antics, she would grit her teeth at her stepsister, but she wouldn't react to any kind of provocation.

Elena felt her heart twitch and for the first time she regretted her behavior.

Slowly she inched forward and put her arms around her stepsister, holding her, until Cinderella lost her composure and sobbed into Elena's frame.

They held each other for a long time, Cinderella slowly calming down, their embrace becoming warm and comfortable.

Elena pulled Cinderella's head up, taking it from its resting place atop Elena's breasts and dragged her stepsister out of the room, moving them towards the bathroom so that they could clean themselves.

Elena heated the water and prepared their bath, Cinderella looking from the sidelines, before Elena undressed and unceremoniously entered the tub.

Cinderella averted her eyes from her stepsister's body, suddenly shy.

She hadn't bathed together with anyone in a long time, not since her mother died.

Her father always made sure she bathed alone, unlike most girls who were attended by their maids. She hadn't understood why he was so adamant in that, but she had always obeyed him.

So she remained still, clothed besides the tub filled with her stepsister. She felt excited as she eyed Elena's frame beneath the warm waters.

Elena raised her eyebrow at Cinderella and asked her why she wasn't stepping into the tub.

Cinderella bit her lip and slowly started to undress.

What was revealed when Cinderella dropped her last garment made Elena stop and stare, the young woman not believing what her eyes saw.

Between Cinderella's thighs rested a cock.

Elena blinked and opened her mouth to speak, but closed it; Cinderella taking the chance to venture into the warm waters, settling her back against the tub and relaxing.

Elena couldn't believe Cinderella's nonchalant behavior as the younger girl revealed something that shattered her world. She started getting angry and questioned Cinderella about what she had seen.

Cinderella was confused, not understating what her stepsister was talking about.

Elena saw her confusion and was taken aback.

Cinderella didn't know. She didn't understand she was different.

Slowly, Elena moved forward, suddenly feeling bold.

Elena's body rose from the water as she moved, her breasts bared to Cinderella's sight.

The younger girl's eyes wandered down her stepsister's frame, taking in the mounds on Elena's chest and the toned stomach resting beneath.

Cinderella realized then that they looked different, and she couldn't help but shift her legs as Elena came closer.

Elena knew Cinderella wasn't a man.

Her stepsister had a woman's body, a woman's breasts and figure. She reached out and moved her hand between Cinderella's thighs, making the girl jump startled, and closing her hand around Cinderella's cock.

It was warm, warmer than the water they were both in.

And it was getting harder.

They looked awkwardly at one another, Cinderella feeling something she had never felt before, her cock swelling to an impressive size.

Elena moved her hand, releasing Cinderella's member and exploring the flesh beneath, finding Cinderella's opening and confirming her suspicions.

Elena didn't read as much as Elsa did, but she also enjoyed books, especially those she hid from her mother; books about more carnal activities and affairs, depicting acts between women and men, or even, sometimes, between members of the same sex.

One of her favorite books was one about someone who had both sexes.

She hadn't believed it was possible, she thought it was only fiction, but now she could see it was real, and it was Cinderella – good little bland Cinderella – that was a hermaphrodite.

Elena didn't know what to think about her stepsister anymore.

She looked at the younger girl's face and saw the flush in Cinderella's cheeks and, feeling playful, Elena explored her folds, sliding one fingertip inside Cinderella's slit, making the girl gasp out loud in both pain and pleasure.

The sound excited Elena and she gripped Cinderella's cock with her other hand.

Slowly, she started stroking it, moving her hands up and down, pumping the flesh. She had never done something like that before, but she had read enough about it she had no doubts about what she was doing.

Cinderella's gasps and moans were a good indicator that she was doing the right motions.

The younger girl grasped her stepsister's arms, supporting herself against Elena as the girl teased and played with both of her sexes. She was breathing hard, her chest heaving with every inhalation.

That motion made Cinderella's breasts look incredibly alluring to Elena's sight and she moved her head downwards, taking one of Cinderella's nipples into her mouth, suckling at the little nub.

Cinderella gasped loudly and her hands came to rest on Elena's hair, threading through the brown curls and pressing her stepsister's face harder against her chest.

The younger girl's excitement bolstered Elena's, and the girl slid the finger that she moving in and out of Cinderella just a little harder, burying it in the other girl's cunt, making Cinderella feel a renewed pain and pleasure that triggered her orgasm.

Cinderella came screaming, her cock twitching and jerking in Elena's hand, white cum seeping out of it as wetness flowed out of her pussy.

She closed her eyes and simply enjoyed the pleasure she was feeling, pleasure like she had never enjoyed before.

Elena relinquished the look on her stepsister's face, knowing she was the one to put it there, and taking care to keep touching the girl's cunt, prolonging her enjoyment.

When Cinderella opened her eyes and caught Elena looking at her she was embarrassed and blushed, turning her face aside. Then Elena slid her fingers out of her sex and she winced in pain and discomfort, turning to face her stepsister.

Elena smiled at Cinderella's renewed shyness, feeling extremely proud of the manner in which she had made the other girl putty in her hands.

She could also feel an ache between her legs and wanted nothing more than to have the other girl take care of it, but she doubted that Cinderella would know how.

She could teach her, a part of Elena's mind whispered, and the girl couldn't deny the thought pleased her, but she would let Cinderella stew on what they did for a while, and only then would she do anything.

Slowly Elena got up from the water, loving the way Cinderella's eyes clung to her body, to her breasts and pussy. There was a new emotion on the younger girl's eyes, one which Elena easily recognized as lust.

She moved out of the tub and extended her hand towards Cinderella, helping her stepsister get out as well.

They dried each other, using the same fluffy towel, a tenderness that had never existed between them evident, and afterwards Elena kissed Cinderella, her lips soft, her tongue invading the other girl's mouth and twirling around its counterpart.

Cinderella blushed as Elena took her first kiss, knowing that what they had done was supposed to be wrong, but unrepentant nonetheless.

They parted; Elena dressed herself and said her goodbyes, wanting to go to her room and take care of achiness between her legs.

Cinderella watched her walk away, confused yet excited about what happened.

It didn't take long for Elena to seek out Cinderella once again.

The younger girl had given her several inquiring looks during the days following their interactions on the tub, and so, one night, Elena slipped into Cinderella's bed while the girl was sleeping.

Cinderella woke to her stepsister spooning against her back, Elena's hand slowly caressing her flesh, moving towards her core. She bit her lip and stayed still, trying to appear asleep, but then Elena kissed the flesh underneath her ear and she moaned out loud.

Elena wrapped her hand around Cinderella's cock and stroked it until it was hard and thick.

Cinderella moaned and gasped, wanting to turn around and plunge into her stepsister, knowing they couldn't do that.

There were other things they could do and Elena wanted to try something she read about.

She made Cinderella turn and lay with her back on the bed and then helped her stepsister strip, taking Cinderella's clothes until the younger girl became nude. Then Elena slid down Cinderella's body, kissing and touching, making the girl moan with need, her cock swelling to the point it looked ready to explode.

Elena stopped moving when her head reached the apex of Cinderella's thighs and she stroked Cinderella's cock a couple of times, before she took her stepsister into her mouth.

Cinderella gasped at the touch of Elena's tongue on her cock, feeling an incredible pleasure, her hands moving to the other girl's hair, holding Elena's head and forcing it down, trying to slid her cock further in.

Elena resisted Cinderella's motions, and kept her pace, slowly taking more and more of Cinderella's meat into her mouth, accommodating herself to the feeling of Cinderella's cock.

Cinderella started begging her, not quite knowing about what she was asking Elena to do, but hoping her stepsister could alleviate her need.

Elena increased the pace of her movements, her tongue swirling around the prick in her mouth, her fingers threading through Cinderella's curls and probing the opening, sliding just the tips of her fingers inside the other girl.

She took Cinderella's cock as far as it would go, to the point it felt as if she was swallowing it. Then she would slide back again, her lips wrapped tightly, pressing against the warm flesh, massaging it, until only the cock's head remained inside her mouth, and then she moved forward again.

Elena repeated her motions again and again, her fingers exploring Cinderella's cunt, her mouth sucking her stepsister's cock, until Cinderella came screaming, her cock jerking and sputtering, releasing its seed in Elena's mouth.

Cinderella's hands tightened on Elena's head almost unconsciously, as a reaction to the intense pleasure the younger girl felt. Wetness flowed from her cunt her eyes fluttered.

Elena swallowed the white seed, finding the taste sweet, pleasant.

She milked Cinderella's cock for all it was worth, struggling not to let a drop go to waste, until she couldn't resist her urge to breathe anymore and she opened her mouth, letting Cinderella's cock escape from her grasp.

After, Elena moved until she stood face to face with Cinderella, and poised one of her hands on the milky white thigh beneath, making Cinderella's eyes open.

Then she kissed Cinderella, the younger girl's lips opening to receive her tongue.

Cinderella tasted her own seed in Elena's mouth and moaned, putting her arms around her stepsister and hugging her, pressing the older girl against her, breasts against breasts, their tongues entwining.

They kissed until their air run out and then they lay against one another.

Elena could feel her face was flushed and she had a pressing need between her legs.

She grabbed Cinderella's hand and directed it between her thighs, making the girl touch her sex, wanting Cinderella to make her come.

Cinderella flushed, but she wanted to please Elena, making her feel as good as the girl did her, and so she tried her best.

Elena showed the younger girl how to use her fingers to make her feel good, and what felt more than just good. She made Cinderella traced her nether lips, running her fingers over her labia, over her curls, gently yet firm, until Cinderella's fingers were coated with Elena's wetness.

Then she told Cinderella to enter her, gently.

Cinderella did as she was told. It wasn't long before she acted without Elena's instructions, seeing from her stepsister's face what was pleasurable and not. She would hook one of her fingers inside Elena and the girl would tremble.

Then she would slide her fingers in and out, sometimes fast and sometimes slow, but firmly, and her thumb would press against Elena's clit making the girl twitch and moan.

It didn't take long for Elena to come, her legs tightening around Cinderella's hand, pressing it against her core as if she never wanted to let it go.

Once she descended from her high, Elena took Cinderella into her arms and kissed her, slowly, carefully, until the younger girl put her arms around her and they cuddled together.

Exhaustion hit both of them and they closed their eyes, content in the warmth of each other's bodies.

For the first time since her father's death Cinderella slept without difficulties, and she dreamt of joy and happiness.

The girls became lovers from that point on.

Sometimes Elena came to Cinderella's body, sometimes it was the opposite, but they were never too long apart from one another.

Cinderella forgot her worries and lost herself in Elena's embrace.

She had been so lonely before loving Elena that she couldn't see any other life for her now.

She loved Elena like she needed air to breathe.

Cinderella was so happy that her smile shone in her face, and Elena soon found herself entranced by it and, slowly, something more than simply pleasure and lust became evident in their dalliances.

But it seemed good things didn't last long in Cinderella's life.

One month after Elena and Cinderella became lovers Cinderella's stepmother announced there would be a ball held in a nearby castle.

Cinderella, after seeing Elena's excitement at the news, did her best to make her love's dress the most magnificent there was. She spent entire days and nights sewing it, her desire for Elena spurring her on.

Elena herself was more worried about the lack of Cinderella in her bed, preferring to dress in rags if that meant she would have to spend another night without her lover pressed against her, but she couldn't deny that Cinderella's actions warmed her heart.

When Cinderella presented her with her dress she was moved to tears, the cloth beautiful beyond measure, capable of accentuating Elena's every asset, yet keeping her modest.

Not even Elena's mother had anything to say against it.

Cinderella didn't go to the ball; there hadn't been enough cloth to make a dress for her.

She didn't mind, preferring to rest and wait for Elena, wanting to take her lover into her arms after several nights without her touch.

Yet Elena returned in tears.

A prince of a small nation had attended the ball and had seemingly fallen in love with Elena. Elena's mother wasted no time and started negotiating a courtship between them.

Cinderella could feel her heart break.

Her stepmother wouldn't lose this opportunity to marry her daughter to a prince, insuring her debts were paid and Elena would live a splendid life.

Cinderella couldn't blame her.

She would do anything so that Elena could live a life of luxury, and she couldn't blame the prince for falling in love with Elena, not when she did the same, even though they were stepsisters.

Elena could be the most enchanting woman in the world when she wished to.

The older girl's tears dried out slowly while she remained in Cinderella's arms.

Then Elena freed herself and kissed Cinderella, grabbing her hand and dragging her stepsister into her study.

Elena pushed Cinderella against the wall and fell to her knees in front of her, working on the younger girl's clothes, trying to free her stepsister's cock.

Cinderella didn't resist her, waiting for Elena's lips wrapped around her member.

Elena wanted to forget the taste of the magnificent foods and drinks she had that night, the divine aromas, the wealth, she wanted to forget the part of her that told her she would be better off married to a prince she didn't love.

She wanted the taste of Cinderella's cock to make her doubts go away.

Cinderella gasped as Elena took hold of her cock and started pumping it, then gasped again as Elena licked the tip, her tongue swirling around it, tasting, waiting for it to harden fully.

Once it did, Elena started licking it from top to bottom, slowly, making Cinderella twitch at the pleasure she provoked.

Cinderella's legs trembled and for a moment she feared she would fall.

Elena opened her mouth and took Cinderella's cock, her lips tight around it, her head moving forward and back.

Cinderella swallowed, seeing her cock disappear into her stepsister's mouth, only for the girl to move back and reveal it, and then swallow it again.

Elena swirled her tongue around the cock, wrapping it in warmth as she sucked her stepsister, her hands moving and cupping Cinderella's rear, as Elena used only her mouth to please the younger girl's cock.

She took Cinderella's cock as far as it would go, as deep as she had ever taken the other girl, feeling Cinderella's member sliding into her throat.

Cinderella gasped and started thrusting her hips, slowly, encouraged by Elena's hands pulling her forward, who wanted to feel Cinderella fuck her face.

It was too much.

Cinderella couldn't resist and she came, holding back the scream of pleasure she wanted to give as her cock released its load into Elena's willingly throat, trying not to alert anyone as her stepsister swallowed and swallowed Cinderella's seed as it flowed out of her cock.

The younger girl couldn't resist so much stimulation and her legs failed her. She leaned against the wall and slid down, slowly.

Elena kept milking her stepsister's cock, until she had to release it with a disappointed sound, letting the now flaccid member escape from her hold.

With Cinderella's taste in her mouth, Elena let herself fall into her lover's arms, joining her on the ground.

Cinderella held her, pressing her stepsister against her body, wanting to hold Elena forever in her arms.

They remained like that, content in each other's warmth, not wanting to think about what their future held.

But it didn't matter how much Elena wanted to forget.

She knew what her future held and she was filled by a sudden and furious anger. Right then and there she decided to fight against that fate with all her strength, to do anything for the future *she* wanted to become real and not one her mother chose.

She wanted to be with Cinderella, to live her life with her stepsister.

And she wanted to lose her purity with Cinderella.

The younger girl would be against it, knowing how important a woman's virginity was regarded in the world, but Elena was sure she could convince her stepsister to do as she wished.

Elena rose and moved, picking an old blanket resting by the room's corner, extending it and gesturing for Cinderella.

Her stepsister came, while Elena undressed, slowly, teasingly, letting Cinderella's eyes fill with lust as she revealed her breasts and sex.

Then Elena dragged her down, making Cinderella lie on the improvised bed and climbing on top afterwards.

They kissed, fervently, wishing to never be apart from the other, Cinderella's cock hardening again with Elena's close presence.

The older girl noticed it and rubbed her thighs against Cinderella's, making the other girl want her more than anything. She leaned down and kissed Cinderella's throat, making her whimper with need, teasingly, her lips trailing down and up over the younger girl's torso.

Then Elena whispered at Cinderella's ear, begging her to take her, to mark her and defile her.

Cinderella refused, as Elena had known she would, but her stepsister's teasing became more pronounced and Cinderella didn't complain as Elena climbed on top of her, Elena's naked pussy just an inch away from her cock.

Elena grabbed Cinderella's cock and coated it with her wetness, until it glistened, teasing herself on Cinderella's cock and teasing Cinderella, before she looked right at her stepsister's eyes and slowly let herself fall, letting the cock she held in her hand spear her.

Cinderella's hands came to rest on Elena's waist, wanting to stop her stepsister, but then her cock's head slipped into Elena's folds and she couldn't think about anything else.

Elena felt Cinderella's cock slid inside of her and she started moving up and down, slowly, taking more and more of her stepsister's flesh into her core, until she felt it reach deep inside of her and hit her barrier.

The girls looked at one another, knowing that if they continued they would do something irremediable, something permanent.

Elena steeled herself and thrust down, wincing a little at the pain as her hymen was brushed away, Cinderella's cock going deeper than ever into her.

Both of them gasped – Elena at the pain, Cinderella at the pleasure.

Cinderella grip on Elena's waist increased in strength, becoming almost bruising as the girl felt Elena's walls tightening around her cock, her stepsister starting to ride her, up and down, her cock moving faster in and out of Elena, deeper, until Cinderella could feel herself completely sheathed inside Elena.

Elena groaned as that happened and leaned down, her breasts pressing against Cinderella's, and she kissed her stepsister, gently, before she started rocking again, riding Cinderella.

Cinderella thrust back against Elena, her eyes fixed on the older girl's body, loving the way Elena's breasts bounced up and down as she fucked her.

She reached out and took Elena's mounds into her hands, caressing them and taking the nipples between her fingers, rolling and pinching them.

Elena's hands covered Cinderella's, directing the girl's attention in the most pleasurable manner. Then Cinderella's cock hit the right spot inside of her and Elena released a breathy sound, repeating her motions until she once again felt the cock hit the magic spot inside of her.

Cinderella watched as Elena closed her eyes and started breathing harder, her motions faster, erratic, until she could feel Elena's sex tightening around her and her stepsister came with a scream of pure pleasure.

Elena didn't stop moving, going up and down, wanting to never stop feeling the pleasure Cinderella's cock brought inside of her, until her legs lost their strength and she felt her stepsister come.

Cinderella pulled Elena into her, hugging her with all of her strength, squishing their chests together, until she felt like she could hear Elena's heartbeat, her cock still jerking inside Elena.

She wanted to sleep like that, warm inside of Elena, ignoring what happened outside that room.

A second later Elena moved and let Cinderella's cock slid out of her, wincing a little, but returning to Cinderella's arms, holding her lover until both of them feel asleep.

Cinderella woke to the sounds of Elena painting.

She looked up, eyes still bleary from sleep, to find a nude Elena working on a large canvas.

Elena moved from side to side, her hair swishing against her motions, her beautiful bared rear looking incredibly alluring.

Cinderella wanted to get up and force Elena's naked frame against the wet paint and take her stepsister from behind, spreading her legs and spearing her with her cock, until she had Elena scream in pleasure like the night before.

But then Elena finished her work and turned around.

She looked wild, her hair streamed around her, a drop of paint in one of her bared breasts, so close to the nipple that Cinderella wanted to lick it off.

Cinderella felt her cock hardening and started getting up, but Elena acted first and moved towards her, fast, climbing on top of Cinderella, pressing her naked body against her stepsister.

They kissed, heatedly, their hands groping each other's bodies, and would have ended of doing more if there wasn't for a sound coming from the study's door.

Elena looked towards it, fearing that her mother had found them, but it was her adopted sister.

Elsa looked at the entwined girls, her mouth open in startlement, before she turned around and ran away, leaving the door open.

Cinderella and Elena looked at each other, worried, before they scrambled to dress themselves.

Cinderella finished first and made to run after Elsa, but Elena stopped her, knowing she would have an easier time talking to her sister. She kissed Cinderella, nothing more than a little peck on the younger girl's tasty lips, before she ran after Elsa.

Cinderella stood in Elena's study, not quite knowing what she should do. She could only hope Elena successfully convinced Elsa not to tell her stepmother anything.

During the next week Cinderella had basically no contact with either of the girls.

Elsa avoided her, fleeing away from Cinderella anytime she saw her.

Elena wouldn't do more than give her a kiss or two when they meet, her fear of discovery renewed.

Their new routine only changed when Cinderella's stepmother told them their biggest creditor would visit them the next day.

They needed to prepare to receive him and the urgency of the matter got the three girls to work together, any other thoughts forgotten for a while.

Elsa searched the mansion's gardens until she found the most beautiful flowers there to decorate the house. Elena and Cinderella cleaned, rearranging some of the furniture, trying to seem as if their old fortune hadn't left them.

Cinderella's stepmother arranged for some snacks and chose the drinks that would accompany them, all of it to impress their creditor.

The man arrived near the night; he was an older gentleman, someone who Cinderella had never seen before.

Her stepmother tried to weave her tales, making it appear as they weren't suffering any difficulties, trying to prolong the payment of the debt as much as she could, but the man was adamant and wanted his money.

Cinderella's stepmother then started begging, but the man ignored her, not feeling pity for someone who just a few moments ago had tried to deceive him.

He got up to leave and then stopped still, his eyes focused on something on the wall.

The stepmother didn't realize what had caught his attention, but Cinderella did.

It was the painting Elena had started the morning after they had made love for the first time. The painting Elena put on the wall as a way to tease her.

The man let Cinderella's stepmother's renewed words wash over him, his attention focused on the picture.

Cinderella waited until her stepmother stopped speaking for a moment, and then she asked him if he liked the painting.

His eyes flashed to her, evaluating the girl he had been ignoring for most of the night.

Cinderella's stepmother glared at her from behind his back, but then the man replied, asking about the painter. Cinderella smiled at him and gestured towards Elena, pointing her stepsister as the author.

The man looked surprised for a second, but congratulated the young woman, saying she had great talent, and asking if she would be interested in selling the picture.

Elena was reluctant at first; she had made the painting to celebrate the night she had spent with Cinderella and didn't want to part with it, but then Cinderella slipped her hand into hers and she consented to sell.

What happened next baffled the stepsisters and their mother, as Cinderella negotiated with the man as if she was an experienced merchant.

The man steadily raised the price he was offering until they reached an agreement and the painting was sold.

It wasn't a fortune and it wouldn't be enough to pay any outstanding debts, but it would give them some room to breathe.

Cinderella even convinced the man to return in the future and see some of Elena's other works, believing he might be interested.

He promised to return and bring some friends with him, people who enjoyed art and possessed good taste.

Cinderella's stepmother accompanied him to the door, returning with a big smile and grudgingly congratulating Cinderella about the manner in which she had haggled with the man.

They parted ways afterwards.

Cinderella entered her room, undressed and lain on the bed, already anticipating another night alone, when there was a knock at her door and Elena entered, dragging Elsa behind.

Cinderella looked from one girl to the other, surprised at seeing them there, but then Elena moved towards her and climbed unto her lap, kissing her, fervently, making Cinderella's cock strain itself against her undergarments as it hardened.

No matter how much Cinderella wanted to lose herself on that kiss, the knowledge Elsa was right there watching them stopped her.

Elena realized it and got up with a smile, moving towards her adopted sister. She got behind Elsa and hugged her, her arms encircling Elsa's frame. Elena poised her chin on Elsa's shoulder and looked at Cinderella, her arms slowly roving over her

sister's body, feeling her up.

Elsa looked away from Cinderella's eyes, away from the lust she saw there, not believing Elena convinced her to do this, to be Elena's present to Cinderella for what the girl had managed downstairs.

In a dark corner of her mind Elsa knew why she had let it happen. She had always felt her knees weakening when she was near Cinderella, the girl's beauty capable of touching her in ways she couldn't describe.

Not even the discovery of Cinderella's abnormality – or the fact Cinderella was Elena's lover – extinguished her attraction.

Elena knew it.

She had seen it in Elsa's eyes when she confronted her adopted sister after being caught with Cinderella. She used that attraction to stop Elsa from saying anything about what she found and to convince her to join Elena in her dalliances with Cinderella.

Cinderella watched as Elena slowly stripped Elsa, baring her sister's breasts and sex to the world, so similar to Elena's that they were almost indistinguishable.

Elena saw the lust on Cinderella's eyes, the way the younger girl's sight followed her hands on Elsa's body.

She cupped her adopted sister's breasts, rolling the nipples between her fingers and making Elsa gasp out loud.

Elsa moaned and watched Cinderella watch her.

She loved the way the younger girl's sight never left her body, as Elena fondled and touched her. She let her adopted sister play with her body, ready to do anything just to hold Cinderella's attention for a little bit more.

Elena, for her part, didn't care that it was taboo to touch her sister as she was.

She liked touching Elsa, much more than she thought she would; the fact seeing the two sisters entwined seemed to excite Cinderella so much was a bonus in Elena's mind.

Slowly, she moved one of her hands south, hearing Elsa whimper, before she reached the girl's intimate curls, and caressed them, her hand moving over her adopted sister's core, feeling the wetness accumulating there.

Cinderella took off her undergarments and started stroking herself, watching them play.

Elena's fingers touched her sister's labia, tracing the contour of Elsa's opening, then running a finger vertically over the slit, before her fingers encircled Elsa's clit and pinched it, making the girl gasp and moan out loud, Elsa's legs almost failing her.

Elena teased Elsa to the brink of orgasm, her fingertips sliding just inside her sister's cunt, and then she pushed Elsa in Cinderella's direction.

Elsa would have fallen to the ground if Cinderella hadn't caught her.

She remained in Cinderella's arms for some moments, her eyes wide as she contemplated Cinderella's cock from up close.

Cinderella touched Elsa's chin and moved her head up, kissing her afterwards, marveling at the texture of Elsa's lips, so similar to Elena's, even if Elsa kissed in a completely different, and more innocent, manner.

Elena stripped as she watched her lover and her adopted sister kiss and then moved forward, coming up behind Elsa.

She pulled on her Elsa's hair, ending the girl's kiss with Cinderella.

Elsa protested, but Elena ignored her, grabbing her hand and moving it towards Cinderella's cock, making her sister circle the flesh and stroke it.

Elsa looked fascinated at the texture of Cinderella's cock, at the warmth, and at the way Cinderella responded to such simple stimulation, the younger girl closing her eyes and moaning.

Elena whispered at Elsa's ear, telling her to tighten her grip and speed her motions.

Elsa did, obeying without hesitation, until Cinderella started panting and breathing hard.

When Elena noticed Cinderella wouldn't last for much longer she stopped her sister's motions and caressed Elsa's head, pressing down.

Elsa let Elena guide her to her knees, and then to Cinderella's cock, opening her mouth, her sister whispering instructions about how to suck it.

Elsa licked the cock's head, swirling her tongue around its tip, tasting the pre-cum.

Elena pressed Elsa's head again, making her bob her head up and down over Cinderella's shaft.

Cinderella closed her eyes at the feeling of Elsa's tight mouth around her cock, the girl moving increasingly faster as she became accustomed to sucking cock.

Elsa loved the taste of Cinderella's flesh.

She could feel the younger girl's cock fill her entire mouth and she couldn't help but moan around it, feeling Cinderella twitch with the breathy sound she released. Her tongue wrapped itself around warm flesh as she sucked, feeling the prick sliding into her throat, almost to the point where she couldn't breathe.

Elena shuddered at the sight of her lover's cock moving in and out of Elsa, seeing it glisten with Elsa's saliva, before it would disappear once again in her sister's mouth.

Elena looked up and found Cinderella's eyes on her. She smiled and her lover smiled back, before the older girl focused on her adopted sister, urging her to move faster.

Elsa replied by bobbing her head up and down over Cinderella's cock, hard, almost bruising the younger girl's dick.

Elena grabbed Elsa's hand and guided it between Cinderella's thighs, making her feel the younger girl's female sex, and pressing one of her fingers inside the tight canal.

Elsa learned fast and kept moving on her own, exploring Cinderella's folds and clit, making the girl groan.

Elena moved her own hand between her sister's thighs, feeling Elsa's wet sex, teasing it, tracing the nether lips and then pushing a finger inside.

Elsa gasped, feeling her virgin pussy walls wrapping around Elena's finger, while her head bobbed over Cinderella's cock, and her hand explored the younger girl's cunt.

Cinderella poised her hands on top of Elsa's head a second before she came, making sure the girl wouldn't move her head, wanting to come inside Elsa's mouth and make her taste and swallow her seed.

Elsa did, loving it, her throat and mouth working together to try and swallow all that Cinderella's cock gave her, even as her hands were drenched by the wetness squirting from Cinderella's pussy.

Elena watched, amused, as her adopted sister milked Cinderella's cock.

She waited until Elsa stopped and released Cinderella's flesh, before she pulled her sister back and laid her on the bed, maneuvering herself between her legs, spreading them and opening Elsa's sex to her sight, to her touch and to her tongue.

Cinderella watched, her eyelids heavy, as Elena devoured her sister, the wild girl anxious to taste Elsa's nectar.

Elsa groaned as Elena licked and tongued her, her hands holding onto her sister's hair, while Elena entered her with her fingers and tongue.

Elena slid two fingers inside, seeing them glisten with the other girl's wetness, moving them in and out, fast, easily, while her mouth worked on Elsa's clit, taking the little nub into her mouth and suckling it, her tongue swirling, until Elsa came screaming, her legs twitching and closing, trying to trap Elena where she was.

Elena licked Elsa all throughout her orgasm, prolonging it for as long as possible, tasting her sister's sex.

Cinderella watched from the side, slowly stroking her cock, waiting until Elena finished, then she came behind Elena, before the girl moved from where she was, and positioned herself at her stepsister's entrance and pushed, entering her in a single thrust.

Elena gasped and crawled over her sister, Cinderella following her and thrusting into her, filling her with her cock, until she stood face to face with Elsa.

Elena leaned down and kissed her adopted sister, gently at first, more heatedly later, while Cinderella drilled into her.

Elsa held Elena in her arms, tasting her own wetness from her sister's mouth, the girl's frame rocking with Cinderella's thrusts, until she felt Elena shake and come with a scream of pure rapture.

Cinderella groaned as Elena's pussy tightened around her cock, gripping her flesh so tightly she thought she would go insane from the pleasure.

She remained sheathed inside her lover until Elena stopped twitching, her orgasm spent. Then Cinderella slid her cock out of Elena's sex, letting the older girl move aside and rest with her back against the bed, before she focused her attentions on the girl that had been beneath Elena.

Elsa swallowed as her protection waned when Elena moved away, her body now bared to Cinderella's eyes as the girl looked down at her with lust and anticipation.

Cinderella smiled at her, gently, calming Elsa's heart.

Then she poisoned herself between Elsa's legs, spreading them a little more, and kissed Elsa, gently, with care, before moving her mouth aside and kissing Elsa's cheeks, her throat, her breasts.

Elsa gasped as Cinderella's fingers moved between her thighs, exploring her folds, her clit, making her wetter, ready to be plunged, to be ravaged.

Cinderella guided her cock to Elsa's opening, teasing her stepsister with it, hitting her clit, and using it to trace Elsa's nether lips. Then she slid her cock's head into the girl beneath her, slowly and carefully, trying not to hurt Elsa.

Elsa held back a wince at Cinderella's girth, but soon enough it was replaced by pleasure as her cunt became used to Cinderella's cock.

Cinderella frowned as her cock went deep and every time deeper into Elsa without finding any obstacle. She looked confused at Elsa, not believing the girl had ever loved someone.

When Elsa realized what Cinderella was silently asking her she blushed and then admitted to breaking her hymen when she went for a horse ride, having riding as men do, instead of sidesaddle as young ladies should do.

Cinderella kissed Elsa in reply, happy beyond measure about being Elsa's first. She increased the speed and vigor of her thrusts, feeling Elsa reply by thrusting back at her, the older girl's hips rising from the bed until they found Cinderella's.

Elena watched from the side, waiting until she felt her stepsister and adopted sister were near the edge before she moved, slipping her hands between them and finding both girls' clits, grasping the little nubs and exciting them, pleasuring both

girls until they came, Cinderella filling Elsa's womb with her seed.

They lay in a heap in bed afterwards, Cinderella between both sisters.

Cinderella was near sleep when she felt a tongue on her cock and she looked down to find Elena between her legs, her member slowly hardening.

For one moment she wanted to close her eyes and ignore her lover, to sleep and rest.

Then Elsa's mouth took one of her nipples and the three girls lost themselves in heated lovemaking to the end of the night.

The girls got woken up by a furious scream.

Cinderella turned her head towards the room's entrance to see her stepmother standing there, the woman's eyes filled with rage and hate as she looked towards the bed.

She gulped, naked as she was, nestled between the woman's daughters, Elena clutching Cinderella's right side, Elsa the left.

Both of them were awake now and trembling with fear at their mother's anger.

Cinderella's stepmother walked closer to the bed before she stopped and turned around, her fury too great for the woman to control herself. She left the room quickly, afraid of what she might do.

After a few moments the girls heard the sounds of glass and pottery breaking.

Elena looked at her side, seeing Cinderella frozen, indecisive, and her adopted sister looking absolutely terrified. She shook her head and got up, ignoring Cinderella who tried to hold her back and dressed, slowly, before going after her mother.

Elsa followed after an instant later, making sure Cinderella would remain in the room while she and Elena calmed their mother.

She knew her mother wouldn't attack them, but she didn't know what the woman would do should she see Cinderella.

Cinderella remained inside the room and waited.

She heard screams and yells of anger, of sorrow, of despair, but she didn't move staying in bed, confident the sisters would be capable of managing their mother.

Elena came to get her after a while, tears still drying in her face, her body shaking.

Cinderella held and comforted her, soothing Elena's fears.

Life at the mansion became awkward.

Cinderella's stepmother announced she would leave their house after they sold Elena's remaining works, letting her daughters live their life with whoever they wished.

The girls became conflicted. On one side there was the fact that they now might love Cinderella as they wished, but they didn't want to lose their mother, loving the woman.

Cinderella wanted her stepmother to leave, Elsa and Elena, though, would suffer for it, and she would do everything to spare their suffering.

She realized she would have to do something to make her stepmother stay, but she had no idea what.

There was still time however and now Cinderella understood her stepmother's hate, knowing the woman rejected her because she wasn't a normal girl.

She didn't care.

She didn't need a mother's love now, she had Elena and Elsa, and they were more than enough.

But she would still find a way to make the older woman stay.

The End.

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



**RAPUNZEL AND RED
RIDING HOOD**

Rapunzel and Red Riding Hood
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales)

By
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Rapunzel and Red Riding Hood

Prologue

A woman ran through the woods, a red cloak fanned behind as the winds pushed against her figure.

She paused, tilting her head, focusing on the sounds of the forest, trying to find a sign of her pursuers.

When she failed to do so, she sighed and leaned against one of the trees, fingers moving down one of her legs and finding a small gash just beneath her knee.

“Lucky.” She murmured to herself.

She had been careless. If that stick hadn’t been near her the wolf would have done more than give her a little nip.

Slowly she let her body trail down the tree, her eyelids heavy. She closed her eyes for a moment and then had to shake herself awake.

She couldn’t sleep, not outside where she wasn’t safe.

Her body protested against her, but she slowly got up and started walking. A second later she heard a howl in the wind and forced herself to start running once again, ignoring pains and aches, moving full tilt through the woods.

She ran for hours, the forest seemingly without end, until she lost herself completely in the trees surrounding her.

Sometimes she heard the wolves close, sometimes farther away from her position, but always there, relenting following her.

It was when she became desperate, thinking there was no escape, her body paining her and she was about to let the wolves catch up to her, that she found a way out.

She left the trees behind without really realizing it at first. When she did, she stopped and looked around – seeing it.

A tower, a great and big stone tower hid against the landscape, light shining from its insides.

The woman let a smile grace her face and ran. Her exhaustion forgotten as exhilaration set in and she crashed against the tower’s door, her hands pounding against the darkened wood.

She heard howls from somewhere behind her and started knocking faster, refusing to die when she was so close to safety, and then the door opened.

She had enough time to gaze at the person that opened the door, seeing her bright shiny blue eyes, her blonde hair held in an incredibly long braid, before her exhaustion caught up to her and she fell forward into the other woman's startled arms.

"Beautiful." She said, almost beneath her breath.

It was the last thing she did before fainting in Rapunzel's arms.

Chapter 1

Rapunzel let her sight linger on the woman in her bed – where the stranger had been resting for the last couple of days.

She was stunning.

Her hair was short and spiky, dark red like the cloak she wore. Her skin was pale, like that of a person who barely caught any sunlight, but her features were eye-catching and her lips stood out like rubies on a sea of diamonds.

Rapunzel could feel her eyes drifting to them once and again, thinking about how the woman's beautiful succulent mouth would feel wrapped around her cock.

Then she would shake her head and turn around.

She couldn't let her baser instincts get the better of her, no matter how much she wanted to.

Her adopted mother, the Enchantress, had left two days ago. The older blonde was travelling towards the capital of one of the nearby kingdoms, intent of buying some rarer magical reagents.

Rapunzel tried to dissuade her from moving when her pregnancy had been so advanced, but the older woman insisted, knowing she might need those ingredients during birth.

She told Rapunzel to stay back and prepare their home for the child; after a while Rapunzel acquiesced, realizing the Enchantress needed some time alone, staying behind, even though what she wanted was to bind the older blonde to the bed and made sure she never left it.

Rapunzel didn't remain idle however, and refilled their stock of herbs and roots, things she could easily find on the woods around the tower.

She also studied the latest magic The Enchantress started to teach her, finding it easy to master, much like the ones she was taught about before.

She missed the older woman, her body and warmth, their lovemaking, but she faced this like a test; Rapunzel needed to control her urges, the lustful need the curse she was born with foisted on her body and mind.

A moment later her eyes wandered once again towards the red headed woman, and she could feel her cock twitching with the strength of her desire.

The woman on the bed was strong, her body muscled and hard – Rapunzel had felt those delicious hard edges when she dragged the woman into her room.

She was also tall.

Rapunzel could easily picture the woman's legs in her mind, long and sinuous; the redhead would twitch as Rapunzel kissed her way up them and then she would spread them, slowly, hesitantly, and Rapunzel would assume her place between her thighs ...

Rapunzel shook her head again, trying to scrub those thoughts away.

She couldn't think like that of a woman she had just met. She didn't even know the redhead's name.

A walk! That was what she needed to do, to walk outside for a long time and let her thoughts cool down.

Rapunzel didn't care that it was night outside, the full moon shining in its entire splendor. She needed to get away from the redhead woman before she did something she would regret.

She was grabbing a coat from its resting place, hanging from her room's wall, when she heard a noise coming from the bed.

Rapunzel closed her eyes, her head dropping for a moment.

Then she straightened and put on a smile, turning around to face the other woman.

The redhead looked around confusedly for a bit, studying her surroundings and the bed she rested in, before she focused on Rapunzel, gazing at her savior interruptedly for the first time.

They eyed each other a little awkwardly, before the redhead hesitantly raised her hand and waved at Rapunzel.

The redhead's reaction, coupled with the look on her face, made Rapunzel giggle and then laugh at the other woman.

The laughter was contagious and the redhead smiled in turn, part of her relieved that she had been saved by someone who looked as innocent, and happy, as Rapunzel did.

"Hi."

Rapunzel smiled and moved forward, sitting on the bed near the other woman.
"How are you feeling?"

The redhead paused, thinking about it for a moment. She remembered the pain, the yellow of the wolf's teeth, and the fear she had felt, but it was only that – a memory.

She looked down and saw that her trousers were ripped where the wolf bit her, but there was no wound, the flesh unblemished. She looked startled at the other woman.

Rapunzel understood the other woman's look. "I've healed you. It's been a couple of days, it wasn't a deep cut."

"But there's not even a mark." The redheaded woman replied.

Rapunzel bit her lower lip but then she raised her hand and let her magic infuse it. Her skin lit up, shining brightly, bathing the redhead in white light.

The other woman opened her mouth and closed it without saying anything.

She could only watch as Rapunzel's hand slowly lost its brightness and returned to normal.

"My mother is a powerful practitioner of magic." Rapunzel stated. "I am not nearly as good a healer as she is, but a simple cut is easy to heal."

"Oh."

Suddenly the redhead didn't know what to think. The girl had healed her and cared for her while she was unconscious, but she couldn't simply forget her previous experiences with magic and those that practice it.

Rapunzel realized the other woman was bothered about her use of magic. She slowly got up from the bed and moved away, trying not to startle the woman.

Her mother had always told her there were those that feared magic and she wondered if the redhead was one of those.

The redhead watched as Rapunzel moved away, and the deer-in-highlights look on the blonde's face.

She sighed.

The girl seemed so *innocent*. The redhead decided to trust her, to risk once again and so she smiled at Rapunzel, hiding her fears and doubts.

Rapunzel smiled back, her mood brighter. She didn't want anyone to fear her.

The redhead looked away from Rapunzel and out of the window of the girl's room, fighting the urge to sigh. The blonde was so damned beautiful it was almost painful – she must have been using magic to enhance her appearance somehow.

What she saw in the outside made her startle and rise from the bed in despair.

"No, no, it's too soon." She spoke out loud, ignoring Rapunzel, only then remembering the blonde's previous words. "For how long was I unconscious?"

Rapunzel looked taken aback at her urgency, but replied. "Two days. You were exhausted so I let you rest."

"No!" The redhead spoke almost to herself. She could feel the moon's light pulsing through her body, synching with her heart. Her breath speed up and her muscles started feeling tender, her body changing.

She turned to Rapunzel, trying to warn the girl, to try and explain while she could, but could only manage one word before her mind started to be affected by transformation. "Run."

Rapunzel looked on fascinatedly as the woman's beautiful almond eyes clouded with pain and then started to shine brightly, the sclera turning yellow like a wolf's making it indistinguishable from the iris, the pupil narrowing down.

The redhead turned to Rapunzel, her eyes seeing only prey and growled loudly from the depths of her throat, a growl that turned into a howl midway as she looked at the moon.

She shrugged the heavy red cloak from her shoulders letting it fall to the ground, and ripped the rest of the clothes from her body. Her nails lengthened to the point they looked like claws, and her canine teeth grew to look like those of a wolf.

Rapunzel could only look in wonderment as the woman transformed in front of her eyes.

The redhead still looked distinguishingly human, her mostly nude body holding itself proudly straight.

Rapunzel let her eyes linger on the woman's nude breasts, licking her lips at the sight of the round mounds, but she didn't forget to take in the new claws and teeth, the redhead's taut muscles or even the look in the other woman's eyes.

Without warning the redhead surged forward and threw herself at Rapunzel, moving fast, faster than any normal person could.

Only Rapunzel's instincts saved her life, as without a thought she threw a magical barrier in front of her, stopping the charging woman cold.

The redhead looked confusedly at whatever blocked her, Rapunzel's barrier invisible to the sight, and she started walking around, trying to find a way to get close to the blonde girl.

Rapunzel didn't give her a chance.

With a gesture she threw the redhead back, making her fly through the air until she hit the wall and fell to the ground.

The blonde hissed at the sound of it, fearing for the redhead's life. She needed to be more careful – the woman obviously wasn't in control of her actions.

A moment later the redhead got up from the ground and bounded forward again, intent in taking Rapunzel apart.

Rapunzel was ready and, without any gesture, her hair flowed free of its braid and moved forwards, entangling itself on the redhead's figure, tripping and capturing her.

The maddened woman turned and struggled against Rapunzel's hold, twisting against the girl's hair, but it was all for nothing.

Rapunzel's magic made her hair unbreakable and the redhead simply exhausted herself fighting against an unbreakable grip.

Rapunzel moved forward, slowly, her hair raising the other woman from the ground and keeping her midair, making it impossible for the redhead to prop herself on anything.

She looked carefully at the other woman, seeing as her struggles abated slightly, before she tried something her mother always told her to be careful about.

Rapunzel gathered her magic and opened her mind to the other woman's emotions.

She found most of what she was counting on; confusion, rage, a little bit of fear and despair, but it was the last things that Rapunzel found that stood out.

The first was a bright presence inside the woman's mind, the echo of something powerful, that disappeared the moment Rapunzel felt it.

The other was an emotion that resonated deeply with Rapunzel's heart.

Lust - desire in its most powerful form.

Rapunzel turned away, suddenly struggling to control her own urges, the need that always lingered amongst her thoughts, ever since she made love for the first time – a result of the curse the Enchantress cast upon her when she still resided in her birth's mother's womb.

The curse that made sure she was born with a cock.

Rapunzel could feel it hardening now, and wetness between her legs, as she fought against the feelings from the other woman's mind.

The redheaded woman noticed the change in Rapunzel's demeanor, her nostrils flaring as she smelled the young woman's heightened excitement. She paused, confusion reigning for a moment, before she thrust her chest out, exposing her breasts, trying to entice the blonde.

She could smell Rapunzel, both the wetness of the girl's cunt and the pre-cum of the blonde's cock. To the redhead's senses Rapunzel smelled like a potential mate, one who had just defeated her, showing it was strong enough to take her.

Rapunzel swallowed as the woman's emotions washed over her. It would be so easy to take the other woman. *She* wanted it so badly. Both of them wanted it.

The redhead was in heat. That was the closest term Rapunzel could find to describe the other woman's mental state.

Rapunzel took two steps forward before she stopped, her mind warring with her instincts.

Then the redhead whined, calling for Rapunzel, wanting the blonde to go to her and take her.

When the girl didn't move she started struggling once again and managed to pass one of her legs over some of Rapunzel's hair, making the golden strands rest against her bare pussy.

Rapunzel watched open mouthed as the woman started rubbing herself against the blonde hair.

The redhead moaned while she stimulated her sex over and over.

Rapunzel swallowed again and couldn't resist the temptation.

She started slow, sending a few more strands of her hair to caress the redhead, focusing on the woman's tempting breasts and rear.

The redhead moaned as Rapunzel's hair, soft as silk, caressed her everywhere. Her pleasure grew until she started thrusting her hips in Rapunzel's direction, trying to get a little more of friction between her legs, just enough to make her come.

Rapunzel didn't let her.

She wanted the redhead to come from her cock, not her hair. Swiftly, without warning, Rapunzel's hair moved and held itself against the woman's wrists and ankles, stopping any and all caresses throughout the redhead's body.

The woman growled and renewed her struggles against the hair's grip.

When she saw Rapunzel moving closer she snarled, threatening.

The blonde smiled and a strand of her hair closed itself around the redhead's throat, its grip enough to remind the other woman who was in control of the situation.

The redhead stilled.

Rapunzel moved forward and caressed the other's body.

The maddened woman whined again and thrust her body, offering herself to the blonde, wanting the girl to get on with it and stake her claim.

Rapunzel resisted the urge to force the other woman to her knees and take her, wanting their coupling to last for as long as it could.

She poised her hands on the woman's naked stomach, caressing it, feeling the other woman's muscles. Sometimes she would move one of her hands up or down, teasing the most erogenous zones of the redhead's torso, but only for an instant, and then her hands would return to their place in woman's abs.

The redhead moaned and whined and moaned again.

She wanted Rapunzel to take her, but the girl tortured her instead with her soft touches. Tears of need started leaking from her eyes.

Rapunzel saw them and decided to stop playing.

Her hands moved up and cupped the redhead's round breasts, weighting them, her motions sure of themselves. She held the redhead's nipples between her fingers, teasing them until they stood tall and erect.

Rapunzel leaned forward and her mouth took one of those pink peaks, tasting and licking it, her eyes never leaving the redhead's face, watching as the woman closed her eyes and enjoyed her work.

The nipple was soft, like silk against Rapunzel's tongue, and after Rapunzel pleased the other nipple.

The redhead was panting with need at this point.

The blonde's tongue felt amazing, but she needed more than her breasts to be pleased.

Rapunzel knew that and so she stepped back and started disrobing, letting her clothes fall to the ground. Bit by bit her body was revealed, first her torso and breasts, then her legs and cock.

That last was the only thing the redhead focused on. She watched Rapunzel's prick swing from side to side as the girl moved, desiring nothing more than to rip free of the blonde's hair and have fun with it.

Rapunzel followed the redhead's eyes to her cock and smiled at the desire she could feel in the other's mind.

Teasingly she swung her body from side to side, watching as the yellow eyes followed the cock's path, until the transformed woman realized what she was doing and snarled at her.

Rapunzel stopped and smiled. "Don't worry; I'm going to let you play with it in a while."

The redhead stopped snarling as if she understood Rapunzel's words.

The blonde wanted those beautiful supple lips wrapped around her cock, but she wouldn't risk letting the other woman suck her while she was in that state. She had no desire to feel the woman's sharpened teeth so close to her member.

That, however, did not mean that Rapunzel couldn't taste her.

Without warning Rapunzel's hair increased its grip on the redhead and then raised her figure, high in the hair, spreading the woman's legs at the same time.

The woman protested, snarling once or twice, but stopped when she felt Rapunzel's fingers caressing the insides of her legs, the blonde's digits slowly moving towards her core.

The redhead swallowed and looked down, her wolfish eyes following Rapunzel's motions, need evident on her features.

The blonde woman couldn't help but tease her one last time and let her hands ran all over the redhead's thighs, always close to her sex, but never touching. The redhead whined again and tried to trust her hips, but the blonde's grip stopped it.

And then Rapunzel leaned down, swiftly, without warning and licked the redhead's sex once, twice, her tongue working up and down over the woman's opening, before she leaned back and returned to her initial position.

The redhead snarled as the blonde stopped, but then Rapunzel's fingers replaced her tongue and the snarls became moans and groans of pleasure.

Rapunzel spent the next few minutes between teasing the redhead with simple caresses, her hands stroking the woman's inner thighs, sometimes cupping the redhead's buttocks, to pleasing the woman with her mouth and fingers.

The redhead's wetness flowed out of her pussy, her desire evident in how the woman panted and moaned as she exhaustedly fought against Rapunzel's grip – the only thing stopping her from mounting the blonde by force.

Rapunzel got tired of playing around and leaned forward again.

She kissed the redhead's inner thighs, letting her tongue taste the woman's soft flesh, licking it, making goose bumps appear.

The bound woman shuddered, her moans and motions begging for release.

Rapunzel deigned to grant it.

The blonde worked her way towards the redhead's core, laying several kisses on the woman's red curls while her hands cupped and kneaded the woman's buttocks. Then she kissed the flesh an inch to each side of her opening, and when the redhead moaned again she started to trace the woman's labia with her tongue.

The bound woman released a breathy sound of relief, but it was soon enough replaced by more panting and moaning, as the pleasure Rapunzel's tongue brought her filtered in.

Rapunzel licked the woman's opening, her tongue moving up and down, then sideways, drawing a cross over the pink slit. The blonde also ran her fingers over the other woman's buttocks, sometimes dipping into the crack between and spreading the cheeks further apart.

Rapunzel moved her mouth up and focused on the redhead's clit, kissing the little nut at first, and then licking it, her tongue engulfing the small bundle of nerves. Then she took it into her mouth, grazing her teeth against it, provoking both pain and pleasure, her tongue swirling around.

While that happened her fingers positioned themselves at the bound woman's opening, spreading the nether lips and probing slightly, before Rapunzel trust them and entered the redhead.

The transformed woman shuddered and moaned, louder than before, her hips and legs shaking as Rapunzel's mouth and fingers fucked her.

She tried to move, wanting to thrust herself against the blonde, but the hold of Rapunzel's hair frustrated her and she started sobbing with need.

Without any overt action by Rapunzel, a few strands of her blonde hair started moving and tightened themselves around the redhead's breasts, kneading the flesh in a rhythm similar to the one Rapunzel's fingers followed between the woman's nether lips.

It was too much.

The redhead shuddered a last time before she screamed, loudly, her pussy gushing as she came, her walls closing themselves around Rapunzel's digits and her heart feeling like it would explode out of her chest.

Rapunzel let the other woman have her high, pleasing her until she stopped moving and her breath returned to normal.

Then she forced the redhead to her knees.

The blonde's hair made sure the woman couldn't move, turning her back towards Rapunzel. It also pushed down, until the redhead stayed with her knees and hands on the ground, naked, her sex without defenses against Rapunzel's lust – not that the bound woman would complain.

Rapunzel's hands touched the redhead's sex, feeling the wetness gathered there, before she made her hair force the woman's legs apart, spreading her open.

The blonde grabbed her cock with one hand, stroking it a couple of times, spreading the pre-cum gathered on its tip, before she positioned it at the redhead's opening, using her prick's head to trace the woman's labia.

Then Rapunzel thrust her hips forward, hard, and buried herself to the hilt in the redhead's warmth.

The woman moaned at the feeling, the sensitivity caused by her previous orgasm making Rapunzel's motions much more pleasurable than they should.

Rapunzel mounted the redhead – there wasn't any other word to describe what the blonde girl proceeded to do as she tightened her hands around the other's waist and thrust with abandon, filling the woman's wet cunt again and again, not caring if it hurt or discomforted the woman she was fucking.

Not that it did.

The redhead loved it, moaning and howling out loud as Rapunzel pounded into her, feeling her inner walls wrapping themselves around the large cock and increasing her pleasure, while she thrust back against the blonde's hips, her breasts swaying back and forth with the motion and aching to be touched.

Rapunzel closed her eyes and lost herself on the sheer pleasure of it, listening to the sounds of their lovemaking, driving her cock harder and harder into the willing sex before her.

The redheaded woman came again, screaming while her sex tightened around Rapunzel's cock, making the blonde girl have her own release.

Rapunzel moaned, her chest heaving, sweat running down between her breasts as she felt her cock sputtering her seed inside the other woman. Her grip on the woman's waist remained and she kept thrusting her hips, slower than before, letting the redhead's pussy milk her cock completely.

They stood still for a few moments, Rapunzel simply relinquishing herself to the warmth of the cunt surrounding her cock – it remained hard, a secondary effect of the situation surrounding Rapunzel's birth; the curse increased her sexual stamina to an insane degree, making it incredibly hard for Rapunzel to become sated.

The blonde opened her eyes, feeling a little sluggish for a bit, before she ran her hand over the redhead's back, slowly and teasingly, from the bottom of the woman's spine to the top, making goose bumps appear on the feral woman's skin, and she grabbed hold of the short red hair, fisting her hand on it and pulling.

The redhead didn't resist and didn't protest, because the next moment Rapunzel started to move her hips once again and drove her cock deep into the redhead's pussy.

Their rutting was slower this time, less urgent, but not less pleasurable, the sensibility provoked by their earlier orgasms making sure of it.

Rapunzel's thrusts were harder, but less frequent.

She never let go of the redhead's hair, keeping her positioned just as she wanted, while her other hand focused on the woman's clit, flicking and tugging it until the woman came again, Rapunzel's cock buried deep inside her cunt.

The scene repeated itself again and again, and again, until the redhead's upper torso rested on the floor, her head poised over her arms, her breasts and nipples leaning against the hard stone, and Rapunzel's cock had nothing more to give.

The blonde leaned back and let her now flaccid cock slid from the woman's pussy, her member aching from use, her hair releasing its grip on the redhead and letting her tired body lie on the floor.

The now freed redhead turned to Rapunzel, her wolfish eyes wide and alert, and for a moment Rapunzel feared she would have to restrain her again, but the feral woman simply whined at her and moved a hand between her thighs, her face scrunching up while she did it.

Rapunzel felt guilt when she realized she had hurt the other woman, blaming herself for not controlling her urges, but the redhead whined again, and Rapunzel preferred to comfort the woman instead of stewing on her guilt.

"I'm sorry." She said while she moved to lie at the woman's side. "I didn't want to hurt you."

The redhead looked at her with such a lust laden look that Rapunzel let the rest of her words die on her mouth, and then the redhead moved and licked her face, repeatedly, making her giggle again and again, and she forgot her worries.

Together they lay on the stone floor, their bodies pressed against each other, protecting them from the cold.

Rapunzel felt the redhead's breasts press against hers, and felt her cock twitching, starting to harden again, but then she looked at the woman's sleeping face, her features completely relaxed and she controlled her urges.

They would have time for further play later.

Chapter 2

Rapunzel woke when she felt bare skin against her hard cock.

She opened her eyes to find the redhead pressed against her body, the woman's buttocks digging into her groin.

Her mind couldn't help but flash to the night before and the memories of loving the other female – of sinking her cock into the redhead's willing sex and losing herself in the pleasure.

She ran her hands over the other woman's back, feeling the smooth skin, waiting for her to waken.

It didn't take long.

The redhead turned around, stretched her body and yawned.

Rapunzel watched her, feeling her cock twitch at what the motion made to the other woman's breasts.

The redhead opened her eyes, blinking twice in confusion before her eyes found Rapunzel's.

"Hi!" The blonde said, watching the confusion disappear from the other woman's face as memories of the night before resurfaced.

The redhead remained silent, trying to process what had happened. She remembered telling the blonde to run while she started to transform, but after that it was all a blur of images and sensations.

She remembered being hurt and restrained, but above all she remembered pleasure that followed, as the blonde took her again and again.

She didn't know quite what to think.

Whenever she transformed she always attacked those around her, ripping people apart with the strength of ten grown men ... yet the blonde girl before her, a little slip of a woman tamed her beast.

Not just tamed, the redhead could tell.

The blonde girl had completely dominated her wilder side, taking her beast at her leisure, fucking her with abandon and the only thing she managed to do in her transformed state was moan and beg for more.

She hadn't resisted.

She could feel it in their mingled scents, the blonde smelled like she was part of her pack – like her mate.

Rapunzel watched the redhead's struggle, instinctually knowing the woman was coming to terms with what happened. She poised her hand on the woman's face, caressing it, making the redhead lean into it.

When she saw what she was doing the redhead stopped and focused on the other woman's face, letting her gaze follow down the blonde's body. She wasn't surprised when her eyes fell on the woman's cock, not after the night before.

Rapunzel saw where her gaze rested and smiled, before she leaned forward and kissed the woman, slowly, tenderly, maneuvering herself between the other's legs.

The redhead didn't complain spreading her legs almost automatically, the rising excitement she smelt from Rapunzel's body enough to make her desire the blonde. She let her mate crawl between her thighs, positioning herself at her entrance and then Rapunzel pushed.

The redhead arched her body into the blonde when she felt the large cock reach deep inside of her body, pressing her breasts against the girl's, Rapunzel starting to move in and out of her.

She couldn't help but think it felt right.

It was tender, a much more gentle lovemaking than the one they had the day before, and soon enough she felt her walls tighten around Rapunzel's cock and she came, clutching the blonde's body, her teeth biting down on the girl's shoulder.

That was enough to take Rapunzel over the edge, and she screamed loudly as she felt her cock release her seed.

They held each other afterwards, the redhead's legs locked around Rapunzel's waist, keeping them joined together, sharing each other's warmth.

"Hum..." Rapunzel started after a while. The other woman looked at her and she couldn't help but blush. "I'm Rapunzel. I mean, we haven't exactly introduced each other before ..." She trailed off.

The redhead felt her own cheeks reddening at that. She had never done something like this before. She coughed twice before she managed to speak without her voice getting caught. "I'm Ruby."

They smiled and their lips found each other's.

For the next month Ruby found something she hadn't had in a long time – a home.

Rapunzel was lovely, gentle and bright. Ruby soon found herself feeling more than just lust for the blonde woman.

They spent their days very close to one another.

For the first time Ruby found herself grateful for her curse, it was the only thing that allowed her to keep up with Rapunzel's sheer desire and stamina. They made love several times each day, and any of those occasions lasted longer than any sex Ruby had before.

It didn't take long for Ruby to find out that the other woman had her secrets, especially when they related to the woman that lived with Rapunzel, but Ruby didn't care about that. She didn't care about the other woman's scent in Rapunzel's skin, a scent coupled with the musk of lovemaking – she cared only for the blonde.

Ruby had surrendered herself completely to Rapunzel's charms and only feared having to leave the beautiful blonde.

Rapunzel didn't dissuade the redhead of her fears, but Ruby realized that, despite her prowess when it came to sex, Rapunzel was quite an innocent and sheltered person.

One day, when they lay together in the blonde's large bed, their bodies sweaty and exhausted from their lovemaking, Rapunzel asked the redhead about her past, where she came from and what happened to make her as she was.

Ruby rested against Rapunzel's warm body for a long while before she answered.

"It happened a long time ago." The redhead started, slowly, her eyes looking far away into the past. "I was born in a village in a kingdom north of here. It was a small one, built at the edge of the biggest woods in the region. We weren't rich, but there was no famine or disease. We had no need of anything."

Rapunzel heard the sadness in her voice and touched the redhead's chin, making her look up. She gazed at Ruby's almond eyes, seeing the tears and sadness held within and leaned forward, kissing the other woman, gently, lovingly, telling her that she was there for her and always would be.

Ruby kissed back, grateful for Rapunzel's caring nature, before they separated and she returned to her tale.

"I met a smith's son and fell in love." Ruby continued. "I knew my mother wouldn't like it and hid our budding romance from her. I knew she had some kind of plan for my future, but I wanted to make my own choices."

Rapunzel ran her fingers through Ruby's red hair while the other woman spoke.

"My mother and grandmother were considered a little strange by most of the people in the village. The two worshipped the moon and practiced some strange rituals, but most believed them to be harmless and let them be."

Ruby paused and had to hold back a sob as she remembered what happened.

Rapunzel held and kissed her again, licking away her tears, until Ruby stopped crying.

"It all came crashing down the day I gave myself to my lover." Ruby spoke, her voice hollow and despondent. "We planned to meet on the night of the full moon. I planned to give him my virginity, to force my mother to accept our relationship. The last thing I remember from that night was the pinprick of pain as his cock entered, and then nothing."

She breathed deeply as Rapunzel's caresses continued. Ruby didn't want to remember, but she wanted Rapunzel to know all about her – she didn't want to hide anything from the other woman.

"I woke up in the woods covered in blood and mud. I could only remember flashes of what happened, but it was enough – something terribly bad had happened. My mother found me eventually and she knew. I don't know how, but she guessed what happened the night before."

Ruby turned to Rapunzel, looking the girl right in the eyes. "She gave me that cloak," She said pointing at the big hooded cloak Ruby wore the night before. "To hide me as she smuggled me home. Then she and my grandmother told me the truth about themselves."

"Which was?"

"They were worshippers of Selene – goddess of wolves and the moon."

That answer didn't mean anything to Rapunzel, and Ruby realized it.

"I can't say I knew what that meant at the time; I only learned more about it later." She said with a shrug. "We didn't have time to discuss it really – someone had seen me leaving with the boy I loved, and then they found the remains of his body. It didn't take long for the people of the village to jump to the conclusion that we were some kind of witches, or demons, and they came after us."

Ruby's voice became fainter.

"My mother told grandmother and me to run while she stayed behind. We did. I don't know what happened after; we only heard a lot of screams and something I could only describe as a monstrous growl while we ran."

Ruby looked at Rapunzel. In her eyes the blonde could see a vacuum of emotions and sentiments, a void of anything that might hurt.

"It was the last time I saw my mother." The redhead continued her voice flat. "And it wasn't enough. They followed us, and a few hours later they caught us. People I had knew my whole life looked at me as if I was a beast, a monster. I tried to talk to them but they only cursed my name."

Rapunzel tightened her hold on the woman. Part of her wanted to shush Ruby, kiss her and make her forget about everything wrong that had ever happened to her.

She knew it wouldn't work.

It might soothe Ruby's mind for a while, but only when the woman dealt with what happened could she truly overcome it.

"How did you escape?"

"My grandmother turned into a beast, a giant half-human-half-wolf creature that walked in two legs – I realized then what the growl I had heard before was – my mother confronting the villagers, and I knew they were right. I was a monster."

Rapunzel kissed Ruby's temple, tightening her legs around the redhead's frame, using her body and heat to comfort her. "You're no monster."

A tear escaped from Ruby's eye. "Yes I am. That's why my family worshipped Selene."

Rapunzel had never heard about such a goddess before. It wasn't rare; there were all manner of beings and spirits that passed as gods – some were very powerful, others only managed to do some parlor tricks – but many had followers.

From what Ruby said and from what she had seen of the curse that assailed the redhead, this Selene was powerful. That might explain the presence Rapunzel had felt within the transformed Ruby.

"What did your family's worship entail?"

"I don't know." Ruby replied. "I never found out exactly. I learnt something about it years later, when I visited an old witch of the woods. She explained that the goddess was angry at me, furious about me turning my back on her blessing – I guess that explains why I am always pursued by wolves wherever I am."

"The blessing ... she meant your transformation?" Rapunzel asked, wondering about how it could be called a blessing.

Ruby nodded. "Supposedly yes, but something went wrong. According to the witch I didn't make my offering and so the blessing turned into a curse. I don't even know what I did wrong and sincerely I don't care – it's a curse, and one that won't ever assail my bloodline."

"What did you do?" Rapunzel asked, a sudden premonition making a shiver run down her spine.

"I asked the witch to curse my womb and make me barren."

"But..."

"It was the only way." Ruby said, shaking her head at Rapunzel. "Otherwise my bloodline would carry the curse and my children would one day become monsters just like me."

Rapunzel remained silent, not quite knowing how to tell the other woman that she might not have a choice about the matter.

"I always dreamt of being a mother." Ruby whispered with longing in her voice.

Rapunzel could only close her eyes and tell her the truth. "You might get your chance." She said her voice calm and rational – she didn't want to upset Ruby.

Ruby blinked a couple of times before she faced Rapunzel once again. "What do you mean?"

Rapunzel extended her hand and poised it over Ruby's stomach, letting her magic invade the woman's body and making sure that what she had felt before was really

happening.

“You’re pregnant.”

“What?” Ruby asked her mouth opening in startlement. “I can’t.”

Rapunzel smiled, gently, soothingly, her hands caressing Ruby’s face. “It’s my fault. There’s magic in my blood, fertility magic. It’s what makes me different from regular women, and what makes me have so much stamina when it comes to lovemaking.” She pointed out with a blush.

“You mean?”

“My seed was strong enough to ignore the curse the witch cast over your womb.” Rapunzel smiled again and leaned forward, taking Ruby’s mouth, plundering it with her tongue. “You’re pregnant with my child.”

Rapunzel was pleased with that, despite the possible consequences.

Ruby’s face became stricken with a thousand emotions, but she couldn’t help but smile in happiness, picturing a dream she had already discarded becoming real.

Then she remembered the reason why she done as she had, and couldn’t help but fear. “But what can we do about Selene’s curse?”

Rapunzel closed her eyes for a moment. It would be risky, but for her child and for Ruby she would do it. “There might be a way.”

Chapter 3

"Are you sure you know what you're doing?" Ruby asked nervously.

"Uh hum." Rapunzel mumbled under her breath, her hand tracing the appropriate runes on Ruby's naked breast. The skin was so soft, like velvet, and she had to resist the urge to pinch the small pink nipple in front of her.

Ruby noticed where Rapunzel's gaze rested, the blonde's hand starting to wander, and she coughed, loudly.

Rapunzel startled and then blushed. "What did you say?"

"I asked if you're sure about this."

Rapunzel paused for a moment. "I can't say I'm completely sure, but there's no other way."

Ruby gazed at Rapunzel's face while the blonde spoke, seeing indecision and doubt. "You said your mother is better at this than you, so why don't we wait for her?"

"I can't risk it." Rapunzel replied shaking her head. "This kind of curse is very powerful, if we wait too long the child might be irretrievably affected. My mother could come back tomorrow, or in a week or two. It might be too late."

Or she might not let me try this at all, considering it too risky. Rapunzel thought to herself.

Ruby nodded, understanding the blonde. "Then we'll do as you say ... but do you think contacting the Selene is a good idea?"

"We'll never know until we try it."

Rapunzel finished preparing the ritual in silence. Afterwards Ruby sat, naked, in the middle of a circle, runes littering her body and the ground around her, all of them drawn in wolf's blood – all the better to call out the wolf goddess.

The blonde breathed deeply. "Ready?"

Ruby nodded, feeling her throat tighten suddenly.

Rapunzel breathed again and then pointed her hand at the circle, speaking. "Selene, I summon you."

There was an instant of stillness, before the dark red runes started getting brighter, more defined, and then there was a flash of light.

Rapunzel had to close her eyes. When she opened them she looked around and she couldn't see the supposed goddess' presence.

But she could feel it.

It was like a cloying smell in the air, an aura of power and strength that made Rapunzel's knees feel weak, and her heart speed up.

"Where are you?" She asked out loud trying, and failing, to hide the apprehension in her voice.

Ruby raised her head, slowly, almost languidly.

Rapunzel met her eyes and her fears were confirmed.

Ruby's eyes were different, similar to those she sported when she transformed into her beast form, but they were more threatening, wilder ... cruel. While before Ruby's eyes had looked like those of a regular wolf, now they were darker at the edges and lighter in the center, the amount of yellow pigmentation increasing in concentric patches around the pupil.

And they glowed slightly with a pale's moon light.

Someone other than Ruby looked out of those eyes.

Rapunzel ignored her fears and doubts. "Selene I presume?"

The being stood, slowly, rising to her full height and stretching Ruby's body, as if she had woken from a long slumber. She didn't care to cover the redhead's body or to hide it and her eyes never left Rapunzel's.

She smirked when the blonde's looked down at Ruby's breasts.

Rapunzel felt her cheeks heating in a blush, but she didn't look away, feeling caution was more important than embarrassment where the wolf goddess was concerned.

"Are you Selene?" Rapunzel asked again when the other didn't reply; not that she had many doubts about the being's identity.

The woman looked amusedly at her. "Yes, that is what your kind calls me."

Rapunzel stood still as the female being looked around, seeing her surroundings for the first time.

Selene started walking, her steps deep and secure, unconcerned about Rapunzel.

She looked through the blonde's things, her hands picking little trinkets and playing with them, and then she moved towards the window, opening it and letting the moon's light stream into the room, before she continued her inspection of Rapunzel's room.

Rapunzel didn't complain, feeling it was best to let the powerful and enigmatic being do as she wanted for a while. She only interfered when she realized the other female wasn't going to speak.

"I've summoned you here because ..."

"You want something from me." Selene interrupted, not even looking at Rapunzel as she spoke.

Rapunzel paused for a moment. "Yes. I wanted ..."

"I know what you want." Selene replied turning her gaze onto the blonde. "I can see it in this one's thoughts," She pointed at the head of the body she inhabited. "I can see it in your thoughts."

Rapunzel swallowed, and tried to tighten her defenses, making it impossible for the other woman to read her thoughts and emotions.

In reply, Selene sent a surge of amusement that broke her magical barriers down without effort, making Rapunzel realize just how helpless she was against the so-called goddess.

"You want me to lift my gift from Ruby's bloodline, from my *own* bloodline. I see no reason to do so."

"What do you mean your bloodline?" Rapunzel questioned, her curiosity taking the best of her.

"She is of my bloodline. Diluted as it came to be, I'm still its originator. I'm not inclined to part with her, even though she slighted me, *especially* because she slighted me."

"How did she do that?" The blonde asked cautiously.

"She gave something of mine away."

"That's it?" Rapunzel blurted out before she had time to ponder on her words. When Selene simply raised an eyebrow at her she looked abashedly at the other woman. "I apologize for my outburst, but surely there would be some manner in which she could make it up to you. What did she give away exactly?"

"Something priceless and unrecoverable," Selene replied, her voice becoming deeper, her hands moving slowly down Ruby's body, pausing over the breasts and cupping them, playing with the nipples, before her hands continued their journey south and she threaded her fingers between the red curls of Ruby's cunt. "She gave away her body. I should be the first one to taste her cunt and her pleasure, like I did with her mother and her grandmother before her, yet she gave herself to a smith's son, a runt barely fit to be called a male."

Rapunzel remained quiet, her heart beating fast within her chest. The air felt like it was on fire, the rage coming from Selene powerful enough for the blonde to feel difficulty breathing.

A moment later it abated slightly, and Selene continued, her voice back to a normal tone of voice. "She wasn't the only responsible, her mother and grandmother shared just as much of the blame – they did not raise her properly, they did not

teach her about me, as they themselves were taught – they didn't make her wait for the night I would come for her."

"They could control their transformation." Rapunzel said almost to herself.

"They could." Selene replied. "Just as Ruby herself would be able to do if her first night was spent with my avatar."

"You want something." Rapunzel accused, her voice louder than before, more confident.

Selene smiled. "Yes, like you I wish for something. I propose a bargain."

Rapunzel remained silent and Selene smirked.

"You want me to *cleanse*," Selene's voice turned ugly at the word. "My blood, my gift from the pup forming in Ruby's belly – I will do it. I will even cleanse Ruby herself from it; if she doesn't want it I'm not going to let it grace her anymore."

"And what do you want in return?"

"Something equivalent to what I'm forfeiting and to what I'm owed – a child and a virgin; *your child and your virginity*."

Rapunzel's throat became tight, but she couldn't hold her tongue. "I think you're got the wrong woman."

Selene laughed, loud and amused; a laugh that sent shivers down Rapunzel's back.

"Oh, you've used your cock well enough," Selene said as she started to move towards Rapunzel, the blonde looking none too happy about the so called goddess close presence. "But you never used your cunt before, have you? You've never had a cock deep inside you, thrusting and filling you completely. You've focused on doing that to other women."

Rapunzel opened her mouth to reply, but closed it when Selene's hands started roving over her body.

The being in Ruby's body touched Rapunzel's face, feeling the soft skin, before she moved her hands down, letting them contour the womanly curves. She moved closer and put her mouth just an inch away from Rapunzel's.

"What will you do?" She asked gently.

Rapunzel leaned her head back. "You want me to sacrifice a child for another, I can't do it."

Selene smiled delicately. "I promise the child will come to no harm from my own doing, nor will I bestow upon her the gift I did upon Ruby's bloodline."

Rapunzel thought about the woman's words for a moment. "But you have something planned for it."

"Yes," The redhead replied. "I do, but I swear on my word and power that what I have planned for our child will not harm her and it will not be a curse."

Rapunzel looked away, not knowing what to do.

Selene gently turned the blonde's face towards her. "What is your answer, Rapunzel? Will you accept my bargain?"

Rapunzel closed her eyes.

She didn't know what to do; she didn't even know if she could trust Selene. In the end, she thought about Ruby and the sadness the redhead had felt for so long. She couldn't let that happen to a child of hers, she *wouldn't* let it happen.

She opened her eyes and looked into Selene's yellow ones. "I will."

Selene smiled gently and leaned into the blonde, letting her borrowed lips touch Rapunzel's, giving her a simple kiss. Then she smirked and some hardness returned to her gaze. "Good."

A sudden spike of power and emotion drove Rapunzel to her knees, breath leaving her lungs, her heart pounding. It took her awhile to understand what she was feeling, her head facing downwards, hands poised on the ground so that she wouldn't fall down.

It was lust.

Selene's lust bore down upon her and the blonde couldn't resist it. She felt her cock hardening almost painfully, and she felt her pussy getting soaked with her wetness.

Rapunzel felt a hand in her hair and Selene pulled her head, making the blonde look up at the towering goddess.

"I like seeing you like that," Selene spoke softly, her voice betraying her lust. "It suits you."

The redhead let a hand trail down her body, feeling Rapunzel's gaze follow the motion, until she threaded her fingers through the red curls of Ruby's body and touched the sex beneath.

Rapunzel could only open her mouth in startlement as a cock started growing from Ruby's sex, until it stood erect in front of her, just as big and thick as her own.

The blonde couldn't help but lick her lips in anticipation, Selene's lust overwhelming her, making her mouth water.

Selene smirked arrogantly. "What are you waiting for?" She asked amused. "I don't think you need any instructions about comes next."

Rapunzel ignored her words, but not their intent.

She leaned forward and kissed the cock's reddened head, letting her lips run around it, tasting, licking it. She couldn't help but moan, her hands closing around it and starting to stroke.

The only thing in Rapunzel's mind was Selene's pleasure; she wanted the goddess to come, to sate some of that deep, insatiable lust – she couldn't help it – sex was in her nature.

Selene herself closed her eyes and simply enjoyed the blonde's motions.

Rapunzel's response surprised her for how ferocious it was. She knew the girl's soul was marked by lust and sex, but she had not imagined the blonde's vicious reaction to her lust.

She let the young woman's mouth please her cock, resisting the urge to moan when the blonde's soft lips closed around the rod and started sliding back and forth, Rapunzel bobbing her head over her cock.

Rapunzel wanted Selene to find released; she desperately wanted to taste the goddess' seed, and gorge herself on the taste.

Selene felt that desperation, Rapunzel's sheer desire, and had to resist the urge to groan as she poised her hands on the blonde's head and stopped her motions. "I would love nothing more than to fill your mouth with my seed, beautiful girl, but unfortunately I don't come that easily."

She grasped Rapunzel's hair and used it to make the girl stand.

Then she kissed Rapunzel, hard, relentlessly, not caring about the taste of her own cock in the blonde's mouth, her hands pressing the girl's covered body against her own.

Rapunzel felt like Selene would swallow her whole, the goddess's lips tight against hers, the divine tongue filling her mouth and dominating it.

The blonde lost herself to the sensations of it. Some small part of her knew it was Selene's lustful thoughts that made her so readily accept the goddess's advances, but she really didn't care.

For one small moment Rapunzel understood that sex, lust and fertility was her nature, it was the basis of her soul, and Selene called for that part of her like no other being had done before.

Their mouths separated, and they looked at one another, a small trail of saliva still connecting them.

"You're beautiful." Selene whispered, before she closed the distance between them and kissed Rapunzel once again. When she leaned back after a couple of minutes, she let her gaze wander down the girl's body.

The goddess wanted to see the woman in her full glory and with a gesture Rapunzel's clothes parted, cut down the middle.

The young woman didn't really notice it at first, too lost in the feelings she saw in Selene's eyes. Only when Ruby's possessed hands came to rest beneath her breasts did she care – and even then only to thrust her chest forward, offering her breasts to the goddess.

Selene accepted her offering and cupped the mounds, careful to tease the little pink nubs that crowned them, her fingers circling and pulling until the nipples stood erect and firm.

Rapunzel moaned and her cock twitched.

Selene saw it and she let her eyes rest on the girl's member for a bit. "If it had been any other time, beautiful Rapunzel, I would let you take me as I'll take you, but unfortunately I'm pressed for time and we got a long night ahead of us."

Rapunzel heard her, but she was too caught up in her emotions to make sense of the words.

She let Selene drag her until they stood before the room's window. She watched as the goddess looked outside, gaze fixed on the full moon on the sky. She barely caught what the woman said next; Selene's voice was barely more than a whisper.

"It's a fitting night for my goodbye."

Then Selene turned to face Rapunzel and took the girl into her arms. Her kiss was furious, desperate, angry, and passionate.

The blonde loved it, giving herself fully to the goddess. Selene's hands started roving down her body, touching Rapunzel's breasts and buttocks, pressing their bodies tight together. Their cocks spooned against one another, and that touch was enough to make Selene lose her remaining patience.

She made Rapunzel turn around, and then bent the young woman over the window, making the blonde's naked torso face the cold air of a winter's night.

Rapunzel shivered, not in cold or shame, but in anticipation. The moon's light illuminated their bodies and if anyone looked up at the tower they would see her bare breasts.

Selene poised her hands on Rapunzel's bottom, caressing the young woman's flesh. Her hands moved down and she slid one of them between Rapunzel's thighs, forcing the girl's legs apart, spreading her.

Rapunzel moaned when she felt Selene's hand touching her aching labia, and she thrust back against the redhead, hoping for something more than a light caress on her sex.

Selene leaned down and laid a few kisses on Rapunzel's back, making the girl moan. "Please, please." She repeated, until Selene leaned back and grabbed her cock, sliding it between the blonde's thighs.

Selene used her cock to trace Rapunzel's nether lips, slowly, teasingly, sometimes moving the warm member a little further north and hitting the girl's clit; sometimes she slid it between Rapunzel's buttocks and teased the girl's other opening.

The blonde woman started shaking wanting to feel more of Selene's flesh, and the goddess granted her request.

Selene positioned her cock at Rapunzel's entrance, and moved forward, slowly letting her cock slide into Rapunzel's tight virgin pussy.

The blonde moaned and closed her eyes at the sensation.

She had pleased herself before with her fingers, and the Enchantress had also used her hands to make Rapunzel come, but it wasn't comparable to the feeling of Selene's cock.

Selene moved slowly, even though Rapunzel's cunt offered her no resistance, her thrusts calm and gentle.

With each motion of her hips she let her cock go further into Rapunzel's depths, but her speed didn't change – not until she hit the blonde woman's virgin barrier, and then she stopped.

Rapunzel felt Selene's cock hit her hymen and bit her lip, a final consideration making her hesitate for a moment, before she breathed deeply and closed her eyes.

"Please," She said her voice soft and yearning. "Please."

Selene reared her hips back and thrust, harder than before; hard enough to break through the resistance her cock found and slide into Rapunzel's depths.

Rapunzel winced at the momentary pain, but it turned into pleasure and her moans increased in volume and frequency.

Sweat poured down Rapunzel's chest, running between her breasts. Her nipples were stiff and ached, desperately needing someone's touch. Her cock was hard, ready to explode, yet the blonde woman could simply lie there, bent over the window, her hands holding tight against the wall, keeping her still, without moving, as Selene fucked her.

Once Selene realized the blonde woman was ready to take her fully, she held onto Rapunzel's waist and started thrusting harder than before, letting her cock sink into the blonde's warmth, Rapunzel's nether lips clasped tightly around her rod.

Rapunzel thrust back against her, driving her buttocks into Selene's groin, wanting to feel the other woman's cock deep inside of her, wanting to come screaming Selene's name.

Realizing that the blonde was near orgasm, Selene let one of her hands slid between the girl's legs, and grasped Rapunzel's cock, starting to stroke it. That,

combined with a particularly vicious thrust from Selene's hips was enough to make the young woman come.

Rapunzel screamed in pleasure, stretching her back like a cat, while beads of sweat ran down her body, her cock jerking in Selene's hand, releasing her seed against the tower's wall, wetness squishing from her pussy around the goddess' cock.

Selene closed her eyes for a moment, enjoying Rapunzel's nether lips tightening around her cock, but she didn't stop or slow down her thrusts, moving her cock in and out of the blonde's cunt.

Rapunzel moaned again, still not recovered from the orgasm, its aftershocks hitting her again and again as Selene kept her thrusts. Her pussy was too sensitive, and her body shook as the goddess kept driving her cock into it.

Selene's hand returned to stroking Rapunzel's cock, while she poised her other hand in Rapunzel's back and pushed down, making the girl spread her legs further apart, and finding a position that allowed her to thrust harder, faster, and deeper.

Rapunzel screamed out loud when she felt the redhead hit a certain spot inside her pussy, and thrust her hips back, wanting to feel it again.

Selene had no difficulties finding that spot again and again, every thrust of hers hitting that magic place inside Rapunzel.

It didn't take long for the blonde to come again, and Selene showed no signs of slowing down, fucking Rapunzel with abandon.

Rapunzel's mind became inundated by pleasure – she could feel nothing else as Selene relentlessly drove into her.

The pleasure from her cock and pussy were too much, and Rapunzel entered a state of almost perpetual orgasm.

Selene bit her lip as she started to finally feel her own release coming closer. She ran a hand down Rapunzel's long blonde hair. "Just a little bit more, beautiful girl."

She knew the blonde wouldn't hear her, too lost in the sensations she was feeling.

A few more moment, a few more thrusts – it was all it took.

With a sound between a roar and a howl Selene gave one last final thrust, and buried herself in Rapunzel's depths, feeling the girl engulf her completely, and her cock starting to release its seed.

Selene moaned out loud, feeling her cock's first jerks alleviating some of her need, and then again when she felt it starting to swell and increase in size, her seed flowing easier into the blonde as her cock knotted itself in Rapunzel.

She couldn't find words to describe how good it felt.

Only later, when Rapunzel's mind descended from the high of pleasure it found itself in, did the blonde realize what happened. Selene's cock was stuck inside her

cunt, its base having swollen to the point where the goddess couldn't slide out of the blonde's pussy.

From time to time Rapunzel felt the cock jerking inside of her, releasing some more of its seed. She found herself not caring about it, too content to remain leaning over the window, mind recovering from the sheer pleasures she had just felt.

Selene leaned against Rapunzel's back, resting, kissing Rapunzel's shoulder blades, while her cock slowly returned to its original form. Then she slid out of the blonde, both of them wincing a little at the loss of their union.

In that moment, Rapunzel wanted nothing more than to lay on the bed and let sleep take her away, and rest.

Selene must have read her mind because without saying anything she picked the blonde, bridal-style, and carried her to bed.

The blonde let her, too tired to protest and weirdly pleased about the goddess's action.

Selene laid her carefully on the bed, making sure Rapunzel was comfortable, before she climbed, spooning against the blonde, her cock starting to harden once again as she pressed her groin against Rapunzel's buttocks.

She ignored her desires and spoke, straight to the point, knowing she did not have much time. "I'm dying Rapunzel."

The blonde turned to her, startled by the other's confession. She opened her mouth to speak, but Selene's finger against her lip silenced her.

"I have no followers left, few people remain from my bloodline, and other gods were careful to make sure I wouldn't have a chance to keep living – they cursed me, making me unable to interact with the normal world but in the nights of the full moon, making sure I wouldn't have a chance to be reborn."

Selene said her sight focused on the resplendent moon outside.

Rapunzel remained silent, simply pressing her body against the goddess's, understanding that the knowledge Selene was giving her was something magicians everywhere were ready to kill for.

Her mother told her that human mages and wizards were always eager to learn about the spiritual world, seeking answers or power.

"It all changed when I saw you for the first time, all the way from my perch on the moon." Selene continued her tale, turning to Rapunzel and grabbing the girl's face into her hands. She kissed the blonde, gently, before she leaned back and smiled. "Your soul was born from the heartfelt desire your true parents had for a child, a desire your adopted mother encouraged with her potions and spells, making it possible for you to be conceived."

Rapunzel smiled sadly at Selene's words, happy to know she was so desired once. It hadn't been long since she discovered the Enchantress wasn't her biological mother, and the woman had never told her much about her birth parents.

Selene continued her story.

"Then the Enchantress went ahead and used your sex as a focus for the curse she cast, a curse designed to make your true parents reject you, and without knowing it she had put the final stroke in the masterpiece that *you* are – a being so attuned to sexual pleasure and fertility that you're capable of overpowering the curse cast on me."

"You lead Ruby here." Rapunzel spoke at last, smiling sadly; for once feeling like she understood what drove Selene a little better.

"Yes, I would apologize for that, but I feel you're not unhappy about it." Selene replied with a wink that made Rapunzel release a small giggle. "I made my wolves herd her here, knowing that there was only one possible outcome when you meet. I thought it fitting, in a way both of us wanted the same thing and you could give it to us."

"Why?"

"Because although you don't know it, you're powerful Rapunzel, and in you I have a chance to live again."

When Rapunzel looked confused, Selene smiled sadly and explained.

"I will not live past this night, and when I die, my soul will find a new home in the child quickening in your womb, allowing me another chance to live, to keep existing."

"I'll not be the same," Selene continued when she felt Rapunzel's worry, speaking before the blonde could question her. "I'll be reborn in a new form, perhaps in a few centuries the new me might even regain my memories. It will not be myself you'll give birth too, but the child will have my spirit and my powers."

Rapunzel didn't know what to think at that, so she only smiled sadly. Despite it all she felt sorry for the wolf goddess.

Selene heard her thoughts and didn't resist the urge to pinch the blonde's rear, making Rapunzel shriek in surprise. "I don't want your pity," She said, her voice deep and seemingly angry, but the look in her face was playful. She maneuvered herself between Rapunzel's thighs, spreading the girl's legs. "I want your screams and your moans."

Rapunzel gave them to her, opening herself to the goddess, deciding to let the future lay in peace for now, and enjoy what would be one of the most pleasurable nights of her life.

Epilogue

Rapunzel woke the next morning, her body pressed against Ruby's. When she looked down, the redhead's body had returned to normal, the magically grown cock having disappeared while they slept.

She caressed the woman's red short hair for a while, waiting until she woke and she could see the woman's almond eyes. Rapunzel then knew that Selene was dead, and part of her was sad, but another felt relief.

She assured Ruby everything had went according to plan and then Rapunzel maneuvered herself between Ruby's legs, deciding to give the two of them the best wake up she could.

They made love in a gentle manner, Rapunzel's body still a little sore after what happened the night before.

Afterwards they lay spooned against one another and Rapunzel explained some of the details of what happened with Selene. She didn't tell Ruby everything, but she told the redhead she made a deal with the goddess and that the child in Ruby's belly would be born free from Selene's curse, and that Ruby herself would no longer be affected by it.

The redhead was excited at that, and decided to give Rapunzel a little present.

The blonde let Ruby crawl down her body, contenting herself with lying on the bed and letting Ruby's mouth work on her cock.

Rapunzel knew that eventually she would have to tell Ruby and her mother the entire truth, but she would let the women meet first, and get to know each other.

As Ruby started to bob her head up and down over Rapunzel's cock, the blonde smiled and closed her eyes.

She couldn't help but be oddly hopeful about the future.

The end!

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



ICE QUEEN

Ice Queen
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #5)

By
Julie Law

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Ice Queen

Prologue

Tatiana was born at the height of winter to Queen Catherine and King Peter, rulers of Adalia. She was their second child, coming unexpected when the king and queen had already given up hope for another heir.

After the birth, the physicians cleaned the newborn and gave her to the queen, letting the woman see her daughter for the first time.

Tatiana had a few curly strands of very fine hair, blonde like her father's and she kept her eyes closed most of the time. She smiled freely, a small toothless smile that warmed those around her.

It didn't take long for her to become the joy of the royal family.

Her mother would never leave her for long, clutching her as gently as she could, keeping her warm and safe.

The king, a stout and broad-shouldered man, was seemingly reluctant to touch Tatiana, looking from his hands to the newborn amazed at how small she was.

Katya, Tatiana's older sister, simply looked at the baby and wondered why her parents were so focused on that tiny rugged thing, but then the baby raised her hand and grabbed Katya's fingers.

The six year old looked at the tiny fingers for a while, but then she smiled, happy and bright, turning towards her parents and showing them her sister's grip.

The two rulers smiled warmly, but Katya didn't pay attention, her eyes focused once again on little Tatiana, gently running her hands through the baby's curly hair, making her smile and giggle.

The two girls were never apart while they grew up. Despite their age differences, Katya made sure to take her little sister with her whenever she went and Tatiana followed her willingly.

More than once the girls amused the servants and those on the palace, as Tatiana tried to walk at her sister's side, moving as fast as she could, her little legs wobbling.

When she couldn't keep up, or felt tired, she told Katya to pick her up and Katya always did, happily holding the smaller girl against her side.

The years went by with the girls living happily and unworried, growing strong.

Katya and Tatiana were the kingdom's beautiful princesses, their parents' pride and joy, and yet, despite loving each other very much, they could be as different as night and day.

Katya was brash, arrogant and adventurous. She liked to fight with a sword or a spear, she rode far away in her horse, running from her guards and she loved to play pranks to feel free and unburdened by her duties.

The king would always scold her for her behavior in public, but in private he would wink and smile at her, knowing she was a restless spirit.

The queen was harsher and lectured Katya about her wrongdoings, telling her she was the crown princess and should behave as such. She would punish the redhead, ordering her to do some menial task, but would never stay mad for long, and soon enough Katya saw herself free once again.

Tatiana was sweet, humble and demure. She always obeyed her parents, paid attention on her lessons, and never made trouble.

The only moments when she let her temper get the best of her and did something she shouldn't where when Katya provoked her, trying to get a rise out of her little sister, to get her out of her shell.

Katya wanted Tatiana to be more adventurous and daring, wanted the young blonde to be like her.

It rarely worked, and most of the time the two sisters ended up arguing with each other, but the few times in which Katya made Tatiana help her prank someone or accompany her into the wilds where some of Katya's most cherished memories.

Physically, the girls were very similar once someone accounted for their age difference.

Their jaws were cut the same way; their noses were similar as were their mouths. Once you discounted the baby fat Tatiana sported on her cheeks you could almost say their faces were copies of each other.

Only age, hair and eye color distinguished them apart.

Katya's hair was a fiery red, some said it was as fiery as her temper, and she had her father's blue eyes. Tatiana was the opposite, with her father's hair and her mother's eyes, contrasting with her sister.

People said the princesses had the ability to enchant those around them, being dearly loved by everyone, from the lowest servant to the highest noble. One noble even said that they could make the sourest man laugh and the angriest relax.

Tatiana and Katya didn't care much for that, they simply enjoyed their life of dreams and joy; an almost perfect life – until the day Tatiana celebrated her twelfth birthday.

It was when Tatiana collapsed for the first time at the end of a night of celebration and the royal family realized there was something very wrong with their youngest princess.

Chapter 1

"I can't believe my father is making me go through with this." Katya said angrily, the nineteen years old princess looking at her image on the mirror and scowling.

Louise, Katya's childhood playmate and friend, put a hand on her shoulder and squeezed. "You knew sooner or later this had to happen. It's your duty, Katya."

"I know that, but a ball?" The crown princess replied turning towards the brunette. "At a time like this when my sister lies in bed dying and no one knows why?"

Louise spoke softly, knowing her words wouldn't comfort her friend. "That's what makes this so urgent. If something happens to your sister, you become your father's sole heir. You need to marry to strengthen your position on the realm, and this dance is the perfect occasion for you to meet some of those who want to be your husband."

"I don't care about any of that." Katya replied, shaking her head. She couldn't think about finding a suitable suitor, not when her little sister remained abed, unconscious most of the time.

Katya couldn't help but shudder as she remembered the look on her father's face when he finished speaking with the physicians the night Tatiana collapsed for the first time.

He had looked haggard, weary and so *old*.

In his gaze Katya had seen her sister's death and she couldn't help but tremble when she thought about it.

"You need to worry about it and you shouldn't give up hope. Tatiana could recover." Louise lied, knowing the younger princess probably wouldn't live long, but she couldn't let Katya despair. Nothing good would come out of it.

Louise herself felt for Tatiana.

The younger princess was like family to her, someone who had always been there since Louise became Katya's companion. The brunette could easily remember how after she got sick, the blonde had confronted Katya, asking her older sister about what was really going on.

Tatiana knew she wasn't well, but her parents didn't have the heart to tell her the truth, trying to protect her.

So she came to Katya, the person who would always tell her the truth.

Louise remembered Katya's tears as the crown princess kneeled and took the blonde into her arms, hugging her with all her strength and telling Tatiana everything would be alright.

Tatiana believed her, and Katya felt guilty because of it.

"Tatiana won't recover." Katya said at last, voice flat. "Not if we don't do something about it."

"What do you ...?" Louise started only to freeze and turn to face Katya. "You can't be seriously thinking about it, she's a myth."

"No she's not." Katya replied.

The princess's voice had gained some of its usual fire, but Louise could hear the doubt beneath it.

"The Ice Queen doesn't exist, Katya."

"Yes she does." Katya shot back, her voice loud, tears threatening to escape from her eyes.

Louise looked down, both shamed and deeply worried about her friend.

She knew Katya had latched to the tale of the Ice Queen as a way to ignore the reality of what was going to happen and she had let her friend delude herself at first, but it was time for Katya to face the truth.

Silence stretched between them.

Louise wanted to shake some sense into Katya, to make her aware of the truth, but she didn't know how to do it.

Katya grabbed her face and raised it, smiling sadly.

"She's real, Louise, she has to be – it's the only way I can save Tatiana."

Louise tried to smile back, but failed. "I hope so!"

"She's real." Katya repeated her voice stronger, confident. "Someone has been meticulously erasing any mention of the Ice Queen from the archives; even destroying books were she's mentioned. The only reason why someone would want to do that is if she is real, it's the only explanation."

Louise licked her lips, trying to organize her thoughts. "Even if she is real," She started after a while. "It doesn't mean she will be able to save your sister, Katya. The physicians don't even know what's affecting her."

"Exactly, these idiots can't even tell what's wrong with my sister, yet I'm supposed to trust her care to them?" Katya replied heatedly, purposely ignoring Louise's point.

The brunette shook her head and gave up on convincing Katya for now. "You should get ready, the dance will start shortly."

Katya scowled and looked away.

She didn't want to go to the stupid ball, but she couldn't antagonize her parents, not today.

Not when she had found a way to summon the Ice Queen.

The princess had thought about including her childhood friend in her escapade, but Louise clearly didn't believe as she did and the brunette would tell her plans to her parents, believing she was protecting her.

Katya didn't need protecting. She needed to save her sister.

With a gesture she signaled Louise to finish preparing her dress, and then they moved towards the ball.

When he saw them arrive, the steward announce the princess out loud and Katya entered the room to find most people eyeing her, some nodding in respect, others letting their gazes linger on her and her body, mostly men who believed they had a chance to marry her.

She ignored them all, moving towards her parents and greeting them as warmly as she could.

Katya loved her father and mother, despite the weight they put on her shoulders, and knew that if something happened to her later that night they would be devastated.

She doubted her self-imposed quest for a moment when she thought about that, but in her heart Tatiana ruled supreme and she squashed her indecision.

That night Katya behaved as a princess should; dancing with some of prettier suitors, complimenting them, talking with most of the nobles, until she decided it was late enough and said her goodbyes.

It was fairly early, but no one would complain about her leaving, not when her sister was as sick. Most assumed she was going to visit Tatiana.

Sis did stop in her sister's room, finding the blonde asleep and dreaming peacefully. Katya ran her hand through Tatiana's curly hair, softly and soothingly, and then left.

In her room, Katya picked a small hidden saddle bag from beneath her bed and then hesitated as she left, moving inside once again and taking a seat at her desk.

She grabbed parchment, a quill and started writing.

Those few first weeks after her sister's collapse had been the worst. Tatiana worsened from day to day, losing weight, unable to hold her food and fainting almost daily.

It worsened to the point where the blonde spent most of the time unconscious and yet the physicians couldn't tell what afflicted her sister.

Katya had been forced to see her loved sister wasting away without being able to do anything about it; she lost her hope, her faith, and her joy.

That's when she heard the tale of the Ice Queen.

The story went by that a man once became possessed by a spirit of evil, changing him from the loving father and husband he was into a monster in human skin.

He beat his wife and children, and when his neighbors confronted him about his behavior he beat them as well.

His wife despaired to have her kind husband back and summoned the Ice Queen, begging the woman for a cure to his sickness.

The Queen heard the request and then cautioned the woman, saying that there was a price to pay, but that she could do it. The wife fell on her knees and said she would give up anything to heal her husband.

The man returned to normal overnight, not remembering what happened during his possession ... and he found a home empty of his wife.

The woman had got what she wished for, but there was always a price to pay when the Ice Queen was involved, and in that case payment had been the wife herself.

Katya wouldn't pay much attention to the tale if she hadn't found many more mentions of the Ice Queen in other tales and stories. Soon enough Katya realized there was something more going on than just fairytales.

Eventually Katya found a book that detailed how she could summon the Ice Queen, and, in what others might say was a fit of madness, she focused all of her hopes on it.

The princess breathed deeply, held the quill a little tighter than she needed to, and put her emotions into words, describing her hope and her fear, and the depths she would reach to save her sister.

When she finished she sealed her letter, and put it atop her bed.

She paused for a moment to look around her room, realizing it might be the last time she saw the place, then turned and left.

It wasn't hard for Katya to sneak out of the palace; she had done it many times before. Soon enough she reached her horse and mounted it, riding away from the capital, moving north.

It didn't take her long to arrive where she wanted.

Katya looked around, seeing the small frozen lake, the snow atop the trees and on the ground and nodded to herself. It would do.

She slid from the horse, tied it to a tree and walked until she stood at the edge of the frozen water and paused for a moment as she watched her breath condensate in front of her.

She was scared, and didn't know if it was because she feared what the Ice Queen might do to her, or because she might fail in saving Tatiana.

"Ice Queen, I summon you." She said at last, speaking loud and clear, her voice echoing unnaturally over the ice.

She repeated it three times, and then waited for something to happen.

She looked around, trying to see a sign of the woman, searching for anything out of the ordinary.

Eventually she realized nothing was happening and that the woman wouldn't come. Katya found herself tearing up; she wanted to fall to her knees and cry in despair, but that wouldn't help Tatiana, so she held back her sobs, dried her tears and turned back.

Katya promptly crashed into the being behind her.

Only the woman's quick reaction, grabbing Katya's coat in her hands, stopped the princess from falling on her rear.

"I could almost assume you weren't waiting for me."

The woman's voice was cold and amused, making Katya shiver both in pure fright.

Katya breathed deeply and looked up at the woman's face.

The Ice Queen was pale; her skin had an almost bluish tint and her hair was blue, held in an elaborate setup around her head, with pearls and winter flowers streaked through it, one braid put in a way that it almost looked like a crown.

Once Katya gazed at it she realized the woman's hair color wasn't uniform, being darker in some places and lighter in others.

Looking down she found the woman's face, with cold blue eyes and pink lips extended in an amused smirk.

"Like what you see?" The Queen questioned, releasing her and gazing in turn.

Katya shook herself out of her daze and cleared her throat. "Your majesty, I summoned you ..."

"I know," The woman interrupted without care, starting to walk around Katya. "And that is something that hasn't happened in a long, long time. So how were you able to find out how to summon me?"

"I found a book."

The Ice Queen raised an eyebrow and looked better at the young woman in front of her. "A book? I thought your kingdom had destroyed most of the books in which I appeared. Rather disrespectful."

Katya didn't reply immediately, considering the Queen's words, realizing she had been right and someone had been trying to eliminate any mentions of the woman. "I found it in the palace's library."

"Hum," The Queen made a sound deep in her throat. "I suppose it's not inconceivable that they would keep some records of me as a precaution. So who are you? If you have access to the palace's library you must be a noble."

Katya remained silent.

"Or maybe, you're even more important." The Queen reached out and grabbed a lock of Katya's hair, fingering it and smiling. "You're the crown princess, aren't you?"

Katya opened her mouth to deny it almost immediately, but the Queen shushed her with a finger held against her lips.

"Don't lie, I can always tell when someone lies. You're the princess." The blue-haired woman stopped behind the princess and leaned forward, inhaling the young woman's scent.

Katya shuddered.

"They say you have hair that looks like fire, and a temper to match."

Katya remained silent as the Queen started circling her again.

She could hear the amusement and disregard in the Queen's voice and wanted to react, but held back her tongue for fear of upsetting the woman and seeing a possible cure for Tatiana's disease denied.

"Your hair is quite ordinary and nowhere near like fire. I just hope they weren't wrong about your temper. I like hot headed women."

Katya moved a couple of steps away from the Queen and turned to face her.

"I don't care about your opinions, or tastes." Katya said, finally losing her patience. "I've summoned you for a specific reason. I want..."

"I know what you want." The Ice Queen interrupted Katya. Her voice was colder than before, without the edge of amusement. "You want your sister safe, don't you? You want her disease to go away, and for her to become healthy once again."

"How do you know that?" The princess asked angrily.

"What else would you ask for?" The Queen replied with a raised eyebrow. "Your sister's disease is well known throughout the land, as is the love your family bears her. I guessed."

"How do I know you're telling the truth?"

Suddenly the weather got colder and the winds started tugging at Katya's skirt. She almost lost her balance and saw a bolt of lightning fall on one of the trees nearby.

She turned to the Ice Queen, fearful, knowing the woman was responsible.

"I don't lie."

It wasn't a shout, it wasn't even particularly loud, but the Queen's voice drove Katya to her knees, pain racking at her mind, her breath freezing in her throat.

A few moments later the winds abated, the storm faded and the princess could breathe once again.

Katya remained on her knees, prostrating herself before the woman that could save her little sister and begged.

"I apologize, your majesty, please save my sister."

The Queen remained quiet for a long time. "There will be a price."

Katya raised her head and looked right into the Queen's eyes. "I'm ready to give up anything for my sister's recovery."

"Are you really?" The Queen's voice was neither convinced nor distrustful. "Would you give up your freedom for her? Would you give up your purity? Would you give up your children for your sister?"

Katya nodded at every question the Queen posed, hesitating on the last one, but acquiescing as well.

The Queen started walking again, until she stood behind the prostrated young woman and then she kneeled.

Katya felt the Queen yanking her head and she had to throw her head backwards, her lower back protesting at the move.

The Queen's voice, when she spoke, was so close that Katya shivered. "Then you'll give me all those things and more, you'll become mine, my toy, my pet, my lover. Will you do it?"

Katya hesitated but nodded.

"Say it."

"I will." Katya replied.

The princess felt her clothes give away against the Queen's unnatural strength, and she shivered as her skin faced the air. The woman's hands were cold on her back, and Katya felt goose bumps appear all over her body.

With a push the Queen made her turn and lay on her back.

Katya rested on her ruined clothes and looked up at the Ice Queen. She saw the other woman's clothes slowly dissolve, looking almost like water as they ran over the woman's pale figure.

Then the redhead gasped as she saw the cock that lay between the Queen's thighs.

The Queen advanced, leaning over Katya and looking into her blue eyes.

"I ask you thrice. You'll be my lover, you'll bare my children, you'll be mine and for that I'll heal your sister. Do you accept?"

Katya could feel an ominous feeling in the air, and she realized that was the last time she had to think about her choice. On one hand there was the life she knew, a life that would continue even after Tatiana's death, with her parents and friends.

On the other hand there was her little sister's life and an unknown future as the Ice Queen's lover, and all that came with it.

If Katya refused the Queen's offer she could return home, become queen and marry someone she loved and who would cherish her.

If she accepted, she would live the rest of her life with a creature that wasn't human, no matter how she looked, and she would bare that creature's children even if she didn't want to.

In the end, it was the memory of her sister's smile that made her choose; the future might change at any given moment, but Katya wouldn't live with herself if she let Tatiana die.

"I accept."

The Queen moved faster than Katya could see, almost serpently, and pressed her body against the princess's, their breasts touching.

Katya gasped and swallowed at the contact, not knowing how to behave or what to do. The other woman claimed her mouth, not letting her think, cold pale hands running over her ribs, stopping just underneath her breasts.

Katya arched her back unconsciously, offering herself to the Ice Queen and in reply the blue haired woman moved her hands up, cupping Katya's mounds.

While her hands weighted Katya's breasts, the Queen leaned down and kissed the redhead's throat, cold lips against soft skin, making the girl shiver, while the Queen's tongue licked her.

The blue haired woman moved her mouth over Katya's body, from one side to the other, down to her chest, taking one of the nipples into her mouth for a few moments, and then up, until she reached one of the redhead's earlobes and pressed her lips against it.

The young princess moaned at the woman's ministrations, her hands poised on the Queen's body, just atop her ribs. She heard the Ice Queen murmur something at her ear and felt a burning sensation throughout her body, like she had never felt before.

Her nipples hardened, and goose bumps appeared on her skin and yet she was not cold, she burned with lust.

The Queen's hands started roving over her body, making her shiver, feeling her abs, her stomach and legs and then moving up and cupping her breasts.

Katya arched her back, her mind unable to process the signals her body sent her. The princess could feel a wetness gathering between her thighs, and a need for something she couldn't name.

The Queen moved back down again and took one of the princess's nipples into her mouth, tasting it, swirling her tongue around. She felt the redhead's hands grasping her hair and pulling her tighter against the princess's body.

The Ice Queen smiled amused, never taking her mouth of Katya's breast.

Slowly she moved her hands down the young woman's body and put her hands on her rear, pulling the princess's body against her own, making her moan as she felt the Queen's hard cock pressed against her inner thigh.

The Queen cupped Katya's buttocks as she divided her attentions between the redhead's breasts, kneading the plump flesh.

Katya moaned even more when she felt the Queen pressed her hands against Katya's inner thighs, pushing them apart, spreading the girl open.

She could feel the Queen's warm rod pressed against her leg, and couldn't help but think of what it would feel like having it inside of her.

The Ice Queen poised one hand on Katya's core, making the girl jump in surprise, while her pale fingers ran over red curls, and then down, touching the princess's nether lips.

Katya trembled when she felt that touch, and again when the woman's fingers started tracing her labia, getting coated in her wetness. She felt them close around her clit, grasping the little bundle of nerves and flicking it, then gripping it and shaking.

Katya saw herself forced to close her eyes and bit her lips, not wanting the blue haired woman to know just how much she was affecting her. From the amused sounds of the woman, Katya realized it didn't work.

When she grew tired of playing around, the Ice Queen pushed a finger against Katya's opening, entering her.

The redhead head trembled but didn't make a sound, at least until the Queen curled her finger and then she shouted in pleasure.

The Ice Queen laughed, and moved down Katya's body, stooping only when she reached the girl's sex. Then she leaned down and tasted the redhead, letting her tongue glide over the pink pussy, moving it up and down, and the sideways over the supple slit.

Katya shouted, trembled and twitched in pleasure, her legs resting upon the Queen's shoulders, pulling the woman tight against her. She only wanted that

tongue to go deeper, to enter her and please her forever.

The Ice Queen moved up and closed her mouth over Katya's clitoris, letting her tongue swirl around the little bud for a few moments, before she climbed the princess's body and claimed her mouth.

Katya kissed the woman without holding back, not caring about the taste of her own sex, their tongues dueling.

The blue haired woman put her cock at Katya's entrance, moving it over the slit, lubricating it with the girl's wetness, before she pressed forward, letting her cock enter the princess for the first time.

Katya clutched the Queen's body, pulling the woman against her, trying to deal with the sensations the woman invoked.

She could feel that only an inch or two of the woman's cock had penetrated her, but even that was more pleasurable than anything Katya had ever felt.

The Queen moved and whispered at Katya's ear, speaking slowly in a lyrical language.

Katya couldn't understand what the woman said, but she felt her body heating even more and the pleasure she felt redoubled. The princess couldn't help it and begged, needing the other woman to fuck her. "Please, take me."

The Queen laughed, amused, and thrust her hips, slowly, careful not to hurt the virgin princess, feeling her cock sliding into the girl's depths.

Katya moaned and trashed, and only stilled when she felt the Queen's press against her barrier. She looked into the Queen's eyes, finding blue eyes so similar and so different from hers.

The Queen looked down and smirked, but her eyes softened, and she thrust harder than before, breaking Katya's hymen and filling the girl completely for the first time.

For one moment their bodies became as one, but it didn't last; the Queen only waited until Katya grew used to her girth and size, and then she started moving in and out of the princess, feeling the girl's nether lips clasped tight around her cock.

Katya moaned as the older woman plundered her again and again.

She could only offer herself to the woman fucking her, spreading herself even more, and hope it wouldn't take long for her climax to come.

The Queen received her offering willingly, thrusting harder with each moment, until Katya's cunt tightened painfully around her cock and the girl came, screaming out loud with pleasure.

She stopped moving then, letting pleasure flood the girl's brain, waiting until Katya came down from her high before she started moving again.

Katya came again shortly, being too sensitive from her previous orgasm to resist for long.

The Ice Queen didn't stop this time, and continued until she felt her own climax near, after making the princess come twice more. With a shout, the blue haired woman buried herself in the princess's cunt, feeling her cock release its seed.

Afterwards they remained entwined for a while, both coming down from their respective highs.

Katya didn't know what to think, not believing she had let the other woman take her like she did, without even resisting momentarily. She had a sudden urge to cry, but held it back, unrepentant about what she had done to save her sister.

Without wanting too, she yawned loudly and realized how tired she was. She almost fell asleep, the only thing that stopped her was the Ice Queen moving and picking her up bridal style.

"Where are you taking me?" The redhead questioned.

"To my palace, your new home then I will visit your sister and heal her." The Queen replied, moving towards the lake.

Katya nodded, too tired to speak, and closed her eyes, her mind welcoming the darkness of sleep.

Chapter 2

“My Queen, are you sure you want to do this?”

Tatiana Le Blanc, twenty year old queen of Adalia, raised an eyebrow at her chief advisor, making the man beg forgiveness for his daring.

His name was John Belfort and even though he was a little limited when it came to court intrigue, Tatiana chose him as an advisor because he was an honest and trustworthy man.

“It’s just that your father just recently passed away...” The man tried to amend after a moment.

“That means it is even more important for me to do this then, as a way to honor my father’s memory.” Tatiana spoke without looking at the man, finishing the inspection her clothes.

The advisor bowed quickly. “I suppose the Queen is ...”

“Besides,” Tatiana interrupted. “I will not give my greedy cousins even more reasons to complain about my rule and try to force me to give up my crown.”

John bowed again and remained silent.

Tatiana nodded to herself, satisfied with the image she presented and left the room, the older man following her obediently.

She entered the throne room and seated herself, ready for what would be the first public hearing since her father died and she was crowned.

The steward announced her titles, and ordered the first supplicant to approach.

The last years had been rough for the royal family.

First Tatiana’s mother had died which wasn’t completely unexpected, seeing how frail the queen had been since Tatiana’s sister had disappeared all those years ago.

Not long after that the king became ill.

Tatiana shook her head and tried to dispel the memories, her father was never the same once Katya disappeared and her mother’s death only made things worse. She helped him as much as she could and took some of his duties into her shoulders, but it wasn’t enough.

One month ago he had perished, and Tatiana was soon crowned Queen of Adalia at the tender age of twenty.

As for Katya ... Tatiana couldn’t even imagine what had happened to her sister and every time she thought about it she felt a pang in her heart.

The redhead had sacrificed herself for her and Tatiana wouldn't ever be able to repay it, but she sometimes resented Katya for what she had done.

She loved Katya unconditionally, but couldn't help and wonder if their parents might be alive today if she hadn't disappeared.

Tatiana shook her head and focused on her current task.

Most of the supplicants that appeared before her were nobles, subject that lived far away from the capital and hadn't arrived in time for her coronation.

Now they had come to pay their respects, so Tatiana spoke to them, received their gifts and thanked them.

After came the merchants and other tradesmen. Some wanted the queen to settle their disputes, others wished for the crown's patronage in their endeavors and after them came the common people, wanting justice for the most varied misdeeds.

Tatiana dealt with them in a just manner, always hearing both sides of an argument and thinking deeply before replying. Most people left the throne room happy with their queen's justice, knowing she was not a woman to cross or easily fool.

It was when Tatiana dismissed the last supplicant for the day that something out of the ordinary happened.

A little girl, six or seven years old at the most, entered the throne room.

She was beautiful, with pale skin and blue eyes, dressed in a light blue dress. She was clearly nobility – she had to be, moving with such poise and grace. The most particular thing about her was the hue of her hair, a light blue that could only come from some kind of dye.

Most courtiers smiled at her, finding her an enchanting and amusing sight, wondering who her parents were.

Tatiana saw the girl approach and smiled.

"Hello little one," Tatiana spoke to the child as gently as she could. "Are you the last supplicant for the day?"

The girl curtsied with more grace than should be humanly possible. "Yes, your majesty, if you would have me. I am Maud."

Some titters were heard over the room, people smiling at the small child.

Tatiana smiled as well, even as some nagging recognition tickled at the back of her mind. The girl's face was very familiar.

"Well little Maud, what would you have of me?"

The girl bit her lip and hesitated for the first time. "I want you to help me."

Tatiana saw her hesitation and rose from her seat, walking towards the girl. In a move that surprised most of those watching, Tatiana kneeled in front of the girl, putting them face-to-face.

"What can I help you with?" The queen asked, ignoring the murmurs of the people around them.

"It's my mommy," Maud started, her voice breaking a little, and she looked down shyly. "She's always lonely and sad. I try to make her happy, but she will only smile for a little while and then gets sad again."

"Does your mommy know you're here?" Tatiana asked absently, thinking about how she could tell the girl she couldn't do anything about her mother's state of mind.

The girl hesitated again and shook her head.

Tatiana smiled. "You shouldn't have run away from her, now she will get even sadder."

"But she misses you." Maud said loudly, surprising Tatiana with her vehemence.

Warning signs started going on inside Tatiana's mind, the young queen looked at the girl's familiar face, her posture and her eyes, swallowing before she asked. "Who is your mommy?"

Her voice was poignant and forceful, and Maud hesitated, saying softly. "Mommy is mommy."

"Her name?" Tatiana clarified, drawing the girl against her and holding her cheeks, seeing a face so similar to hers when she was a child.

Maud clucked and smiled. "Silly aunt, mommy's name is Katya."

What happened after became a blur in Tatiana's recollections. She could only remember Maud's face, her *niece's* face, her voice and her cheerfulness.

She spent the day with the little girl, questioning her about the most varied things. When Maud got bored, Tatiana played with her, running after the girl, tickling her, hugging her.

For one day the young queen became a child again, until Maud yawned and Tatiana put her to sleep in her own bed, waiting until the girl fell asleep.

Tatiana ran her hand down Maud's hair, the little girl shifting in her sleep to accommodate her aunt's caress. She moved a few strands of hair aside and touched the girl's ears.

They were pointed, far bigger than a human's; only the long blue hair hid them.

Tatiana reluctantly left Maud behind and moved out of the room.

She had called her advisors into an emergency council, hoping to discuss her niece's appearance and what they could do to rescue Katya now that they had some sign of where she was.

The young queen knew what most of them would say already, some thinking this was some kind of trap, other's believing Maud wasn't her niece and her sister Katya was already dead.

Tatiana didn't believe that and knew she would rescue her sister, one way or the other, but she couldn't ignore their doubts and worries, not if she wanted to retain her power.

But no one would stop her from doing what needed to be done.

She would save Katya.

Chapter 3

"Are you sure we are going in the right direction?" Tatiana asked, holding the horse's reigns and guiding him gently.

Maud, who was seated in front of her, nodded cutely, her blue hair shifting with the wind.

"We just have to get to the lake nearby."

Tatiana sighed but did as Maud said. The girl had been strangely quiet since Tatiana said she would take her home, probably worried about her mother's reaction to her disappearance.

They arrived at their destination quick enough and Tatiana dismounted, helping the blue-haired girl down and securing the horse against one of the trees.

The young queen looked around, trying to see a sign of Maud's home, but there were only trees and the lake around them. "What now?"

Maud grabbed her hand and dragged her to the edge of the lake. "It's this way," The girl started, explaining what she was about to do. "We just need to get through the water to get home."

Tatiana blinked. "What?"

"Let me show you."

Before the blonde could say anything else, Maud reached down and touched the water. At first it seemed nothing happened, but then the water started swirling, slowly at first but faster as time passed.

Tatiana didn't have time to think about what she was seeing, because the next moment she was dragged forwards, Maud's pull much stronger than it should be for a girl her age.

One moment Tatiana was falling into the water and the next she was in a cavernous room made of ice.

She blinked once or twice to process what she was seeing and then looked down at her niece.

The girl was fidgeting slightly and looking towards the room's entrance.

"I hope I haven't worried mommy."

Tatiana put her need for answers aside and leaned down, putting a hand atop Maud's head and ruffling her blue hair. "I'm sure she will be happy to see you."

Maud nodded absently, but didn't speak.

Tatiana followed her niece throughout the building, realizing it was a palace completely made of ice.

Soon enough they stopped in front of a door and Maud breathed deeply, opening it gently. "Mommy..." She said almost questioning.

"Maud." Tatiana heard a woman scream from inside the room and then her niece was pulled into strong arms, almost faster than the blonde could see.

Tatiana froze upon seeing her face, red hair swaying as the woman sobbed into Maud's little frame.

The blue haired girl also had tears running down her face; the only sign she had greatly missed her mother.

Tatiana remained silent, her eyes taking in her sister's frame, seeing Katya for the first time in almost nine years.

A moment later Katya noticed something out of the corner of her eye and looked right at Tatiana, seeing her little sister right there. She froze and looked from her daughter to the blonde, realizing where her daughter had gone.

Maud squirmed out of her mother's hold and then grabbed her hand, pulling towards Tatiana.

"Mommy," The little blue haired girl started. "I brought Auntie Tatiana to visit us."

Katya looked quickly at Maud. "Maud you..."

"Katya." Tatiana interrupted, bringing her sister's gaze back to her. She didn't want the redhead to blame Maud for anything.

"Tatiana." Katya said, tears escaping from her eyes, forgetting about what she had been going to tell her little girl.

The sisters looked at each other for a few moments and then rushed into each other's arms, holding tightly and sobbing.

Maud watched them for a while and then she joined in, the two women embracing her as well. They enjoyed each other's warmth for a while, relaxing against one another.

It was Tatiana that scrunched up her courage and moved away, breathing deeply and looking right into Katya's eyes.

"I've missed you so much."

"I know. I've missed you to." Katya said, pressing Maud's body tighter against her.

Tatiana nodded and for one moment she let her emotions get the best of her, something she hadn't let happen in a long time. "Get your things; we're getting out of here."

Katya shook her head. "We can't."

Tatiana opened her mouth to protest, but her sister's raised hand stopped her.

"I need to show you something." The redhead said, turning around and moving further into the room.

The little girl followed and Tatiana simply watched them for a moment, before she shook her head and moved as well.

She immediately saw the reason for her sister's reluctance to leave. In the middle of the room there was a cradle where another blue haired child rested, perhaps four or five months old.

"Meet your other niece, Lea." Katya said, looking at Tatiana and smiling gently.

Tatiana blinked; for one moment Katya had looked so much like their mother, her face exhibiting the same concern and kindness. She looked down at the sleeping child again and couldn't help but smile. "Hello, little Lea."

Katya grabbed her hand and held tightly. Tatiana let her and the three of them remained there, looking at the sleeping baby.

"This is all very touching, little wife," An acidly, almost amused voice said from the room's entrance. "But I need to speak with your sister."

Tatiana looked at the Ice Queen.

The woman was pale and beautiful, but it was a cruel beauty, as was the smirk the woman sported on her face.

Katya made to move in front of Tatiana, trying to protect her, but the blonde stepped forward without worry.

"Tatiana, don't." Katya pleaded, fearing for her little sister's safety. She couldn't imagine how the Ice Queen would react. Despite being the woman's lover, and the mother of her children, Katya felt like she barely knew the otherworldly being.

"Don't worry." Tatiana replied, looking confident and strong. "She won't harm me."

"You don't know that." The redhead said, almost shouting. "You don't know what you're doing."

Tatiana froze.

She hated it when people doubted her. "I think I know what I'm doing better than you did all those years ago." Her voice was cold and Katya recoiled as if was struck.

Tatiana felt guilt almost immediately and smiled at her sister, trying to take the bite out of her words. She hadn't meant to hurt the redhead, not consciously at least. She was just so nervous.

"I wouldn't be here if she," She said gesturing towards the figure of the Ice Queen. "Didn't want me here, she won't harm me."

Katya looked from her sister to her lover and back again. She feared for Tatiana. "There are many ways to hurt someone." She warned.

Tatiana nodded. She had learnt that a long time ago. "I know."

The Ice Queen started moving when the blonde got close to her, and Tatiana followed, never taking her eyes of the woman's back.

It didn't take long for them to arrive at what could only be the palace's throne room, and Tatiana's host didn't waste any time in seating herself.

Tatiana looked around, seeing no seat she could use, so she remained standing looking at the woman in front of her. "Well, I can't say this is a pleasure." The blonde said at last.

The blue haired woman in front of her raised an eyebrow. "Oh! Were you expecting something else? Perhaps you imagined me differently?"

"Now that you ask about it, and seeing all I've read about you, I imagined you to be ..."

"Taller?" The Ice Queen interrupted with a smirk.

"... Prettier, your beauty is supposed to be the kind of beauty that makes men wage wars, makes women insane with greed and poets despair. I supposed you're charming enough, if pale exotic women are in your tastes."

The Queen smirked, her teeth showing. "And how do you like your women?"

"Obedient." Tatiana replied promptly.

The blue haired woman laughed, amused and startled from the unexpected answer. "Well, well isn't this unexpected. I prefer my women a little more rebellious, like your sister, I can say I quite enjoy her."

"Enough." Tatiana raised a hand to ward off the woman's cruel words. "We both want something and you purposely angering me won't make a deal easier to barter. Don't mention my sister."

The Ice Queen remained silent for a moment, but nodded, acquiescing.

"What I can't figure is what you want precisely." Tatiana spoke, starting to walk around the room. "You know I want my sister back, but you I can't figure."

"What makes you think I want something?"

"The fact I'm not an idiot," Tatiana replied biting. "I doubt Maud left this place without you knowing about it, maybe you've even encouraged it. It would be terribly easy for you to manipulate a loving little girl like her, simply tell her Katya would feel better with me around and she would march out of here and come to

get me.”

The woman on the throne said nothing.

Tatiana waited for a word, a sign of some kind that she was right or wrong, but the silence continued until she lost her patience.

“This would be much faster if you gave me something to work with.” Tatiana coldly stated. “We both know I’ll do almost anything to get Katya back, so don’t let us waste any more time and say what you want.”

“You humans are always impatient, but I supposed time is of the essence.” The Queen said at last. “My race’s time on this realm, this world, is ending.”

“What do you mean?”

The blue haired woman shrugged. “You could say we’re fading away, ceasing this existence.”

“Why?” Tatiana asked brow furrowed.

She knew enough about the Ice Queen to guess what kind of being she was – one of the Sidhe, beings that were almost like gods in power, but whimsical, inhuman in intention.

They liked humans well enough, especially to make deals which most of the mortals ended up regretting. They also couldn’t lie directly, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t deceive.

“The reasons why are varied and would take a long while for me to explain. What is necessary for you to know is that it is happening.”

“And you want to stop it.”

The Ice Queen shook her head. “It cannot be stopped; it is far too late for that.” She looked right at Tatiana’s eyes and the blonde couldn’t help but shiver at the emotions she saw in those blue orbs. “What I mean to do is to leave a mark on this world, something that will make your people remember me and my lineage for eternity.”

Tatiana remained silent, trying to understand what the woman was getting to. “How do you intend to do that?”

The Ice Queen laughed. “By siring the most powerful rulers this world has ever seen.”

“Won’t they fade away eventually?” Tatiana asked, feeling a pang on her heart as she thought about her nieces, Maud and Lea.

“No.” The Queen replied, shaking her head. “I made sure of it, while they have some of my abilities, the daughters your sister bore me are more human than not, they will not cease to be.”

"But they will not be queens, or rulers." Tatiana finally understood what the other woman wanted. "*My children will inherit the throne.*"

The Ice Queen remained silent.

Tatiana shook her head and laughed. "That's what you want, to father my children, like you did with Katya."

"Perhaps; are you saying you wouldn't accept that deal?" The blue haired woman smirked, knowing she had the upper hand.

Tatiana fumed but tried not to show it. She was pretty sure she failed by the widening of the Queen's smirk.

"Why did you choose us, me and my sister?" She asked.

"I didn't choose you, I simply took the opportunity that appeared before me the day your sister summoned me. Your blood is the blood of kings, and there's power in that. It's what allows your nieces to have a nugget of my power."

Tatiana closed her eyes.

In her readings of the occult she had noticed that the Sidhe interacted with kings and queens more than they did with everyone else. She had assumed that was simply because the lives of kings and queens were more noteworthy and so more mentions of their dealing were recorded, but perhaps this was the reason why.

The blonde was conflicted. She wanted to have Katya back so much it hurt, back she couldn't easily grasp the consequences that would come if she did this.

There were many things that would change with this, from the fact some would want her sister to assume the throne in her place, to how most of the nobles would react to what the Ice Queen proposed.

She didn't know what to do.

"What about Maud, and her little sister? Do they get to go with Katya or do they stay here?" She asked, partially curious, and trying and find some more time to think.

The other woman shrugged. "I suppose they can spend an equal amount of time here and there. I will not deny them contact with Katya."

Tatiana closed her eyes.

Katya wouldn't part from her children, which meant she would have to spend half of her time with the blue haired woman; which the Sidhe wanted, most likely.

This was really happening. Tatiana thought. She couldn't see a way to resolve this situation that wouldn't lead her to accept the Queen's deal, at least in some manner – but she could make it better.

“Maud and Lea will stay with Katya at all times, in our country.” Tatiana riposted, trying to negotiate.

The Ice Queen shook her head. “I will not part from my children completely.”

“You won’t have to,” Tatiana replied. “You can visit them, in Adalia. We’ll host you at the palace, but Katya doesn’t leave my side.”

The Sidhe paused for a moment.

“You would have to part from whatever child I gave you otherwise.” Tatiana cajoled. “I couldn’t leave the kingdom for you to meet them. I will even acknowledge you as my official consort.”

The Ice Queen took a long time to answer, but then she finally nodded a smirk showing on her face.

Tatiana couldn’t help but think she had done exactly what the woman wanted, but she wasn’t regretful.

She understood quite clearly that the Ice Queen was a figure of power, and her presence, however fleeting it was, might be enough to sway some of her kingdom’s neutral parties into helping her, strengthening her rule.

It would also alienate some other parties, especially the church, but those were not friends of her, disliking the fact that a woman ruled the kingdom.

Tatiana wasn’t a greedy person, but she had her rights, and now that her sister would come back she wouldn’t entertain the thought of any threat to her or her daughters.

“I must warn you,” The blonde started. “Even when I recognize you as my consort, your position will be basically ceremonial, I will rule alone and at most I might take your advice in consideration. Our children though will rule the kingdom eventually.”

“That’s all I want.” The Ice Queen said. “The deal is struck then?”

“Yes.” Tatiana replied.

“Are you certain of your decision?”

Tatiana nodded, knowing that with the Sidhe something only became written in stone when it was repeated three times. “Yes.”

“For the third time I ask, is our deal struck?” The Ice Queen asked, leaning forward in her seat with anticipation.

“I’ve replied yes thrice, I am certain.”

“Ah! Good!” The blue haired woman replied, and there was such a rough and lusted edge to her voice that Tatiana blushed. “Then get on your knees!”

“What?” Tatiana blurted out, her eyes widened, and then she regained her bearings and grew angry. “How dare you?”

The Ice Queen smirked again. “My mistake, I thought you wanted your sister to go with you as soon as possible, I supposed I was wrong.”

“What does that have to do with anything?” Tatiana asked, taken aback.

“I will only fulfill my part of the bargain once you fulfill yours.”

“I’m not going back on my word.” The blonde woman said. “I will make you my consort and all that entails, but the ceremony will take time to organize.”

“And in the meanwhile, your sister will remain by my side. Unless you do as I said,” The Sidhe riposted. “Ceremonies between my kind are simpler; all that’s really needed is for you and I to join together with the full understanding of what will come from it.”

Tatiana opened her mouth to protest, but closed it.

“Obviously, later there will have to be some kind of human ceremony; your people won’t recognize our union otherwise and you’ll want to make a show of strength, but for all that matters our deal will be in effect if you don’t resist, obey me and get on your knees.”

Tatiana swallowed.

It hurt to ignore her pride and kneel in front of the Ice Queen, but she wouldn’t be parted from Katya for even one more moment.

Slowly, she let herself fall to her knees, seeing the amusement on the Ice Queen’s face and hating the woman for it.

The pale Sidhe rose from her seat, moving languidly towards the blonde.

Tatiana watched her and couldn’t help but her heart beating faster. Despite what she had told the woman earlier, she found the Ice Queen a very beautiful creature, and wouldn’t mind enjoying that beauty in another situation.

She looked down at the ground and only looked up when she saw the Queen’s feet stop in front of her.

The Sidhe smirked and then her clothes simply melted, leaving the pale woman naked and completely unprotected from the blonde’s eyes.

She ran her hands over the blonde’s hair, threading her fingers through the curls and then touching Tatiana’s face.

The human queen shivered at the caress and moaned, startling herself with the sound and the Sidhe smirked, stepping back.

Tatiana watched her do it, confused, and then her mouth fell open when she saw a cock slowly grow from the Queen’s clitoris, the blue haired woman moaning loudly

as it happened.

“What?” Tatianna managed after seconds.

The Ice Queen laughed. “Startled? How exactly did you think I impregnated your sister?”

“Magic.” Tatiana replied almost dumbly.

She couldn’t quite comprehend the sight in front of her and simply watched the prick swing from side to side as the woman approached her once again.

The Ice Queen poised her hands on the blonde’s head, caressing it. “Oh, magic is involved, I guarantee you. Now I want to see another kind of magic, the one your mouth will produce upon my cock.”

Tatiana glared at her.

She could feel the woman’s hands running through her head, and her resistance diminishing with their motions. She knew the Ice Queen was using her magic to make her more compliant, and while some part of her resented it, another argued that it would make things faster and easier.

In the end she knew it didn’t matter much.

If she wanted Katya back then she would need to do as the other woman wanted.

Slowly Tatiana leaned forward her eyes seeking the pale cock she had seen emerge from between the Queen’s legs. She had never seen a cock before. She wasn’t a virgin exactly, but the sex she had before had been with a couple of maids in the palace, never with a man – or a woman with a cock.

The blonde reached out and grasped the Sidhe’s pale appendage, tightening her fingers around it.

The blue haired woman moaned at the first touch and again when Tatiana started sliding her hand up and down, fingers tight, stroking the cock. They didn’t speak and the only sounds that could be heard were the moans and flesh moving on flesh.

Tatiana became surprised with the excitement she felt rising within herself.

She didn’t like the Ice Queen, but she couldn’t deny the attraction she felt for the woman’s body. Slowly, she inched forward and kissed the head of the cock.

The Ice Queen watched as Tatiana used her mouth on her, the blonde starting to kiss the cock’s body, her lips soft and warm. She moaned and her hands moved faster over the blonde’s head, encouraging the human queen.

Tatiana replied by swirling her tongue around the head of the Sidhe’s cock, before bobbing forward.

The blue haired woman moaned loudly as her cock slid into Tatiana's tight mouth, and looked down to find the blonde's eyes fixed on her face.

The Sidhe could see amusement in those green eyes, and she thought about teaching the human a lesson, but then Tatiana's tight lips robbed her of her thoughts as the blonde bobbed over her cock.

Tatiana was a quick learner and it was easy to make the Ice Queen writhe with pleasure.

Her tongue swirled around the pale rod, while her hands moved up the other woman's body, feeling the Queen's soft skin, until she grasped the woman's rear and pulled her forward, making the Sidhe's cock slide deeper into her mouth, into her throat.

Tatiana smiled as she felt the pale woman moan again, the Queen starting to thrust against her face, pleasure evident in her motions. She loved that she could make the arrogant Sidhe enjoy what she was doing.

The blonde moved her hands over the Sidhe's buttocks, cupping them, and then slid her hands between the woman's thighs and touched her core.

The Ice Queen trembled as she felt Tatiana's fingers proving her pussy, the touch unexpected. She had underestimated Tatiana, thinking she would be like Katya all those years ago, but the blonde was more resourceful and experienced, and wouldn't settle for lying on the ground and being fucked.

Soon enough Tatiana's mouth and hands became too much and the Ice Queen reached her high, coming inside the young woman's mouth.

The blonde prolonged the orgasm for as long as she could, milking the pale cock, her lips tight as she bobbed over it.

And then the taste of the Ice Queen's seed penetrated the young woman's senses and she couldn't think about anything else; she loved it and needed more, swirling her tongue around the cock's head, cleaning it of its last drops, trying to draw more of the precious fluid.

She only stopped her desperate motions when the Sidhe woman grabbed her head and pulled her back.

Her mind still high from her pleasure, the Ice Queen smiled as she saw the squirming human trying to escape her hold and return to her cock.

Her hand on the young woman's face was enough for the blonde to stop struggling; the Queen's magic making blonde's craving disappear just like that.

"I apologize about that," The Sidhe woman said, amusement lacing her every word. "I forgot the reaction some humans have to a Sidhe's seed. It's quite something, isn't it?"

Tatiana blushed, not quite believing what she had been doing; she had lost her mind when she tasted the Queen's seed, and could only think about taking more and more of it.

Seeing the young woman's embarrassment the Ice Queen laughed and then pulled Tatiana up, taking her into her arms, kissing the human queen with all her fervor and want.

Tatiana replied to the kiss in kind, forgetting all her doubts and fears about the Sidhe, her arms surrounding the pale woman and drawing her into her body. Their kiss was a heated affair, making both women pant and breathe fast, as the Ice Queen's unclothed body pressed against Tatiana's clothed one.

When their kiss started to wane, the blue haired woman reached with her hands, grasping Tatiana's clothes and ripping them apart.

What clothes weren't destroyed by the Queen's actions Tatiana took off with the woman's assistance, until she stood as naked as the Sidhe in front of her, and they returned to their embrace.

The Ice Queen felt cold to the touch, but she was soft like silk and Tatiana could only pull the woman tight against her.

Tatiana moaned when she felt the other woman's mouth descend on her throat, lips could and soft, kissing all the right places.

The Sidhe's mouth moved along the blonde's collarbone, leaving a wet trail of saliva to mark her passage, while Tatiana pressed their bodies together, breasts against breasts.

Tatiana could feel her nipples as hard as rocks and the wetness between her legs. She couldn't wait anymore and pushed the Queen's head down, directing it towards her breasts.

The Queen's mouth closed around one of Tatiana's pink buds, teeth scrapping against the flesh and biting lightly, just enough to be noticed, making the blonde arch her back into the woman, offering her breast to be devoured.

The blue haired woman did just that, taking as much of Tatiana's supple flesh into her mouth as she could, suckling and marking it, before she moved to the other breast and repeated the motion.

Tatiana was so focused on the pleasure she was feeling she didn't protest when the other woman left her breast and pressed down on her shoulders, making her kneel once again.

She did protest when the Sidhe walked behind her and pushed her, making her go to her hands and knees.

Tatiana froze when she realized the position she was in and what would come after.

Part of her wanted her first time to be more dignified, but a moment later the Ice Queen's hand touched her sex, her wet and aching sex, and all complaints faded from her mind.

The Ice Queen kneeled behind Tatiana, and pushed the blonde's legs apart, spreading her, displaying the pink pussy held between her thighs. With her hands she traced the young woman's nether lips, coating them in wetness and rubbing Tatiana's clit.

Tatiana trembled with pleasure and then felt a finger pressing against her opening. It slid past her pink lips without difficulty, and the blonde moaned out loud.

The Ice Queen moved her finger in and out of the blonde, a second one joining in when she believed the young woman to be ready.

Tatiana suffered the older female's ministrations, feeling her cunt tightening around the fingers and trying to draw them in.

When she couldn't take it anymore she trembled and shook, and then begged, but the blue haired woman was cruel and the more Tatiana begged, the slower she moved, until the human queen started crying with need.

At long last, the Ice Queen had mercy and grabbed her cock, rubbing it over the other woman's nether lips, and then pressing it against Tatiana's clit.

When the blonde thought she would die from need the Ice Queen's cock pushed against her opening and entered. Tatiana squirmed as the first inches penetrated her, and moaned when the woman moved back.

During the next half a minute the Queen moved in and out of her, a bit deeper each time, letting Tatiana get used to her girth.

Tatiana didn't know what to do at the beginning, but soon got used to the Queen's thrusts, especially when the woman started playing with her clit, and she moved back against the queen.

They stilled when the pale cock reached too deep and hit Tatiana's hymen.

Tatiana knew from that moment on there would be no turning back, and that knowledge made her doubt.

The Ice Queen knew the blonde's thoughts, but she didn't care – the young woman had given herself to her and she would have her.

With one hand the blue haired woman rubbed the girl's clit, trying to get her to relax, while the other soothingly ran over Tatiana's buttocks and her lower back.

Tatiana relaxed and let lust consume her once again, and in that moment the Queen thrust forward, breaking her virgin barrier and claiming her.

Tatiana winced at the pain, a pain that continued during the next few thrusts the Queen made, but soon enough it went away, replaced by a renewed pleasure, and the blonde thrust back, screaming when the Queen's cock hit a more sensitive spot

inside of her.

The Ice Queen quirked an eyebrow when the blonde lurched, and repeated her thrust in the same exact way, realizing she had found one of Tatiana's weak spots.

The blonde screamed again, arching her back, feeling sweat running down between her breasts. She wouldn't be able to take it if the Queen continued.

The Ice Queen laughed, knowing just how good it felt to be touched in that magic place, and moved in and out of the girl, faster, shifting slightly so that she hit the spot with every thrust of her hips.

Tatiana moaned and howled, uncharacteristically loud in her pleasure, as the Ice Queen fucked her again and again. The pale cock that moved in and out of her pussy filled her completely, the Ice Queen sheathing herself to the hilt inside of Tatiana with every thrust.

It didn't take long for the blonde to feel her pleasure reach a peak, and she bit her lip, trying to be quiet, but as she felt her pussy tightening around the cool flesh entering her she couldn't resist and screamed out loud, her breasts heaving with her breath and sweat gathering at her small back.

The Ice Queen watched amused as the blonde came trembling, feeling the pressure on her cock increase. She didn't stop and kept thrusting, mounting the blonde into a state of perpetual pleasure.

She only moved out of Tatiana when the woman seemed to lose her strength and lay with her breasts on the ground. The Ice Queen made her turn and lay on the ground, and then moved once again between the blonde's thighs.

The Ice Queen actually preferred this position; she wanted the blonde to watch as her cock moved in and out of her pussy; to see the young queen's eyes filling with pleasure.

Tatiana didn't resist and soon enough the Ice Queen was moving in and out of her as fast as before, the blonde arching her back and offering her breasts to the blue haired Sidhe on top of her.

The older female took her offering willingly, her hands cupping the full breasts and gripping them tightly, while her hips thrust forward.

Tatiana moaned and looked at the Ice Queen with such need that the woman was touched and she leaned down, kissing the blonde, their tongues mingling. Their kiss lasted for enough time that the Queen felt her own orgasm come.

She parted her lips from those of the woman beneath her and screamed as her cock exploded inside the blonde, her seed seeping deep into Tatiana's womb.

Tatiana put her legs around the Ice Queen's body imprisoning the other woman against her, the blonde coming once more at the same time as the Sidhe.

They remained like that for a few moments, tired and spent, separating afterwards.

Tatiana turned her back on the other woman and rose from the ground, aching between her legs. She couldn't believe how she easily submitted to the Ice Queen.

Looking down she found her ruined clothes on the ground and groaned, she didn't want to ask the other woman for help, but she couldn't let Katya see her like that.

The Ice Queen touched her shoulder and she felt a sensation running up her body, like water falling on top of her. When she looked down she was clothed in a long blue dress.

She looked at the Queen and the woman replied with a smirk.

Tatiana turned her face away, blushing and infuriated at the ease with which the other woman discomfited her.

"So..." She started after a while.

The Ice Queen didn't look at her and turned away. "You may go," She said, with a gesture towards the door. "Take your sister and nieces with you."

"You aren't going to help?" Tatiana asked.

"Maud can take you where you need to go, I'm not needed."

Tatiana glared at her, but turned and left the room without another word.

She saw her sister as she stepped outside the room and froze. Katya looked at her and then at her clothes and Tatiana realized her sister knew what happened.

"What have you done?" Katya asked.

Tatiana heard the anger and fear in her sister's voice and tried to calm her before she did something she would regret.

"Katya..."

"What did she do to you?" Katya's voice was louder and she made to enter the room, but Tatiana blocked her.

"We made a deal." The blonde replied.

Katya froze and turned to look at her, panic in her eyes.

Tatiana bit her lip, but didn't look away. She wasn't proud of what she had done, but she would do it all over again to save Katya.

"You didn't..." Katya started her voice breaking. "Please tell you didn't."

Tatiana grabbed her sister's face, hard, almost hurting. "I did what I had to do in order to take you home."

Katya tried to speak but Tatiana put a hand to her mouth. "Please trust me and we'll talk later. Pick up your things, get Maud and Lea ready and we'll go home."

Katya's eyes widened then she smiled sadly. "She won't let me leave."

"Yes she will," Tatiana replied. "I made sure of it."

Katya looked from her sister to the door, hesitant. She had wished for so long to go home, but now that she could she didn't know if she should. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Katya sighed and looked down. Her sister's voice was so confident, so secure that she could do nothing else but what Tatiana wanted and so she turned around to get her daughters.

Tatiana watched her go for a few moments before she followed. She was safe, *they're* safe, and Katya was going home.

That was all that mattered.

Epilogue

The uproar that occurred when Tatiana returned with Katya and her children in tow was enormous.

Their cousins tried to discredit them, trying to once more take the crown from Tatiana's hands, especially when the blonde announced the Ice Queen would be her consort.

They failed when the Sidhe herself appeared, in a display of magical power that put fear in the hearts of the bravest men.

That was enough to convince some of the most neutral nobles to side with Tatiana; they realized the power the Ice Queen realized and how it could be used for the betterment of their country.

Problems didn't disappear from one day to the other, but with some concessions to her enemies Tatiana kept the peace and, with time, the kingdom became as strong as it ever was.

Katya and Tatiana needed several weeks to learn to live as sisters once again, but slowly they got used to one another and spent most their days talking, or playing with the little ones.

Maud and Lea themselves were adored by everyone who saw them, much like their mother and aunt were when they were younger.

The months went by and Tatiana became pregnant, followed by Katya who realized she was waiting her third child.

There was some awkwardness between them because of that; they had never talked much about the Ice Queen, both of them not mentioning anything about their lover to the other.

When she came, the Sidhe would spend some nights with Tatiana, others with Katya, but the sisters never talked about it.

Eventually the sisters got over their awkwardness and they started speaking about the Ice Queen, and they ended up giggling atop Tatiana's bed, speaking about the nights they spent with the woman.

They couldn't say they loved her, but she was a good match for them, and it allowed them to be much freer than if they simply married for duty.

The years went on and the kingdom grew strong under Tatiana's rule.

Both sisters had several children, all of them blue haired as the one who fathered them. Tatiana complained about it sometimes, she wanted to have a child that was blonde like her, but it never happened.

Katya and Tatiana lived long, happy lives and they died of old age, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, one sister dying a few months after the other.

The Ice Queen left the mortal realm soon after they were buried.

They would all go down in history as the progenitors of the most powerful line of rulers there ever was, fulfilling the Ice Queen's dream of forever being remembered.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



QUEEN ARTHUR

Queen Arthur
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #6)

By
Julie Law

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Queen Arthur

Prologue

A sword laid embedded in the rock, its hilt and the beginning of the blade the only parts visible, yet that was enough to show its sheer beauty.

The grip was made of black stone-like substance, uniform and smooth. Silver adorned the pommel and the cross-guard while golden lettering could be seen all over the sword – letters of a kind that most of those gathered around the stone had never seen before.

Of those men only Merlin, wisest of all wizards, could read those golden words, but he wasn't preoccupied with their content, already knowing what the words said. He was too worried about other matters.

Part of him felt like scoffing.

He was surrounded by kings, nobles and princes, yet he felt like he was surrounded by children, kids who were constantly provoking each other.

He was worried about what would happen to his country if one of them took the sword from the stone.

A war was likely, but Merlin supposed he could do nothing about it. Not at this point. His only comfort was that – behaving like that – none of these men would be the chosen one.

He shouldn't have obliged the request of the Lady of the Lake.

He should have ignored the fae woman and thrown the sword into the lake the moment he understood what it was, but he had been awed by the possibilities the Lady had dangled in front of him.

A United Kingdom, the Isle of Britain reunited under the leadership of a single king, ending the strife of brother against brother that had been going on for centuries.

Merlin shook his head.

It was folly.

The men around him wouldn't bow down to just anyone – simply taking Excalibur from the stone wouldn't be enough to convince them, no matter how powerful it was ... and Excalibur *was* powerful, exceedingly so.

Merlin could feel its magic from several feet away, a golden pool of pure energy that would be capable of destroying anything in its path.

The wizard turned his back on the stone and walked away, needing to be alone for some moments.

At first he had hoped one of the wisest kings would take the sword, pry it from the stone and wield it – it would be easier for the others to fall in line if the prophesized ruler was already powerful or respected.

In that case, Merlin's backup and Excalibur would make sure a new regime would swiftly follow, but it was not to be.

Not even Uther – who Merlin grudgingly admitted as the wisest king in the isle – succeeded in taking the sword from the stone.

Tensions increased when the last of the British rulers tried to lift Excalibur and failed. Those without heirs turned their backs on their counterparts and left the gathering, muttering behind their backs, calling Merlin a charlatan.

They were afraid of what was to come.

Others remained, waiting for their allies and retainers to have a try, hoping the wielder of Excalibur featured amongst their ranks.

As time passed more and more men left the scene, until only the most powerful and cunning remained – those that understood that only by being in the thick of things would they be able to affect the outcome.

Merlin worried.

He could vividly remember the words from the Lady of the Lake, words he made his own when he convinced the kings of Britain to gather here.

Whoever pulls the sword from the stone is the rightful King of the Britons.

The wizard sighed.

He felt old and, for a moment, he wanted to give up, leave these men alone and rest, but then he heard it – the sound of laughs and mocking. He turned around and saw a child approach the stone under the scrutiny of those gathered.

Merlin couldn't figure out much about the child from afar, seeing only the lad's long golden hair matted with dirt ... and yet there was something child's pose, some inherent confidence that made Merlin pay attention to him.

Some of the others must have seen it too – no one stopped the child from reaching forward and putting a hand on Excalibur's hilt.

The hand tightened around the sword and pulled, the blade becoming visible in its entirety, leaving those gathered speechless.

The child thrust the sword upwards and Excalibur shone gold, so bright the men gathered had to close their eyes. They fell to their knees, knowing they had found their king.

The light washed over them and they opened their eyes, their sight fixed on the figure holding Excalibur. And yet, despite all that attention, only two men realized a truth about their new leader.

Merlin exchanged a look with King Uther, and the other man nodded.

They're new king – the prophesized ruler of Britain – was a girl.

Chapter 1

Morgana hated Arthur.

She had always hated the other woman, ever since they were children and Morgana's father – Uther Pendragon – told her Arthur would one day be her husband and become the King of all Britain.

The then eleven years old Morgana had turned to her father and asked, confused, about how two girls could marry each other.

Her father had exchanged a look with Merlin and then they whisked her away; imprisoning Morgana in her quarters until they told her what had happened and made sure she understood her role in the events to come.

At first she screamed and refused them, but as the weeks went by and Uther didn't relent, she surrendered and accepted her fate. Her betrothal was announced that same day and her hate became set in stone.

Few knew that Arthur was a girl.

The older girl was an extremely androgynous child and Uther lied about it, knowing a female ruler wouldn't be well accepted. He went as far as making his daughter Arthur's bride so that there could be no doubt.

Merlin strengthened that deception with his spells, masking Arthur's true figure – all for the good of Britain.

Those spells hadn't been powerful enough to fool Morgana who had some innate magic of her own. She had seen right through them the first time she saw Arthur.

Merlin told her afterwards that she had the potential to become a powerful witch or sorceress and, for some moments, Morgana dreamt she would be able to use those arcane powers, learn enough magic that she wouldn't have to obey her father and marry Arthur.

Her hopes were dashed the moment her father refused to consider the matter, forbidding the wise wizard from teaching her.

Uther knew her well, knew what she would do if she could.

Morgana hated her father for it.

Uther was ready to sacrifice everything – his lineage, his kingdom and his *daughter* – for the dream of a United Britain, something he believed only Arthur could provide.

A marriage between Arthur and Morgana would be one more layer to the deception Uther and Merlin had weaved, a way to both legitimate Arthur as the

ruler of Camelot and strengthen the blonde's position.

The only one that would suffer for it would be Morgana, who would be forced into a marriage where she would be left loveless and childless, unable to continue the Pendragon line and living a lie for the rest of her life.

It might have worked out if not for Arthur's enemies.

Arthur's reveal as the chosen one had given her lots of enemies, especially from those that would lose the most with her new kingdom. Petty kings and nobles figured extensively in that list, and not even Camelot's protection was enough to dissuade them from trying to attack Arthur.

There were several attempts on the blonde's life during years, usually foiled by Merlin or by Excalibur's power, and as time went on they became scarcer, less frequent due to Camelot's increased power and Arthur's soaring popularity.

Those enemies decided to wait for the right moment to strike a decisive blow – they waited for the day of Morgana's marriage to the blonde.

It was an attack that was doomed from the start.

Merlin was too powerful, as was Arthur when she wielded Excalibur, and Camelot had gained too many allies during the years. The fighting was quick and decisive, yet it acted as a distraction and allowed Morgana to escape from the city, leaving behind the life she had ever known.

She had been eighteen years old.

It didn't take long for her to realize she wouldn't be able to survive on her own, but she tried anyway, knowing that at any moment her father's men might find her and drag her back.

She felt free like when she had been a child; she had no worries, she had no destined fate – she could live her own life.

It didn't last and in the end she was captured as she had feared – not by her father – but by Nimue, one of Merlin's most dangerous enemies.

When Morgana met Nimue she had been both terrified and intrigued.

The woman was powerful and above all she was willing to teach Morgana, show her how the world worked and what she could do with magic, but there was always a price to pay for Nimue's mercies.

Where Morgana was concerned that price was, most often than not, paid between the witch's bed sheets, the princess having to surrender her body and spirit to Nimue's ministrations.

The times when Nimue requested another payment were worse.

Nimue was a sadist – someone who took pleasure in the pain and humiliation of others – and Morgana learned soon enough she preferred the humiliation of being

the woman's whore than of being her victim.

Morgan spent three years in Nimue's company. Sometimes she couldn't help but feel it was ironic in a way; she had fled from her home to be free of a marriage to a woman and ended in a worse situation, in the clutches of a far scarier female, someone much more interested in her body than Arthur had been.

It made Morgana hate even more, yet her hate wasn't directed at Nimue – it was directed at her father, at Merlin and at Arthur. It was their fault she was there, because they wouldn't let her be free.

At least Nimue had made her powerful.

Eventually Merlin caught up to Nimue and the woman was killed. Morgana was forced to flee once again, but now she was powerful enough to live and thrive on her own.

She managed to escape Arthur's reach for another two years, but eventually Camelot caught up to her.

Morgana shook her head, her curly black hair swaying from side to side, hearing the sound of the Arthur's knights storming her fortress. She couldn't think about the past, not when she needed to get moving.

Quickly, she grabbed her grimoire and a few other items from her study and moved, running towards her room, while armored men climbed the stairs towards her position.

"Wait, stop in the name of the king." Someone shouted, but she ignored him, running even faster.

Whoever ordered her to stop cursed and followed.

Morgana entered her room and closed the door, casting a spell in it afterwards. The wooden door flashed blue for a moment and it didn't budge when someone crashed against it a few moments later.

Morgana sighed and gathered her clothes, moving as fast as she could. She wasn't as powerful as Merlin and, if the wizard was amongst the attackers, she needed to escape before he reached her.

She put all the items she had collected in a burlap sack, careful not to joggle them too hard, before she started to cast the spell that would transport her out of the fortress. It wasn't easy – it was a very hard spell and it took time– but she believed she would be able to finish it before her attackers broke in.

A moment later she was proved wrong as the door splintered into little twigs of wood.

Morgana blinked in startlement as she saw who had done it, her spell wavering for some moments before she managed to retain control of it.

Arthur lowered Excalibur and focused on Morgana, seeing her former fiancée for the first time in years.

"It's over Morgana." She said after a few moments.

Morgana blinked again, still surprised, but shook her head. "No it isn't. What are you doing here Arthur?"

Behind the blonde king, Morgana could see Camelot's soldiers move hesitantly from side to side, unsure if they could protect Arthur from Morgana.

The dark haired woman shook her head.

She hated Arthur, but she only wanted to be left alone – she knew she would never have peace again if she harmed Camelot's king.

Focusing on Arthur herself, Morgana realized the blonde woman had changed over the years.

There was still an aura around her that indicated that Merlin's spells were active, hiding her true face and figure, but that figure wasn't as androgynous as it once had been.

Arthur was clearly more feminine now, her cheeks rounder and her lips fuller. She was actually quite fetching.

Morgana shook her head again.

Nimue had made her notice the beauty women had, maybe even appreciate it, but she would not think that way about Arthur, she wouldn't sink that low.

"I'm taking you back." Arthur replied, voice solemn. "You're going back home."

Morgana simply raised an eyebrow. "Camelot hasn't been my home in a long time; I think I'll pass on your invitation."

Arthur took a step forward and Morgana one backwards, making the blonde stop in her tracks, sighing.

"You need to return."

"Why?" Morgana replied sarcastically. "Last I've heard you have a wife, so you don't need to marry me – I don't get why you're still pursuing me. I want nothing to do with you or your kingdom."

"You followed Nimue for years, a sworn enemy of Camelot." Arthur pointed out. "Some could say you haven't paid for that and demand your incarceration."

Morgana's lips tightened in her fury. "It's not like I had a lot of choice where Nimue was concerned."

"Perhaps you're right." Arthur conceded with a nod. "But you've learned from her, you gained powers that make most men afraid. People have to know they can trust

you. Come with us.”

“I will not.” Morgana said rigidly. “I’ll fight you if I have too.”

Not that she could defeat Arthur.

Excalibur protected the blonde from all hostile magic. Morgana would never be able to affect the other woman with her spells.

Arthur sighed and looked away from her for a moment. “You have to come.” She said.

“Why?” Morgana hissed. “Why should I, when I only want to be free of you? I won’t attack you or yours, if that is what makes you afraid.”

Arthur’s reply was barely more than a whisper, but Morgana could still hear it clearly as if it was a shout.

“It was your father’s last wish.”

The dark haired woman blinked, trying to process the words for a few moments. Her mouth opened and closed twice without a sound, her heart thundering in her chest.

Arthur’s arms closed around her and Morgana startled, only then realizing she had been hyperventilating. She could only think about the blonde’s words repeating themselves in her mind.

It couldn’t be; her father couldn’t be dead.

“You’re lying.” She accused, looking at Arthur.

Arthur’s eyes were sad and full of pity, her hold on Morgana increasing, becoming tighter, almost comforting.

Morgana couldn’t take it. She shook herself from Arthur’s embrace and pushed the other woman. “You’re lying.” She repeated.

“I’m sorry.” Arthur replied.

Morgana turned away from the blonde and leaned against the wall. She needed to breathe and think, to hide herself from the world and not face the fact her father was dead.

Her relationship with Uther had always been fraught with difficulties. Her mother had died when she was still a baby and Uther was not a gentle man, too worried about his kingdom and his subjects to pay more than a smidge of attention to his daughter.

Morgana had still loved him and hearing he died hurt, especially after years without contact.

Arthur poised a hand on Morgana's shoulder and suddenly the dark haired woman could think clearly, her anger for the blonde king clearing her thoughts.

She shrugged, releasing herself from Arthur's touch. "You tell me my father is dead and you hope that will make me return? That just makes it even more unlikely."

Arthur sighed and breathed deeply. "At this point I don't really care about what you want."

The bluntness made Morgana's eyes widen and she stepped back from Arthur, surprised.

The blonde was always courteous, even to her enemies – it wasn't like Arthur to act so directly, without taking into consideration the wants of others.

"I'm going to do what your father wanted and keep you safe in Camelot." Arthur continued. "You need to see his grave and pay your respects, at the very least."

Morgana felt her anger starting to simmer – she hated being told what to do, and for Arthur to do it again made it unbearable.

The first flash of magic, as a small fireball impacted against the blonde's chest, made everyone stop and stare, silence reigning for some moments.

The attack didn't harm Arthur, her armor unblemished, one of the perks Excalibur granted her, making her immune to hostile magic, but it made the two knights behind the blonde tighten their holds on their swords and, far more importantly to Morgana, it made Arthur frown, lips drawn tight in distaste.

"You're just like him and Merlin." Morgana hissed at the blonde. "You're always trying to command me, always giving orders."

Arthur didn't like that; Morgana could see how her blue eyes got cold, and the way the blonde breathed before replying.

"Unfortunately, you behave like a child, so I have to command you as one." Arthur spoke back, her voice apparently serene.

Morgana knew better – the calmer Arthur appeared, the angrier she was.

"And what misbehavior have I engaged in exactly?"

"Do you really need me to answer that?" Arthur's eyebrow rose steadily as she replied with a question.

Morgana smiled, but it wasn't a warm smile. "I think it would be best, seeing as the last time we interacted personally was on the day I fled from our wedding. Or is all of this because of that?"

Arthur glared, but Morgana didn't give her a choice to reply.

"I thought you had a new wife now, no reason for you to be after me."

Arthur shook her head and smiled tightly. "I'm afraid I'll have to dash your hopes Morgana, but that's not why I'm here. Maybe one day you'll tell me why you fled, but now I just want to take you home."

The blonde moved forward, intent on grabbing the other woman. Morgana panicked and attacked again, but her spells were repelled by the power of Excalibur.

Arthur grabbed the witch's arm and didn't let go, disrupting the transportation spell Morgana had been preparing to flee.

The dark haired woman pulled with all her strength, trying to get free, but failed. "Release me." She said, cursing under her breath when she wasn't obeyed.

Morgana got angry and struggled.

She was afraid; she didn't want to go back to Camelot, to be a prisoner once again, but she couldn't escape Arthur – and that made her hate the blonde even more.

She wanted to hurt Arthur as much as she could, but Excalibur would protect her from any kind of offensive magic ... and as she pondered on that, Morgana had what she considered a brilliant idea.

Without warning she reached forward and kissed Arthur on the lips, seeing as the blonde's eyes widened, a blush adorning her cheeks.

Morgana cast a spell, one which wasn't designed to hurt anyone, couldn't be considered offensive in any way.

Arthur noticed it – she was too used to deal with magic not to realize what happened – but by then it was too late. The blonde pushed Morgana away and used a hand to wipe her face.

"What did you do?" Arthur asked, her voice laden with surprise.

Morgana smiled and it wasn't nice. "You'll see."

"Morgana ..."

The dark haired woman laughed, loudly and amused. "You wanted me to go to Camelot, didn't you? I'll go – I wouldn't lose what's going to happen for anything in the world."

Chapter 2

Morgana sighed and looked at her cell's ceiling, bored out of her mind.

She hadn't had a chance to escape since she had been captured – Arthur used some kind of magic-inhibiting amulet that Merlin had given her to neutralize Morgana's powers. The former princess looked down at the small bracelet around her wrist with distaste.

Not that Morgana would want to leave so soon, not after she did to little Arthur. She wanted to see the blonde's face first ... and she was sure it wouldn't take long for it to happen – by now her surprise should have already appeared.

She looked out of the window, seeing the sun starting to appear on the horizon.

Sunrise.

It didn't take long for the sound of hurried steps to confirm her earlier thoughts. She had no doubt it was Arthur.

"Morgana." The blonde screamed from outside her door, making the dark haired woman smiled widely. A moment later the cell's door opened and Camelot's king faced her.

"Sleep well?" Morgana asked before the other woman could say anything.

Arthur glared but didn't reply, gesturing for her guards to leave them alone. The two men hesitated before obeying, worried for their king.

The dark haired woman snorted – as if they would be able to do anything if it came to a fight between her and Arthur.

"Undo it." Arthur demanded.

"Undo what?" Morgana asked, her smirk making it obvious she knew what the other woman was talking about.

"The spell you've cast." Arthur snapped. "Your pranks haven't gotten any better since you were a child."

Morgana laughed until tears threatened to escape from her eyes. "I would say my pranks have gotten better, I've never seen you this angry before. I suppose magic makes things easier."

Arthur made to move forward but stopped, remembering what had happened the last time she got near Morgana.

The dark haired witch saw her hesitation and laughed again.

"Undo it." Arthur ordered again.

Morgana shook her new bracelet in Arthur's face. "I can't do magic right one, remember? You'll have to take it off."

Arthur shook her head. "There is always a way to undo an enchantment without magic, tell me how."

"Why should I?" Morgana questioned, brow arched.

Arthur remained silent and Morgana smiled coldly, for once cherishing the power she had over the other woman.

"I'll tell you," Morgana said at last, once Arthur stopped squirming. "The way to get rid of your new appendage ... is to use it."

Arthur looked horrified and Morgana laughed again.

"Why are you so surprised?" She continued once she realized the blonde wouldn't say anything. "Or is it afraid? I don't know why you're so worried – you have a wife. Go to her and give her a good tumble, she might even enjoy the changes."

Arthur opened her mouth and closed it, looking away from the dark haired woman.

Morgana frowned at the blonde's reaction, before her eyes widened in realization. Her voice, when it came, was mirthful and a smirk tugged at her lips. "Don't tell me you've never ..."

When Arthur blushed, Morgana knew she was right.

She laughed. She couldn't help it – it was just too funny.

Arthur looked away and didn't say anything, letting Morgana's amusement fade.

"This is too good to be true." The witch said at last.

"I don't find this amusing in anyway." Arthur replied through gritted teeth.

Morgana shrugged. "I do, especially the fact you haven't touched your wife since your marriage. What's her name? Guinevere?"

Arthur nodded.

Morgana's smile petered off. "Does she even know you're a woman?"

Arthur looked offended. "Of course, do you really think I would have married someone without telling them the truth? Do you really think so little of me?"

"You didn't care for the fact I didn't want to marry you." Morgana said in reply.

"Why would you care for what your new wife wanted or knew?"

"Morgana..." Arthur started, taking a couple of steps towards the former princess before she stopped. "I never knew you didn't want to marry me – I never realized Uther forced you into it before you escaped."

"But you wanted to marry me?" Morgana asked with her eyebrow arched.

"Not particularly, but I understood your father's point, the need to present me as a strong ruler and how the deception we weaved helped that. If I had to marry a woman I would have chosen you, because I thought you were my friend and I cared for you."

Morgana looked away. "I never liked you."

Arthur took a step back, surprised and hurt.

Morgana felt a shadow of guilt for her words and tried to justify herself. "You appeared from nowhere and I became a prisoner in my own home. You were going to marry me, inherit my father's kingdom, become the King of all Britain and I was supposed to be at your side, knowing you were a woman and that you would never love me, never give a child. We would never be a real family."

"Morgana..." Arthur started, but the dark haired woman raised her hand and stopped her.

"My father started being cold to me, forbidding me from learning magic when that was one of the only good things that came from meeting you. The only person I saw flourishing during those years was you; people did everything they could to be in your good graces and girls I had known all my life would only tell I was so lucky to be your bride. I hated you for all of that."

"It wasn't on purpose; I never did anything for these people to treat me as they did."

Morgana eyed Arthur. "Yes you did, you took up Excalibur when no one else could."

Arthur shook her head. "Not on purpose. I was on a daze during that day, as if in a dream. I only realized what happened after I took it from the stone."

"But it happened and I lost everything."

"I've never meant for you to be hurt." Arthur said gently, walking towards Morgana.

The former princess sighed and looked away. "I know."

The two of them remained in silence for some time before Morgana sighed again and turned to Arthur. "Come here, I'm going to undo the spell."

Arthur nodded and moved until she stood in front of Morgana.

The witch reached forward and kissed her on the mouth, startling Arthur with her warm lips.

Arthur leaned back, confused. "What are you doing?"

Morgana smirked. "Didn't I tell you? You have to use it for it to go away, or do you want to free my magic?"

"This is not a joking manner Morgana." Arthur said.

"I'm not joking." Morgana replied, before she started to undo the laces that kept her gown fastened to her figure.

Arthur remained silent and let Morgana work on her clothes, her eyes never leaving the witch's figure. When the dark haired woman finished, she pushed the cloth down her body and stepped out of it.

Arthur gasped when she saw Morgana in her underclothes and again when the former princess unlaced those and bared her breasts to the blonde.

Morgana smiled at Arthur's reaction, liking the blonde's flustered twitching. "Don't look away." She said when Arthur did just that. "I want you to see me."

Arthur sneaked a peek but looked away. "This isn't proper."

Morgana smirked as Arthur shifted nervously on her feet. "Feeling something are we? Maybe there's something hard between your legs?"

Arthur glared at her and down at her chest before looking away.

Morgana laughed out loud. She knew she was a beautiful woman, fit and with curves in all the right places. Her breasts were both large and pert; something she knew incited most men and quite a few females.

Arthur wasn't immune to them.

Morgana moved forward, stopping in front of Arthur before she reached down and grabbed the other woman's hands, moving them to her breasts.

Arthur gasped.

"I've lied to you before." Morgana said, not letting Arthur take her hands away, making the blonde touch her as she so obviously wanted.

"What do you mean?" The king of Camelot asked, voice rough. She looked into Morgana's blue eyes and tried to ignore what her hands were touching.

"You don't need to just use what I gave you." Morgana leaned forward and whispered at Arthur's ear. "It needs to be with the one who cast the spell. I wanted to see your face after you've fucked your wife with your new cock and it didn't vanish."

"We can't do this." Arthur said, looking at Morgana's eyes. "I can't do this to you; treat you like some kind of harlot."

Morgana smiled sadly for a moment. "That ship has sailed a long time ago, my king. How do you think I learnt that spell?"

"Nimue." Arthur growled. "What did she do to you?"

Morgana poised her hand against Arthur's face, carefully caressing it. "Nimue taught me many things, some of them because I asked; others because she demanded payment. What matters is that I know these things."

One of her hands slid down Arthur's body and pressed against the blonde's groin.

Arthur gasped.

"And I know what I want to happen next." The dark haired witch finished.

They eyed each other before Morgana leaned forward and kissed Arthur. Their soft lips pressed against each other and their tongues warred.

Arthur couldn't help but put her hands against Morgana's back, pulling the other woman against her, pressing their bodies together. She could feel Morgana's breasts against her doublet and moaned, thinking about the feel of them on her hands.

Morgana herself wasn't better.

She felt a fire in her heart like she hadn't in a long time. Part of her was surprised she could feel something like this for Arthur, but one of Nimue's sayings came to her mind – that hate and love were two sides of the same coin.

The rest of Morgana's underclothes didn't remain on her body for long, leaving her naked under Arthur's watchful gaze.

After, it was Arthur's turn to be disrobed, and Morgana took great pleasure in baring the blonde's body.

It was slow and their mouths were never apart from each other's for long.

Once Arthur's chest was uncovered, Morgana leaned forward and pressed her breasts against the blonde's.

Arthur moaned and kissed her harder, her hands tightening around Morgana. After a minute they separated, lips swollen with passion.

Morgana looked into Arthur's eyes and for one moment she was lost in them, before she smiled and gave Arthur's lips a kiss. Then she glided down the blonde's body, until she kneeled before the king of Camelot.

"What are you doing?" Arthur asked, hesitantly. She wanted to pull Morgana up and kiss her again, feel her against her body.

Morgana smiled and reached for Arthur's trousers, unbuttoning them.

Arthur swallowed but let her do it, watching as Morgana relieved her of her pants and then her underpants. Her new cock – the fruit of Morgana's spell – jumped to attention, almost hitting the dark haired witch on the face.

The former princess laughed and grabbed the cock with her hand, her grip tight. She started stroking it, slowly, moving her hand up and down.

Arthur closed her eyes and resisted the urge to moan.

Morgana pumped her hand a few times, watching Arthur's reaction before she leaned forward and kissed the reddened tip of the king's cock.

The blonde's eyes flared open and she looked startled at the kneeling witch, her hands clenching with the need to grab Morgana's face and thrust into her mouth.

The other woman saw the look and smirked, letting her tongue taste Arthur's prick.

She swirled her tongue around the cock's head, slowly, feeling it getting even harder. Morgana could taste Arthur's pre-cum and made sure to communicate her enjoyment of it by moaning loudly, until she saw the blonde's legs shake.

Arthur poised her hands on Morgana's head, stopping her in place for a few moments. "Morgana..." She started, but the other woman started moving again and she got quiet.

The former princess took Arthur's prick into her mouth and let her lust take the better of her. She started sucking with abandon, her mouth greedy, her lips wrapped tight around the warm flesh and all sense of decorum lost.

Arthur could only moan and move her hips forward, thrusting into the witch's mouth.

The dark haired woman let her, using her hands to study Arthur's body.

The magic cock had displaced Arthur's clit, the little nub moving to the base of the new appendage. That was where Morgana focused her attentions now.

The former princess touched the bundle of nerves, one finger pressing hard against it. Arthur shouted her pleasure out loud and her motions became more frantic.

Morgana smiled and slowed the pace of her bobbing head, wanting to prolong the blonde's pleasure for as long as she could. At the same time, she let one finger glide down until it touched Arthur's opening, coating it in the blonde's wetness before she pushed against her slit.

Arthur clenched her pussy as she felt Morgana's finger probing her, not knowing how to react. In the end it didn't matter – Morgana didn't give her a choice. The witch's finger glided in easily and then she hooked it inside Arthur's flesh and pulled back.

Arthur came, wetness gushing from her pussy and cock spilling its seed into Morgana's willing mouth.

The witch moaned as she tasted Arthur's cum and swallowed, head bobbing faster than before, trying to milk the warm cock in her mouth before it disappeared.

Arthur didn't know how she remained standing throughout her orgasm. She knew her hands on Morgana's head helped, but even then it was a struggle.

She could feel the witch's mouth working on her, seemingly trying to drink her and she could feel something else, a strange feeling that she latter realized was her prick becoming smaller and smaller as it unraveled, until it was too small and Morgana couldn't keep it in her mouth.

Arthur shuddered and moved back, her body returned to normal, but her mind addled with the pleasure she had felt.

She looked at Morgana and saw a small patch of white on the corner of the witch's mouth, but Morgana's tongue licked it away. Arthur moaned as she realized that had been some seed from her spelled cock.

The blonde had to lean back against the wall, her eyes fixed on Morgana.

"Enjoyed your first orgasm?" Morgana asked, smirking as her hands moved to her chest and she started playing with herself.

Arthur became distracted with the sight for a few moments before she replied. "I shouldn't have done that."

Morgana smiled. "Why not; we both wanted it and enjoyed it. What harm is there in it?"

"You're a lady." Arthur said straightening, resisting the urge to cover herself. "And I'm married."

Morgana's smirk, when it came, was distinguishably devious. "There are some many things I could tell you about your marriage, but I'll refrain for now. You're a king, Arthur, no one will stop you from having a mistress, and no one will think it strange. Every other king does it."

Arthur didn't look convinced and Morgana sighed, before she got up and moved towards the blonde.

She smiled when she noticed Arthur's eyes looking down at her breasts. The other woman didn't resist when she pressed herself against her body.

Morgana kissed Arthur's throat, her arms surrounding the blonde and hugging her. When she spoke she did so by murmuring at Arthur's ear, her voice edged with her lust. "You're the king, behave as it and take what you want."

Arthur resisted for some moments before she gave in and kissed Morgana, her hands cupping the dark haired woman's buttocks and pressing them tighter together.

Morgana grinned into the kiss, before she gestured for the small cot where she slept the night. They moved towards it and Morgana made Arthur lie down, before she climbed atop the blonde.

Arthur swallowed as Morgana straddled her, the witch's breasts bared to her sight. She resisted the temptation to reach out and grab them, but Morgana knew her better than that and picked her hands, putting them against her mounds.

The former princess moaned at the touch and let her own hands reach down and caress Arthur's breasts, startling the blonde with the motion. She smiled down at the King of Camelot and then kissed her, her mouth dominating Arthur's without difficulty.

The blonde let her, enjoying the witch's motion too much to care.

After a moment's pause Morgana started gliding down her body, and Arthur swallowed, not quite knowing what the other woman was going to do – but knowing she was going to enjoy it.

Morgana paused with her mouth above Arthur's core, looking right at the blonde's eyes. She smirked, leaned down and licked Arthur's slit from bottom to top in one wet swipe of her tongue, making the blonde shudder in pleasure.

Arthur couldn't resist.

She moaned as the former princess licked her, the other woman's tongue entering her and tasting, while fingers teased her clit and nether lips.

She put her hands on Morgana's head, pushing the woman down. She wanted to come, to feel the same pleasure she had felt when Morgana's mouth had brought her to orgasm a few minutes before.

Morgana knew it and let the pressure build, reaching down and letting her tongue enter Arthur as far as it could, until she felt like she could taste Arthur's pleasure. Then she withdrew, slowly, hearing Arthur's moans of complaint.

"Don't worry." She said, meeting Arthur's eyes. She shook the bracelet Arthur put on her pulse the day before, the one that blocked her powers. "Take it off; I want to spell you again."

Even through the maze of pleasure Morgana had put her in, Arthur hesitated, but then she grabbed the bracelet and took it off.

For one moment Morgana felt like the most powerful person in the world. Arthur didn't have Excalibur with her and Morgana had her full powers back; the King of Camelot was at her complete mercy.

She smirked and moved up Arthur's body, until she stood face to face with the blonde. Then she kissed her, spelling her again.

The two of them watched as Arthur slowly grew a cock once again, the appendage standing tall and erect.

Morgana smirked at the woman beneath her and then passed one of her legs over Arthur's body, positioning herself so that her sex was above the hard prick.

Arthur looked at Morgana's eyes, simply watching as the dark haired witch let herself slowly move down. She moaned when Morgana's nether lips touched the head of her cock.

The former princess grabbed Arthur's member and steadied it, before she let herself sink down, feeling great pleasure as the hard flesh passed through her nether lips and entered her.

Bit by bit, Arthur's prick advanced through her depths, until she felt her inner thighs hitting the blonde's body.

Morgana moaned, almost pained.

This cock was bigger than the one she had spelled before, almost too big, yet Morgana loved it anyway and her eyes fluttered close as she started to move up and down.

Arthur moaned as Morgana started riding her, seeing her cock disappear into the witch's body and reappear when the dark haired woman moved.

Once she got used to the sensations she reached up and grabbed Morgana's waist, steadying their bodies, making their motions faster and more controlled.

Morgana would move up until only the tip of Arthur's prick remained inside of her and then she would sink down, filling her cunt once again.

Sweat adorned their bodies and moans escaped from their mouths. Morgana grabbed her breasts and crushed them together, trying to feel one more smitten of pleasure, something that made it possibly for her to reach that peak and orgasm.

Soon enough Morgana started to feel it, as Arthur started to thrust her hips against her, fucking her with all her strength.

They came at the same time, Morgana's pussy tightening painfully around Arthur's appendage and the blonde moaning as she was engulfed by Morgana's warmth. Arthur's cock exploded, releasing its seed inside the dark haired woman.

The two of them laid against one another afterwards, their breasts pressed together, Morgana's mouth close to Arthur's throat. They stayed still for the most part, enjoying their afterglow.

Eventually Morgana started kissing Arthur, starting with a peck on the lips and moving to kiss the woman's throat and collarbone, making the blonde moan in pleasure.

Morgana felt sore, her pussy raw from Arthur's thrusts, but she didn't care about it – she wanted to keep kissing the woman beneath her, to take her in her arms and *own* her.

Arthur kissed her back, putting her arms around Morgana and pressing their bodies together, until the dark haired witch settled back, once again, on her place atop Arthur's body.

"Did you like it?" Morgana asked her tone mischievous.

Arthur laughed – something she hadn't done in a long time. She looked at Morgana's eyes, her joy shining through. "Yes, I've never felt something so

amazing.”

“Good.” Morgana said, before she settled her head atop Arthur’s chest, looking so much like a bedraggled cat that Arthur laughed again.

Arthur stayed like that until the sun was shining on her face. She tried to move but Morgana’s dead weight didn’t let her.

When she focused on the other woman’s face she realized Morgana was sleeping and after some thought she decided to let her and remained like that.

People would speak, once it was known that she had spent the morning with Morgana, and she wouldn’t fool herself – people would find out, especially seeing as the two of them were startling loud.

But right then, in that moment, Arthur didn’t care and she left herself fall asleep with her lover’s body atop of her.

Chapter 3

Morgana couldn't help but think it was amusing how someone's life could change so quickly.

In less than a month she went from being a wanted criminal, a dangerous sorceress ruthlessly pursued by the Kingdom of Camelot, to the mistress of the king of said kingdom and being treated like a queen.

Citizens nodded their heads at her wherever she went; she had two knights always accompanying her, serving as her guides and bodyguards.

People respected her.

Or at least they feared her enough it seemed like it – both for her magic and her proximity to Arthur.

Her relationship with the blonde had turned out to be different from what Morgana might have thought. She believed Arthur would regret what she had done and try to end their affair, but the blonde surprised her and acknowledged her publicly.

Everyone on Camelot knew Morgana was their king's mistress.

The dark haired witch sighed as she looked around.

She was standing in one of Camelot's gardens, a place of savage beauty with flowers and fruit trees all around her, her guards standing some distance away, letting her gaze around one of her preferred places as a child.

She missed Arthur.

It was ironic in a way; they had been together that same morning, but Morgana missed her all the same. She was starting to realize she felt more than just lust for the blonde.

Morgana had to resign herself to seat down and wait for Arthur to come to her; she didn't know anyone she could call her friend in the city – it was lonely in a way, but then that was the life she chose.

A commotion some time later forced to pay attention to her surroundings, and Morgana watched as a dark haired woman, dressed in an impressive golden dress passed by her guards without a glance, leaving her own attendants with them.

Morgana smirked.

It seemed that after some weeks, Arthur's wife had finally decided to confront her.

Guinevere stopped a few feet away from Morgana and glared at the witch.

The other woman replied by letting her gaze take in Guinevere's figure, eyes slowly roving over the queen's body.

Guinevere was beautiful, with long dark curly hair and a pale complexion. Her lips were ruby red and her eyes green, her figure fit and curvaceous.

Morgana figured Arthur's wife was about her age and once she really focused on it, she realized that wasn't where their similarities ended – the two of them could almost be mistaken for sisters; their faces had similar cuts to it, only their eyes and forms were different.

The witch prided herself in the fact she was taller than Guinevere.

When the silence stretched between them, she smirked. "Is there something I can do for you, my queen?"

Guinevere's mouth tightened. "You can leave my husband alone, sorceress."

Morgana laughed. "You must be mistaken, my lady, Arthur is the one who comes to me, not the opposite."

The witch could see Guinevere clenching her fists and resisted the urge to gloat. Arthur's wife couldn't harm her in anyway and it might be fun to play with her, or at least it was certainly better than being bored out of her mind.

"She only goes to you because you did something to her, somehow enchanted her with your powers." The queen of Camelot said, her tone calmer than her words would suggest. "Undo it, or when Merlin returns he will destroy you."

Morgana's answering smirk was cruel. "I didn't have to use my magic to seduce Arthur. She was quite willing to play with me once I showed her I wanted to; almost as if she had never done that before."

Guinevere reddened, anger coloring her face.

"I wonder why that was." Morgana continued, knowing she had the other woman on the ropes. "Maybe her wife isn't paying her any attention?"

"You have no right to interfere with my relationship with Arthur. It's none of your business." Guinevere said through her gritted teeth.

"Or maybe..." Morgana continued, as if the other woman hadn't spoken. "It's because you spent all your time with that dashing knight. What is his name?"

Guinevere paled.

"Lancelot, isn't it?" Morgana finished, smiling cruelly.

"How..." Guinevere started, her voice fading away before she finished.

"How do you think I managed to run for so long?" Morgana asked, turning her back on the other woman and starting to walk. Guinevere followed her reluctantly. "I have spies in your kingdom, people who always warned me when Arthur was close

to me. She must have realized it, because I had no warning this time.”

“You can’t tell her.” Guinevere said, almost pleading.

The dark haired witch smirked. “I won’t ... if you behave. I was quite surprised when my spies told me of your activities; I figured Arthur would have a prude for a wife and not someone who would fuck her knights.”

Morgana moved towards her quarters – she was living in one of the towers of Camelot’s main castle – and Guinevere followed, hesitant and afraid of what was to come.

Their guards stopped at the entrance to the tower, Morgana ordering them to stand down. When they hesitated, Guinevere nodded and they followed the witch’s orders.

Guinevere followed Morgana up the stairs and into the woman’s bedroom, her steps light and insecure. She was afraid, knowing the other woman could destroy her with a few words in Arthur’s ear, and afraid of whatever Morgana had planned for her.

“I think it’s amusing you came to warn me away from Arthur when you’re having an affair as well. Why was that?” Morgana asked, seating herself on her bed and looking at Guinevere.

The Queen of Camelot remained standing, fidgeting under Morgana’s blue eyes, and shrugged.

Morgana’s eyes narrowed and she leaned forward, and then laughed. “You’re jealous.”

Her voice was amused and Guinevere couldn’t help but bristling at it. “Of course I am. Arthur’s my spouse.”

“And yet, you’re cheating on her.” Morgana pointed out.

Guinevere looked away.

She wasn’t proud of her betrayal, but Lancelot had comforted her when she was alone and confused. It was easy to love him, unlike Arthur whose heart, most often than not, was as hard as a rock.

Morgana’s eyes widened and she laughed again. “You love Arthur, but she doesn’t touch you, does she? She leaves you alone at night, cold and unfulfilled. You wanted more and Lancelot gave it to you.”

Guinevere opened her mouth to deny it, but then closed it, knowing Morgana was right. She bit her lip, thinking about some way to make the other woman keep quiet about her discovery.

Morgana looked at Guinevere with pity, startling herself for one moment.

The other woman made her remember the months before her wedding, when Morgana believed she would live a loveless and lonely life with a person that did not care for her.

Almost without thinking about it, she moved and faced the queen of Camelot.

Guinevere startled as Morgana caressed her face, her hand soft and gentle.

“Do you want to know how I seduced Arthur?” Morgana asked her voice barely more than a whisper.

Guinevere nodded shyly, unnerved by the other woman’s attitude.

“I did it with a kiss.” Morgana continued, leaning forward and giving a peck on Guinevere’s lips. “Kind of like this.”

The young queen resisted the urge to lean back from the witch’s grasp, afraid of how Morgana would react to it. She didn’t know what to do.

Morgana knew she was bothering Guinevere and was amused by it. “But her kiss had something extra, something she enjoyed a great deal; something magical.”

Those words were enough for Guinevere to waken from the almost trance Morgana had on her.

She moved backwards, trying to gain some distance from the other woman, never taking her eyes off Morgana. “So you did use magic to seduce Arthur.”

“No.” Morgana said, shaking her head. “What my magic did was allow her an easier way to show her appreciation for me. It just gave her a cock for a bit.”

Guinevere needed several seconds to understand the other woman’s words. “What?”

Morgana nodded at the Queen’s stupefied look. “The only thing I did was give Arthur a cock, the rest was on her.”

“This is ridiculous.” Guinevere said, turning her back on the witch and moving towards the door. “I’m not going to hear more of it.”

She grasped the door’s knob and tried to open it, but it was locked.

Guinevere turned to Morgana and found the other woman smirking. “Unlock it.”

Morgana didn’t reply and started undressing.

Guinevere looked away.

She feared the witch’s intentions, knowing she wouldn’t be able to resist Morgana’s magic if the other woman decided to use it. The young queen thought about running towards the window and scream for help, but they were too high and people might not hear her – and she didn’t want to see what Morgana would do to her then.

The queen couldn't help but shudder as she heard Morgana's heavy dress fall to the ground and her eyes flitted over the other woman, finding her completely naked.

Morgana smiled at Guinevere and then, in front of the woman's startled eyes, she spelled herself, making a cock grow – much like the one Arthur had sported previously.

Guinevere opened her mouth and closed it without saying anything, confused. Had Morgana been telling the truth before? She knew magic could do almost anything, but she never imagined someone would use it for something like that.

When the young queen realized she had spent the past half-minute with her eyes glued to Morgana's new appendage, she looked away, embarrassed.

Morgana used the other woman's consternation to deliver her point home. "This is how I seduced her. I gave her a cock and then willingly let her sate her lust on me." The witch said, moving towards Arthur's wife.

Guinevere watched her come, Morgana's cock swinging from side to side in an almost hypnotic manner. When the witch stopped a foot away from her, Guinevere looked up at Morgana's amused face. She reddened.

Morgana caressed Guinevere's face once again. "There's no reason for us to be enemies." She said with her voice low, inciting. "We can be the best of friends, the two of us."

Guinevere hesitated. "Why should I be your friend?"

Morgana smiled. "Because I'll give you what you want. I'll make Arthur capable of making love to you as you always desired; because if we are friends, I don't have to tell Arthur about your dalliances with Lancelot. And because you'll enjoy it." The witch finished, leaning forward and kissing Guinevere on the mouth.

Her lips barely touched the queen's and then she leaned back.

Guinevere looked uncertain. She wanted Arthur – she had always wanted the other woman, even as she was right now, but the blonde had never let her near.

Morgana was offering her deepest wish and Guinevere was tempted, but she was afraid it was a trap, that the witch would use this to destroy her and assume her place at Arthur's side.

Morgana saw her indecision and gave her a push, knowing anything could change the outcome of this conversation. "Kneel." She whispered, her voice making the queen's knees weak.

Guinevere did as she said and knelt.

She was tired of being afraid, of always risking being discovered with Lancelot when she didn't truly love him. All she wanted was Arthur and Morgana was offering her on a plate.

She would take a leap of faith and hope the witch wasn't tricking her – she couldn't continue living like this.

Guinevere opened her eyes and faced Morgana's cock.

The witch smiled, feeling her member hardening under Guinevere's watchful eyes, and with one hand she started caressing Guinevere's hair, trying to soothe the young queen at the same time she slowly guided her forward.

Guinevere didn't resist and found herself face to face with the witch's hard prick. It was large and thick, bigger than Lancelot's, yet strangely smooth, its skin soft and delicate.

The kneeling woman tightened her hand around it and stroked, slowly, watching as Morgana inhaled deeply at her touch. The witch was clearly enjoying the attention and Guinevere found herself a little more confident.

Guinevere licked her lips in anticipation and leaned forward, watching as more blood was pumped into the hard flesh, before she engulfed it with her mouth.

She loved the taste of cock – had since the first time she had kneeled in front of Lancelot and taken him into her mouth – and she couldn't help but hate herself for it, especially when Morgana moaned and grasped onto her hair.

She was the queen of Camelot, she should be the one in a position of strength and yet she found herself on her knees sucking the cock of the woman that was threatening to take over her life. She didn't want Morgana to enjoy this as much as she obviously was, but most of all Guinevere didn't want to enjoy this as much as she was.

She could feel her thighs quivering, her pussy getting wet. When her tongue touched the prick's head she had to resist the urge to moan – the taste was too good.

Morgana noticed it and smirked in reply, while trying to control her breath, her breasts heaving with every inhalation, sweat adorning her body. Guinevere's mouth felt too good, the queen's lips wrapped tightly around her cock as she bobbed her head back and forth.

The witch fisted her hands in Guinevere's hair, controlling the other woman's motions, slowing down their rhythm. She wanted to prolong her pleasure for as long as she could and she wanted to show the queen who was in charge.

Guinevere had to stop herself from gagging when Morgana started to thrust her hips, sinking her cock into the depths of her mouth.

The witch was methodical, thrusting, never letting her prick linger for long in Guinevere's throat, careful not to stop the queen's breathing, before she moved back until the cock's head reached Guinevere's lips.

Guinevere lost herself on the task of pleasing Morgana, her tongue swirling around the woman's member, her hands wandering over the witch's body, her touch light-

feathered, caressing Morgana's skin.

When she realized that the witch still possessed a pussy beneath her cock, she couldn't help herself and explored it, her motions eager. She touched Morgana's nether lips and found them wet, slick, almost pulsing with the blood that thundered through them.

Her fingers pushed against the other woman's opening, easily sliding in, and Morgana tightened her grip around the queen's head.

When the other woman didn't do anything to stop her, Guinevere started moving the fingers, in and out, slowly and faster, trying to keep a random rhythm, something that Morgana couldn't predict.

It worked and after a minute Morgana's motions had become erratic, her pleasure obvious to all to see. Moans left her mouth and she couldn't help but thrust her hips forward, harshly, her prick sliding all the way into Guinevere's mouth.

The young queen widened her eyes as she found her throat blocked by Morgana's hard flesh, but a moment after the witch came, her seed exploding from her cock. Guinevere found herself swallowing the white cum.

Morgana shuddered throughout her orgasm, resisting the urge to let her shaking legs fold and fall to the ground.

When her cock stopped twitching and it started to recede, she leaned back from Guinevere, letting the young queen get her bearings.

Guinevere could taste Morgana's cock in her mouth and she looked up at the other woman, ashamed and uncertain after how eagerly she had pleased the witch.

Morgana smiled and then laughed out loud. "That was the best blowjob I've had in a good while – ever since Nimue."

The other woman blushed and looked away.

Morgana shook her head. "No, don't do that. Come here." She said, gesturing with her hand for Guinevere to come forward.

The young queen hesitated, but rose from her position and moved towards the witch.

"We need to get you ready; we can't make love like this." Morgana said gently, starting to undress Guinevere. The woman let her, and soon enough her clothes hit the ground, much like Morgana's had done earlier.

Guinevere couldn't help but shudder as the witch touched her, her body too tense, so excited that a caress was enough to make her moan.

Morgana smiled and positioned herself behind the other woman, carefully brushing Guinevere's hair aside and kissing her neck, seeing as goose bumps appeared on the queen's skin.

Guinevere was docile and didn't offer resistance to any of Morgana's caresses, not when the woman cupped her buttocks or when Morgana's fingers grabbed her breasts and squished them together.

The young queen only reacted when Morgana's hand stopped over her core and the witch probed her nether lips, pushing a finger inside of her.

After some moments, Morgana made Guinevere turn around, taking the queen into her arms and kissing her, her mouth overpowering the other woman's defenses, claiming the queen's mouth for her own.

Morgana pushed the other woman until they fell atop the bed, Guinevere trembling with need underneath Morgana's body.

The young queen moaned when Morgana kissed her, not hearing the sound of the room's door opening, or the steps, as Arthur entered the room.

The blonde froze, her mind needing a couple of seconds to process the sight of the two women on the bed.

Morgana turned and looked right at her.

She had felt the other woman come and was ready to receive her. With a touch to the shoulder she called Guinevere's attention to their spectator.

When Guinevere saw Arthur at the door she froze, suddenly afraid of what was going to happen. The blonde had never been harsh or cruel with her, but she didn't know if the other woman would forgive a betrayal like this.

Arthur looked from one woman to the other, mouth opening and closing, nothing escaping from it.

Morgana smiled and got up from the bed, strutting towards the king of Camelot, her hips calling for attention. When she reached the blonde she smiled and kissed her, her tongue slipping into the king's mouth, claiming it for her own.

She used the opportunity to spell Arthur, and the blonde reacted as she felt the magical cock she used to play with Morgana grow between her thighs.

Arthur knew Morgana was trying to distract her, incite her lust and make it easier to accept what she was seeing. For one moment she was tempted to accept.

"What is this?" She asked voice loud.

On the bed, Guinevere flinched and tried to cover herself, but Morgana knew what to do to defuse the situation. The witch wrapped her naked body around Arthur, kissing the blonde's throat, pressing her breasts against Arthur's arm.

"Your wife came to me," Morgana started, her voice rough with the edge of lust. "She was worried, saying you've never touched her and asking if I could help her with that."

Arthur looked askance at Morgana, knowing the witch wasn't telling the truth, but letting her continue anyway.

"So I decided to help her and we prepared a gift for you." The witch continued, indicating the bed and the naked woman atop of it. "But then we got lonely and decided to play without you. Will you punish us for that?"

Morgana's voice got lower and she pressed her hand against Arthur's groin, gripping the blonde's hard cock through her trousers.

Arthur tried to resist but her lust got the better of her. She grabbed Morgana and kissed the dark haired witch, feeling the woman's hands roving over her chest, starting to undress her.

Piece by piece, Arthur's clothes fell, until she stood as naked as the two other women in the room, her cock hard and erect, calling for Morgana's and Guinevere's attention.

Morgana grabbed the member with her hand and used it to drag Arthur towards Guinevere.

Arthur's wife saw the two of them come and resisted the urge to swallow.

When the two arrived near Guinevere, Morgana grasped the queen's hair and forced her to lean down and face Arthur's prick.

Guinevere couldn't help but glance up, finding Arthur's gaze focused on her and her mouth. She smiled and let her tongue escape from her mouth, licking the head of the cock, tasting the pre-cum she found there, before she took the warm flesh into her mouth.

Arthur moaned, feeling her wife's tongue swirl around her cock, Guinevere's motions eager. She put her on Guinevere's head and controlled the woman's motions, making her suck the flesh at a slower pace.

The blonde looked briefly at Morgana, seeing the witch atop the bed, her hands between her thighs, coaxing pleasure from her own cunt.

When the witch realized Arthur was watching, she moved forward and joined the other two women.

Morgana waited until she saw that Arthur stood near the edge, before she made Guinevere stop and lay on the bed. She made the young queen spread her thighs, inviting Arthur to come to them.

Arthur did, slowly climbing into the bed and positioning herself between her wife's legs, her cock ready to plunder Guinevere.

Guinevere's and Arthur's gazes crossed, both women flushing a little as they focused on one another, before Arthur leaned down and kissed her wife, her hands roving over the dark haired woman's body, touching Guinevere's breasts and abs, flitting over her legs.

With a gentle nudge, Guinevere directed Arthur's cock, pressing it against her opening, waiting for the blonde to initiate their lovemaking.

They exchanged looks once again and without taking her eyes off Guinevere's green ones, Arthur thrust forward, feeling her cock enter the other woman for the first time, Guinevere's cunt tightening around her warm flesh.

Guinevere moaned and put her legs around Arthur's waist, imprisoning the blonde against her as the king of Camelot started moving her hips back and forth, thrusting.

For one moment they forgot about Morgana, who just watched from the side as the two other women made love to each other.

She saw Arthur's cock moving in and out of Guinevere, the brunette moaning with every motion, the blonde closing her eyes and simply enjoying the pleasure Guinevere's willing cunt brought her.

Eventually the witch tired of being alone and moved forward, touching both Arthur and Guinevere, letting her hands rove all over the other women's bodies.

She touched their legs, their breasts, their buttocks and cunts, nothing was denied to her, Arthur smirking, while Guinevere could only moan.

The blonde continued driving herself into Guinevere, moving back and forth, again and again.

Morgana smiled seeing that and then smirked down at Guinevere.

The queen of Camelot had her eyes closed, biting her lips as she let Arthur fuck her, and didn't see the smirk. So she was taken by surprise when Morgana put one of her knees beside her head.

Guinevere opened her eyes to find Morgana perched above her, the witch's sex bared in front of her mouth.

Morgana grabbed Guinevere's hair and pulled, guiding the young queen towards her pussy.

Guinevere didn't resist and let Morgana control her. She couldn't help but inhale deeply when she neared the witch's sex, smelling her fragrance, her essence. Slowly, her tongue escaped from her mouth and she licked Morgana's opening from top to bottom, making the woman shudder in pleasure.

Morgana shifted her hips slightly, spreading herself and making it easier for Guinevere to access her core, while her hands busied themselves with her breasts, caressing them, playing with the nipples.

Arthur slowed down her pace and watched as her wife pleased Morgana with her mouth, finding the sight incredibly arousing.

She tried to keep her motions slow, but it was too hard especially once Morgana started screaming out loud, near the throes of orgasm.

Arthur started moving faster, feeling her cock sliding into Guinevere's depths, the sound of flesh on flesh exciting her even more.

It was too much for any regular human to resist.

Morgana came first and like a domino her orgasm brought down low Arthur and Guinevere, the other two women coming as well, Arthur's cock exploding inside of Guinevere, releasing its seed.

For her part – when she came – Guinevere muffled her screams by drowning herself in Morgana's juices, licking the witch's pussy and tasting her wetness, holding her pleasure in the back of her throat.

Afterwards they lay in a pile of limbs on the bed, Arthur between the two dark haired women.

The king of Camelot couldn't imagine what would come from this, but as she looked from Morgana's naked body to Guinevere's she found she didn't much care.

A moment later Morgana reached out, kissed her and Arthur felt a new prick starting to grow from between her hips.

Yes, this could definitively work.

Epilogue

The first thing Merlin thought when he returned to Camelot was that everyone had become insane.

In three short months, Morgana had been captured and became Arthur's lover, supposedly waiting for the king's bastard child – and it wasn't just her. Guinevere was also pregnant.

There were also rumors that the dark haired witch and the queen of Camelot were best friends.

Merlin couldn't help but wonder what kind of magic Morgana had used to bend the minds of so many people – Arthur included – somehow bypassing the defenses Excalibur granted the young king, but he certain he could fix the situation.

A few hours later and Merlin wasn't sure about which deity he had offended, because nothing made sense anymore.

Morgana hadn't enchanted Arthur – at least not by the use of magic; her feminine wiles were another matter completely – and Guinevere was perfectly fine with it.

The old wizard couldn't help but shake his head. He supposed something good had come out of the situation – Arthur was happier than he had ever seen her, and the fact she would have, in a few months, two possible heirs to the kingdom was a good new.

He just wasn't sure if he wanted to know how that happened.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



LITTLE MERMAID

Little Mermaid
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #7)

By
Julie Law

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Little Mermaid

Chapter 1

Princess Amelia Reinhardt looked at the blue water and sighed. She was tired of the ocean stretching towards the infinite, but couldn't do anything about it. Time was the only thing that would end their voyage.

So the redhead gazed out of her cabin's window and let her hair swirl on the wind.

It was hard waiting like this, with nothing to do. She couldn't even talk to most of the people onboard the ship because they were men, and her tutor – Madelyn – didn't allow them to interact. The older woman said it wasn't something a princess should do, especially so close to her wedding.

When Amelia thought about that she sighed again.

She wasn't happy about marrying someone she had never met before, a person much older than she. Like all princesses she had dreamt she would find a gorgeous prince to woo her.

Now she found herself marrying an ailing king.

For her home country it was a good trade – she was the youngest of three sisters and her prospects weren't the best. To marry a foreign monarch was something most would believe out of her reach, and yet Amelia wasn't happy. She wanted better.

She knew it was greedy, but she couldn't help it.

Amelia wanted to love and be loved.

It almost made her regret being born a princess, but she supposed commoner and noble women didn't really get to make much of a choice about their intended. At least she got to live twenty years free of a husband's presence.

Amelia lowered her eyes. If she squinted, she could almost believe she saw some of the fish that swam beneath that blue expanse. It was her only comfort when she was left alone, her tutor was the only one to visit her – both to teach her and bring her meals.

Amelia hadn't seen anyone else since the voyage started.

No even the brave sailors above were ready to disobey their orders, and risk their lives, to glimpse a princess.

The redhead blinked and thought she had seen a golden blur underneath the water, but when she opened her eyes it was gone. She tried to find it again and for some long minutes she cast her gaze around.

Finally she saw something out of the corner of her eye, but when she turned, it had disappeared.

The same happened two times more before she started getting angry, and then she looked around for something. Spotting one of the small wooden forks from her last meal, Amelia grabbed it and threw it at the golden blur when it ran past her again.

It missed.

"You tried to hit me." A voice came from a few feet to Amelia's right.

The princess turned to look, fast, and found a woman's head rising above the water, her hair long and shining like gold.

Amelia opened her mouth and closed it, her words forgotten as soon as she glimpsed the other woman. The blonde was beautiful, perfect, and the princess could only let her eyes flit over that face, mapping those ocean blue eyes and cherry red lips, finding no unappealing feature.

The woman's hair swirled in the water around her, and Amelia realized that was what she had seen beneath the waves.

"I thought it was some kind of fish." Amelia replied, still somewhat dumbfounded at the woman's presence.

"Some from your kind seem to think we are."

When Amelia narrowed her eyes, confused at the woman's words, the blonde raised her tail from the water, letting the young princess see it.

Amelia blinked and her mouth fell open in startlement. "You're a mermaid!"

"Yes," The newly revealed sea maiden said. "I am. How did you think I could keep up with you?" She finished, gesturing towards the ship where Amelia stood in.

The princess blinked and looked from the boat to the mermaid, realizing just how fast they were moving, and yet the mermaid was not harried because of it.

"What's your name?" Amelia asked after a few moments.

"Melody." The mermaid promptly replied, her response heralding a few more moments of silence.

Melody didn't know why but she found herself drawn to the human. At first it had been the woman's hair that had called her attention – from beneath the waves the princess's hair was a single colorful blob, of a rare shade beneath the waves.

It wasn't the only thing that enthralled Melody about the princess; once she rose above the water she could see Amelia's eyes and face, beautiful even to Melody who was used to see mermaids every day.

But the redhead's appearance was nothing compared to what Melody felt when she heard the princess's voice.

Mermaid were creatures who heard much better than they saw; while their eyes allowed them to see reasonably well beneath the ocean water, their ears let them know what was happening miles away with perfect clarity. It allowed mermaids to communicate through their songs, with sometimes dozens of different voices joining together to speak as one.

Amelia's voice made Melody shudder with its timbre. She wanted the princess to join her and speak into the water; she wanted to be bathed in the princess's voice.

"What about you?" Melody asked after a moment, wanting above all to hear the redhead woman speak.

"I'm Amelia."

"It's a beautiful name." Melody replied, making the princess blush.

The two of them stayed quiet, simply gazing at one another. Melody wanted to invite the other woman to join her, but she knew it would be impossible.

"Do you want to come up here?" Amelia asked, surprising both of them with the request, her thoughts close to the mermaid's.

Melody looked hesitant. "Will your people let me in?"

Amelia started to nod, but then stopped, realizing they wouldn't. Sailors were wary about mermaids after all, and her tutor wouldn't want her to mingle with some kind of sea creature.

She winced. "They probably won't."

"But do you want me to go up?" Melody asked, only caring about Amelia's opinion. If the other woman wanted her, she would do everything she could to go to her.

Amelia nodded, almost shyly.

Melody looked at the wooden ship and saw that Amelia's window wasn't very tall. She could climb to it if she was careful.

She dived, disappearing from the princess's sight for a few moments. Reaching deep underwater, Melody gained some distance from the ship and then rushed at it, swimming as fast as she could. Amelia's eyes widen as Melody catapulted herself out of the water like a dolphin, her hands reaching forward and holding unto the ship's hull.

Melody heard Amelia gasp from above and had to resist the urge to let the breathy sound brush over her body, holding unto the wood, her claw like nails letting her slowly climb until she stood face to face with the redhead.

Amelia simply watched with her mouth open, and Melody grinned, liking the fact she had surprised the other woman. She found it easy to hold on unto the

window's frame and remain still, less than a foot away from Amelia, looking at the redhead's face.

Amelia swallowed.

Melody was even more beautiful up close, and the princess couldn't help but watch her, looking away when she saw Melody's bare breasts.

"Why aren't you wearing any clothes?" She asked somewhat shrilly.

Melody blinked at her tone, before she tilted her head, radiating confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Why aren't you wearing clothes?" Amelia repeated, pointing at her own.

Melody shrugged. "We don't use those."

"Ah." Amelia replied lamely. She felt kind of stupid for not realizing, but the sight of Melody's uncovered torso had affected her more than she wished. She made sure to focus on the mermaid's face and not look down – even if part of her wanted to.

The mermaid only grinned at Amelia's confusion, amused at the human's predicament. She had always thought their kind was confusing, but now she realized they must think the same about mermaids.

"What were you doing watching me?" Amelia asked after a few moments, trying get rid of the awkward silence.

"I saw this, and decided to investigate." Melody pointed out, reaching out with her hand and grabbing some strands of Amelia's hair. The mermaid rested comfortably against the cabin's window, almost relaxed now that she got used to the ship's movements.

Amelia didn't protest at the mermaid's touch, resisting the urge to reach and do the same to the blonde's hair. She wanted to touch the thin strands that swirled behind the mermaid's back, but decorum made her stay still.

Melody must have noticed her desire because she whipped her head around and made her golden hair hit the redhead on the face, Amelia spluttering in response.

The princess grabbed Melody's hair, intending to clear it away, but she stopped once her hands touched it, rolling the gold strands between her fingers. It was soft, almost silky, and surprisingly dry for something that had been submerged in the water.

Melody smiled at Amelia's wonderment and reached out for her face, caressing it and making Amelia startle once again.

"So you like my hair?" Amelia waited a few seconds to ask, trying to ignore the blush that adorned her face. She didn't know what else to ask.

The mermaid nodded her smile widening. "I do, there's no mermaid with hair colored in that shade. It's beautiful."

Amelia blushed again and looked away. "Thanks." She mumbled under her breath.

Melody's finger on her chin made her look at the mermaid. The blonde smiled and continued caressing Amelia's face, her hands soft and delicate.

The princess didn't understand why she let the mermaid fondle her like that. Against most people she would have ordered them to stop, but there was something about Melody that made not care.

She reached out and grabbed one of the mermaid's hands. She studied it carefully, her finger running over the palm. Melody had black nails that were almost two inches long; big enough to look like claws, yet when Amelia pressed her fingers against them they bent, but didn't break.

Melody also studied Amelia. The mermaid had never seen a human up close and she used the opportunity to inspect the other female, cataloguing every difference between her and the princess.

It didn't take long for Amelia to realize they had spent several minutes in complete silence, contemplating each other and when she did she blushed, making Melody look at her curiously.

It was expected they wouldn't have much to talk about; they had never met each other before, nor had they much of anything in common beyond a certain fascination with each other.

"I love your voice." Melody said, realizing that the princess wasn't comfortable in the silence.

Amelia startled a little could only look confusedly at the mermaid. "My voice?"

Melody nodded. "Yes, it makes me shiver every time I hear it, but it's a good shiver, you know?"

"I ... guess?" Amelia replied half questionably, shrugging her shoulders. She didn't understand what the other woman meant, but she supposed the mermaid must have heard something in her voice.

Suddenly, Amelia heard a sound from outside the room and realized her tutor must have come to check on her. She turned to Melody, worried, before she poised her hands on the mermaid's shoulders. "You need to leave, someone is coming."

Melody nodded, hearing the same thing the princess had. "I know." She felt sad and angry at being interrupted, but knew she had to leave.

Without giving a chance for Amelia to resist, Melody reached forward and kissed the princess, her lips pressing against the redhead's for an bare instant, before she leaned back and smirked, letting herself fall to the water below.

The princess could only touch her lips and marvel at what she felt while Melody kissed her, before her door opened and Madelyn came in.

Chapter 2

The encounter between the two women repeated itself during the next days.

Melody made sure to follow Amelia's ship, visiting the redhead as often as she could. The two started to get closer and slowly unveiled their pasts to one another.

Amelia talked about her marriage and about her status as a princess.

It took some time for Melody to understand both concepts, and she found them somewhat strange, but she supposed humans were like that.

Mermaids didn't have a leader per se, they usually deferred to their older sisters, but even then they weren't obliged to do it, they simply listened to the voice of experience in most cases. Melody herself was one of the younger sisters, being only thirty – which was pretty young for a mermaid.

She also found the concept of marriage odd. Mermaids did live in mated pairs, but they could leave whenever they wished, no one forced them into it. Some couples lived their entire lives together; others never found their true mates and spent their lives flitting from mermaid to mermaid.

The blonde also revealed some details of her life, but she believed hers simply wasn't as interesting as Amelia's, though she later enjoyed the tales anyway, imagining how living underwater might feel like.

Melody's change in behavior was noticed by her sisters who found her insistence in following a certain path unusual. Mermaids were nomadic by nature, but they usually spent some time in the same place.

Eventually they realized Melody had them following a human ship and confronted her with their discovery.

At first, Melody was reluctant to tell them her reasons, but after some pressure she caved in.

"You're in love!" Aria, one of Melody's older sisters, exclaimed when Melody finished her tale.

"What?" The younger mermaid shot back, startled by Aria's words. Gazing at her sisters' expressions, Melody realized most of them were nodding, believing that was what she was feeling.

"You want her for your mate." Aria continued, shaking her head.

Melody shuddered at those words, realizing her sisters were right. She wanted to be with Amelia, the two of them wandering the ocean, never apart for long. Melody could keep hearing Amelia's suave voice for the rest of her life.

She shuddered, feeling her nipples hardening and her tail twitch like she had never felt before.

Aria saw the motion and nodded to herself.

"But Amelia is a human." Melody said at last, after some moments.

She saw her sisters look at her with pity.

"She is." Evelyn replied, another of Melody's older sisters. "It would be best if you forgot about her. Only heartache can come from this."

The other mermaids saw Melody's devastated look at those words and after some moments excused themselves, leaving the blonde to ponder on her future.

Melody tried to do as they recommended and for the next two days she didn't visit Amelia. She would stare at the princess's ship from afar but she wouldn't approach. It hurt and she could see Amelia at her window gazing at the water below, trying to find her, but Melody endured.

On the third day she didn't resist and visited the princess.

Amelia's eyes widened when Melody approached and she sobbed, trying and failing to hold back her tears.

"You're alright." The princess said, her arms reaching out and taking Melody into her hold, hugging the mermaid with all her strength. "When you didn't appear during the last days I feared the worst."

Melody hugged her back and smiled into Amelia's shoulder. "I'm fine, I'm sorry about scaring you like that."

"What happened?" Amelia questioned when she leaned back.

"I had to help my sisters out." Melody fibbed.

Amelia knew the mermaid was hiding something, but she figured Melody had a right to have secrets. Shrugging her doubts away she reached out and held onto Melody's hands, making the mermaid smile.

They spent some minutes speaking, Melody uncharacteristically silent while Amelia tried to drive the conversation by herself.

Eventually the mermaid shook her head and put a finger to Amelia's lips. The princess quieted.

Melody looked deep into Amelia's eyes, seeing her own emotions reflected there, even if the other woman didn't express them. Slowly she closed the distance between them and kissed Amelia.

The princess's eyes widened and she put her hands on Melody's shoulders, intending to push the woman away at first, but ending up pulling the mermaid against her body, uncaring of Melody's nakedness.

The mermaid didn't close her eyes throughout the kiss, her gaze on Amelia, as the princess tilted her face to one side, easing their motions.

Amelia leaned back after a few moments, her face red and her lips trembling. She touched them, and looked back at the mermaid, before she moved a couple of feet backwards.

Melody didn't look away from the princess, watching as Amelia wandered aimlessly around in confusion. The princess opened her mouth twice to speak, before she closed it without a word.

"Did you like it?" Melody asked, dreading the answer, but wanting it more than anything.

Amelia turned to her. "What was that?" She asked, ignoring the mermaid's question.

Melody shrugged. "A kiss."

"I know that." Amelia hissed through gritted teeth. "I meant, why did you kiss me?"

"I did it because I wanted to." Melody replied. She wanted Amelia to come to her, to hold her, but the princess behaved too erratically for her to ask it.

"That is not a reason." Amelia replied.

"I love you."

Those abrupt words froze Amelia in place.

Melody smiled sadly, afraid of the redhead's reaction, but continuing anyway. "I love you." She repeated after a few moments, gaining some courage. "I kissed you because I love you and I found out I couldn't live without you."

Amelia shook her head, almost as if she wanted to get rid of Melody's confession. "You're mistaken, you don't love me. I'm sure you're confused, we're just good friends."

Melody looked forlornly at the distance that separated them, wanting to have Amelia in her arms. Never had she regretted being a mermaid so much as in that moment.

"I'm not mistaken," The blonde mermaid continued. "I love you. I tried to fool myself and not come to you, but I couldn't. My sisters told me I loved you when I told them about you, but I thought they were wrong. They weren't."

"You can't love me." Amelia shrilled, turning her back on the mermaid.

"Why not?" Melody questioned, sure she was close to finding what was making Amelia so nervous.

"Because we're both women and I'm engaged to be married." Amelia replied heatedly.

Melody tilted her head. "I still don't understand why your kind has two genders. Mermaids work perfectly fine with just one."

Melody's comment stopped Amelia's rant right at the beginning. "Wait, what? How does that work?" She questioned.

"What works?" Melody questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"How do mermaids breed if there are no men?" Amelia questioned, genially curious.

Melody blushed scarlet, the first time Amelia saw it happen.

"Amelia," The mermaid scolded. "You can't ask things like that."

"Why ..." The princess started, but then she thought about her reaction if someone asked her how humans breed. "Ok, sorry I asked, I didn't think. Does that mean female mermaids marry each other?"

Melody nodded. "Not marriages as you have it, but many mermaids join together in a mated couple."

Amelia shook her head, understanding Melody a little better. "Ok, that might happen with your people, but my kind always marries someone of the opposite gender."

Melody continued to appear confused and Amelia sighed. "Even if I wanted to be with you," The princess continued her words soft and soothing. "I can't. I have to marry the king."

"Do you want to be with me?" Melody asked, ignoring most of Amelia's words and going right to the heart of the question.

Amelia hesitated, her mouth opening and closing without sound.

"Do you?" Melody insisted.

Amelia turned away. "You can't just ask me that."

"Please come to me." The blonde begged. "I can't bear to be away."

The redhead sighed at those words and walked towards Melody, leaning against the window where the mermaid rested.

Melody leaned into the princess, reaching out and running a hand over the redhead's hair. "I love you, Amelia. Do you love me?" She whispered at Amelia's ear.

The princess sighed again but raised her eyes to face Melody's. She smiled sadly and reached out to kiss the mermaid. "I do."

"That's all that matters." Melody replied.

"No, it isn't." Amelia shook her head. "We can't run away. I can't live on the sea and I doubt you can live on land. It's impossible."

Melody opened her mouth to reply, but Amelia kept going.

"People would come after us, I'm promised to a king. I'm sorry Melody, but there's no way we can be together."

"I will find a way." Melody promised, kissing Amelia once again.

"It's impossible." Amelia said, smiling sadly.

"We'll see."

With those words Melody gave the princess a last kiss and jumped out of the window, splashing hard into the water. She needed to talk to her sisters, and then she had a princess to rescue.

Chapter 3

"I just need to know where to find her." Melody begged Aria, tears leaking from her eyes and losing themselves in the ocean blue water.

Her older sister looked uncomfortable. "It's dangerous Melody. The Sea Witch is cruel, you don't know what will happen if you go ask her for favors. She might kill you."

"Please, I have to try." Melody replied, trying to convince the older mermaid. "She might be the only one who can help me have Amelia."

Aria shook her head and made to leave, but Melody's hand coming to rest on her shoulder stopped her. She resisted the urge to shake off the younger mermaid's hold, and simply lowered her eyes.

"I'll tell you where you can find her." She mumbled under her breath, looking crestfallen.

In contrast, Melody's face brightened and she smiled, wide and happy, at her older sister.

In less than a minute, Aria explained where the younger mermaid could find the witch, and then watched as Melody swam away, hopping from the bottom of her heart that she had done the right thing.

Melody had to travel for most of the day to arrive at the witch's hideout and then she stilled, outside the cavern where her sister said the witch resided, uncertain.

Eventually she inhaled deeply, a mouthful full of water entering her lungs and then exiting, leaving behind the oxygen the mermaid needed to function.

She moved forward, slowly, entering the cave. It took her a few minutes to roam the long rocky tunnel, but at the end of it she found a chamber that she could climb into.

Melody looked in surprise, wondering how the water hadn't filled the huge open space. There was light in the cavern, provided by luminescent fungus that clung to the walls.

The mermaid let her eyes roam around herself uneasy. She could feel something in the air, some kind of presence that unsettled her.

"This is a surprise." A voice said from behind.

Melody turned, fast, looking better at a place she had gazed at a few moments before, wondering how she had missed the woman that spoke.

The Sea Witch was tall and pale, with long black curly hair that almost reached the ground swaying behind her figure. Her smile was cruel and indecent, visible even to Melody's innocent eyes and her smile was full of pointy teeth.

She was human.

That was what startled Melody the most; she had always thought the Witch was a mermaid or some kind of sea creature.

"Mermaids usually have better sense than to come to me, but maybe you're just that desperate." The raven haired woman continued.

Melody leaned back; her tail's twitching resonating with her nerves. "You're a human." She blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

The Witch's smile widened. "Am I?"

Finished saying that, the woman threw herself at the water and Melody saw as her legs disappeared and a mermaid's tail appeared.

Melody stilled.

It wasn't a normal mermaid's tail – no mermaid had black scales, nor would they look as slimy as those. The Witch's scales were like those of a snake.

The Sea Witch started to swim around the young female, moving ever close to the blonde, but never touching her, at least, until she stopped behind Melody and pressed her bare body against the mermaid's.

"Why did you come to me?" She murmured in Melody's ear, making the mermaid shiver despite herself.

"I need your help." The blonde replied nervously, her hands playing with one another.

The Witch's hands came to rest on top of hers, freezing her in place. The woman's arms were longer than they appeared – perhaps *too* long. Melody watched as the woman's tail started to contort around her, also bigger than it should be, imprisoning her against the dark haired woman.

Melody shivered again.

She resisted the urge to fight against the grip and started telling her tale.

The Witch let her speak, asking some questions at times, but mostly remaining silent.

When Melody finished, the Witch released her and started moving around, seemingly in thought. The mermaid let her do it for some minutes, but after a while her curiosity got the best of her.

"So, will you help me?"

The Sea Witch froze and turned to her. "What do you want exactly? You said you need my help, but you didn't tell me what you want me to do?"

Melody inhaled deeply. "I want you to make me human."

The Witch's eyebrow rose. "And what will you do with that, exactly? If you become a human you won't even be able to leave this cavern."

Melody gritted her teeth at the other woman's patronizing tone. "I don't mean immediately, but maybe some kind of potion I could take that would turn me into one."

"I can do that." The Sea Witch said shrugging. "There's just one little problem. Why would I want to do it? Why would I give you such a gift?"

"You've helped others before." Melody pointed out.

"Yes, I did, but there was always some kind of reason for it. I don't know you and what you want isn't something that will benefit me in any way. Why should I help you?"

The Witch's words were both earnest and cold.

"I don't have much to give you ..."

"Your kind never does. Mermaids, such a flighty people, you only care for food and rest, rarely bothering to own something more than a few beautiful baubles." The black haired woman interrupted.

Melody bristled at the words, but held back her tongue.

"You're so close to humans in appearance that it's almost a miracle you content yourself with so little. You're different though, a princess? You have lofty standards."

"I love her." Melody replied. "Not what she is or has."

The Witch turned her back on the mermaid. "Hum, I suppose. Follow me."

She moved to the edge of the water and climbed unto the rocky surface. Melody had some difficulty following her and when she did it, she had to lay on the ground, unlike the Sea Witch, whose powerful tail allowed her to stand even with a mermaid's form.

The brunette smirked at the fallen female and let her tail recede, slowly unraveling and turning into a pair of human legs.

Melody used the opportunity to study a human body in depth.

The Witch was naked and Melody let her eyes rove over the muscled body, burning every inch of flesh into her memories, her gaze mostly innocent. She just wanted to know how Amelia's people were put together.

“Do you enjoy the sights?” The Witch asked once she noticed Melody’s gaze, startling the mermaid. She smiled at the reaction and decided to play with the other female. She put her hands just beneath her breasts, squishing the mounds together, before she moved them down.

Melody shifted somewhat uncomfortably, aware that the Witch’s behavior wasn’t normal, but not understanding why.

When the dark haired woman’s hands reached the curls between her legs, she moaned out loud and it became clear. Melody’s eyes widened and she focused on that place between the Witch’s legs, seeing the flesh hidden beneath the curls and wondering about it.

The Sea Witch smiled at Melody’s reaction and started having ideas. She surprised herself with how wet she got at some of the mental pictures her mind conjured and decided to carry them out.

“If you want to be a human, I’ll help you.” The Witch said, her words making Melody’s focus return to her face. “I’ll give you something even better – after I’m done you’ll be able to change shapes between human and mermaid at will.”

Melody’s face brightened. That would be ideal; she would be able to be with Amelia without leaving her family behind. She could have everything her heart desired.

Then she remembered who she was talking to. “What will be the price?”

The Witch laughed. “Nothing too great, I assure you. I have extorted far greater prices for boons that weren’t as valuable as what I’m going to give you. We can say you got lucky or caught me at a right time.”

“What do you want?”

“You, I get to be the first to taste your cunt after you turn human.” The Witch replied.

“What?” Melody asked confused.

The Witch laughed. “I get to have you little mermaid, as human mates have each other. I’ll be the first person to make love to you as a human.”

Melody drew back, horrified by the other woman’s words. “No!”

“That’s what will happen if you want to have your little princess, or is she not good to deserve this little sacrifice?” The dark haired woman asked, leaning close to Melody’s face.

The mermaid made to turn her face away, but the Witch stopped her, her hand starting to caress her skin.

“You’re quite pretty.”

Melody resisted the urge to shudder at the woman's words. "If I give you what you want, you'll make be able to turn between human and mermaid?"

"That's the deal."

Melody let her head fall. "Then I accept."

"Good." The Sea Witch exclaimed, smiling widely. She reached forward and laid a kiss on Melody's forehead.

The mermaid gasped as she felt her tail change, the scales slowly disappearing, being replaced by human flesh and bone, into two long and pale legs. For one moment the young mermaid could only gaze at the change, cataloguing every new aspect of her body.

The Sea Witch noticed the mermaid's distraction and smiled, before she reached forward and put a hand between Melody's thighs, cupping the blonde's sex.

Melody gasped at the touch and again, when the Witch's fingers found her nether lips.

"This is the center of a human female's pleasure." The dark haired woman said, her tone rough with her lust.

Melody tightened her legs, unwittingly pressing the woman's hand harder against her core.

"There are many places where touch can make a human woman writhe with pleasure, but only this area will guarantee she screams in it." The Witch continued, her palm pressing against Melody's sex and clit.

The mermaid remained frozen, enjoying sensations she had never felt before. She didn't even think of trying to stop the Witch's advances.

Knowing she had the mermaid in the palm of her hand, the Sea Witch smiled and leaned down, her mouth finding and claiming the mermaid's. Her tongue slid right past the startled female's lips.

The kiss lasted until Melody had to breathe, unused to the weakness of a human's respiratory system.

The Sea Witch laughed loudly and the hand pressed against Melody's core moved, its fingers digging almost painfully into the mermaid's flesh, marking her. The pain was enough to startle the blonde into taking action, but before she could do anything, the Witch's fingers found her clit.

Melody unwittingly thrust her hips against the dark haired female's touch, her new body responding almost automatically. Part of her wanted to stop the other woman, but another warned her that this was the price she had to pay for Amelia.

The mermaid's struggle made the Witch smile again. "You can take this as a lesson, you know?" She said, her moving fingers reinforcing her point.

Melody just looked at her.

“Enjoy this,” The Witch continued, her eyes locked on Melody’s. “Learn how a human body feels, how to draw enjoyment from it, and then you’ll be able to have your little princess scream in pleasure when you take her.”

The images that those words conjured in Melody’s mind made her moan out loud. She imagined Amelia lying like this, defenseless, eager, while Melody kissed her, fingers sliding deep into the redheaded princess.

“Yes, that’s the way.” The Witch murmured, her mouth claiming Melody’s once more.

The mermaid didn’t resist her and kissed back, her arms holding onto the Witch’s figure and pulling her down.

The dark haired woman responded to the mermaid’s excitement, kissing harder, her lips almost painful against Melody’s. Her hands roved the blonde’s body, pressing against breasts, running over legs and hips, touching the blonde curls between Melody’s hips.

At that touch, Melody opened herself, allowing the Witch to press against her core, her left upper leg lying against Melody’s opening.

Melody started riding the Witch’s leg, moving up and down, her core rubbing against soft skin while moans were drawn from her mouth.

“Do you like this?” The Witch asked, her mouth resting above Melody’s ear.

The mermaid only nodded, somewhat jerkily, her mouth incapable of forming words.

The Sea Witch smiled and moved back, against Melody’s protests, making the mermaid lay on the ground. She braced herself above the blonde, smiling down at her, before she started to move down, her body trailing Melody’s, her mouth licking and tasting the mermaid’s skin.

She poised for a few moments over Melody’s breasts, but soon kept going, eventually stopping over Melody’s core. The mermaid moaned when it happened, instinctively knowing she would reach new highs of pleasure.

The older woman poised her hands on Melody’s inner thighs, gently parting them and opening the mermaid’s sex to her eyes. She inhaled the scent and leaned down.

Melody’s back left the ground at the first touch of the Sea Witch’s tongue, screaming in pleasure. She mewled when the tongue returned, the rough muscle seeping over her nether lips, over her opening, her sex.

The Witch never stayed in the same place for long, her mouth tasting Melody’s clit in one second, her tongue swirling around the girl’s opening the next.

Bit by bit, the pleasure mounted up and the mermaid could only scream and moan at it, her legs flexing and coming to rest upon the Sea Witch's shoulders, imprisoning the raven haired female against her sex.

Melody wouldn't last long and the Sea Witch pressed her fingers against the mermaid's opening and pushed, entering the girl for the first time.

The mermaid came, her pussy tightening around the Witch's digits, her hips trashing in her orgasm, taking the other woman even deeper into her, while she arched her back. Melody's hands came to rest on her breasts, grabbing them, playing with the nipples, trying to keep that pleasure buzz going on.

Eventually she settled down, her pleasure spent and she lay on the ground, looking up at the Witch.

The dark haired woman smiled and got to her feet. Melody's gaze followed her.

"Now then little mermaid, was that good enough for you?"

Melody looked away from the Sea Witch, but nodded, her face starting to burn with a blush.

"Good." The Witch replied before she moaned.

Melody eyes widened as she saw the Witch's body starting to change, a large appendage growing out above her sex.

"I made love to you as a human female." The older female continued once her transformation ended. "Now I get to have you as a male, or at least, something close to it." She finished, one hand cupping one of her large breasts, while the other grabbed her cock.

Melody scrambled backwards when she saw the Witch moving towards her, making the other woman pause.

"You can't." The mermaid said.

"Can't I?" The Witch asked, amused.

"No. That wasn't our deal, you already had me. You don't get to have me again." Melody argued.

"Oh, that is a shame." The Witch seemingly lamented, but her smile never changed. "Are you certain I can't convince you otherwise?"

"You don't have anything else I want."

"Don't why?" The Sea Witch questioned. "You'll find out there are some things, I can still do for you – this for example." She finished, gesturing towards her cock.

"Why would I want that?" Melody asked confused.

The Witch smiled at her obliviousness. "This is what human males use to fuck their women; it's what allows them to put a baby on their wives bellies."

Melody looked from the woman's cock to her face, startled. Her mouth opened and closed, without saying anything.

"You want to have children with Amelia someday, don't you? She's not a mermaid; the only way she will get pregnant is if you fuck her with one of these, not like your kind." The Sea Witch finished, knowing she had won from the dejected look Melody sent her way.

The mermaid didn't say anything, but she moved closer, getting within reach of the older female.

The Witch smiled and reached down, running her hands over the golden hair, marveling at its texture. Then she fisted one hand in it and used the grip to pull the mermaid forward, making Melody face her cock.

The blonde was confused at first, but that eased once the Witch pressed her member against her lips.

Melody opened her mouth, letting the woman enter her.

"Lick it." The Witch demanded and the young woman obeyed.

Melody's tongue touched the head of the prick and she lapped at it, hesitantly, not knowing what to do. She figured she was doing alright when the other woman moaned, the Witch's grip getting tighter, and she tasted some kind of fluid.

The Witch slowly taught Melody how to suck her cock, her pleasure increasing as the mermaid learned and her tongue became more adept at it. Eventually the Sea Witch started to thrust her hips, making the mermaid gag as it reached her throat.

It had hard for Melody to stay still when that happened. As a mermaid she rarely was out of breath, their lungs were too powerful. As a human it was harder to breathe and the Witch was taking an immense pleasure in depriving the blonde of oxygen for some moments.

"Stop." The Witch ordered when she knew she was close to explode. No matter how pleasurable it would be to make the girl swallow her come, she wanted to come inside Melody's cunt, taking the girl's virginity as it happened, maybe even getting her pregnant.

That thought appealed too much to the Witch.

Melody appeared confused for a moment, but when the Witch pushed her away she understood. She leaned back and gazed at the dark haired woman, waiting for instructions.

"Turn around." The older woman ordered. She watched as the mermaid obeyed her, and then knelt behind Melody, pushing her until the mermaid-turned-human braced herself on her hands and knees.

Melody shivered when she felt the Sea Witch touch her, the woman's cock pressing against her buttocks. The Witch remained silent and Melody wondered about how humans made love.

The Witch leaned down, and kissed Melody's back and shoulder blades, her hands roving over the blonde's buttocks. When she heard moans, she smirked, and gently moved her hands, putting them against the blonde's inner thighs and slowly spreading her open.

Melody let the Witch control her, feeling exposed as her pussy was put on display, but the Witch's fingers didn't let her protest, the raven haired woman touching her aching sex, her clit. Melody's pussy was too sensitive from her orgasm, and at that touch she could only moan and beg for more.

"I'm not going to last long." The Sea Witch said her voice low and edged with lust. "Now after the workout your mouth gave me."

Melody blushed and didn't say anything.

The Witch grabbed her cock and moved it up and down over the mermaid's nether lips, wetting it, getting it lubricated in Melody's excitement, before she pushed it against the girl's tight slit, slowly penetrating.

Melody gasped as two inches warm flesh invaded her, and her cunt tightened around it almost immediately.

"Relax." The Sea Witch ordered her, resisting the urge to shout and bury herself on the girl. "If you grip me that tight I'm going to come in no time."

Melody didn't reply, but her hold slowly loosened as she got accustomed to the feeling of the woman's cock, and she braced, preparing to the Witch's thrusts.

The brunette felt her relax and started moving, in and out, her hips moving back and forth, slowly fucking the virgin mermaid. Inch by inch, her cock reached deeper, Melody moaning and screaming with pleasure as she was fucked for the first time.

At some point the blonde started to thrust back against the other woman, her body knowing the motions she needed to do better than her mind did. The Witch laughed as it happened and held onto Melody's waist, stopping her from moving too much and hurting herself.

Eventually the hard cock reached a new depth and hit a barrier, a last obstacle for Witch's claiming of the girl.

"This," She said with a thrust of her hips, making her cock hit the mermaid's hymen to elucidate what she meant. "Is what demonstrates a woman's virginity, it's a barrier that shows she has never loved someone before. I'm going to break yours." She said, her last words gaining an almost dark undertone.

Melody's pussy clenched around the Witch's cock once again, almost as if the mermaid was trying to stop her from keep going, but the blonde made no other

motion to resist.

With a thrust harder than the one before, the Witch broke past Melody's barrier and claimed the girl in full, a shout of pleasure bursting out of her mouth.

Melody's reply was pained and she held back from fighting the other woman's grip, wanting for this to end as soon as possible.

Soon enough the Witch was moving again, with a new, slower, timing, hips crashing again and again against Melody's, the sounds of their flesh and lovemaking filling the air. With a somewhat harder thrust, the Witch buried herself in the mermaid, filling her completely.

Melody got used to the new sensations, and started to feel the pleasure she started to identify with human lovemaking, a burning deep within her. She started moving back against the Witch, her breasts moving back and forth at the same rhythm that her body did.

The Witch saw the bouncing and cupped the mounds, her grip hard, surrounding Melody's nipples with her fingers. She could tell she was close – her cock ready to expire and release her seed within the innocent girl.

She didn't want to come alone.

She wanted the mermaid to orgasm with her – make the blonde remember this moment for all eternity.

The Sea Witch increased her pace, her mind made up. She resisted her own pleasure for as long as she could, until Melody lost all composure and came.

Melody felt her pleasure reach a new high, her pussy tightening around the Witch's hard cock, warning the woman, as if the mermaid's scream of pleasure hadn't been enough.

With a last thrust, the Sea Witch buried herself in the mermaid, her cock exploding as it reached its zenith, its seed flowing into Melody's depths.

The mermaid's orgasm went on for a long time, far longer than the Witch's. The dark haired woman held the blonde all throughout it, her hands roving over Melody's body and prolonging her pleasure.

When the mermaid's pleasure was finally exhausted, the Witch leaned back, sliding her now flaccid cock from within the blonde, the flesh stained by blood and the sexual fluids of both females.

"Did you enjoy it?" The Witch asked cruelly.

Melody's eyes narrowed. "I did, it's almost a shame you'll never have me again."

"Won't I?" The Witch questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"No, you won't."

"You might tell yourself that now, but eventually you'll be proved wrong, little mermaid." The Sea Witch said, leaning down and standing face to face with Melody. "Eventually you'll find out you want something more from me and you will come."

Melody's disbelief was evident.

"You don't believe me?" The Witch continued, undaunted. "What do you plan to do with your princess? Run away? People will go after you and they will find you. One day you'll return for my help, I'm sure of it, and my price will be far more impressive than your measly virginity. I assure you."

Her warning given, the Sea Witch turned around and moved deeper into the cave, disappearing into the darkness, and leaving behind a little mermaid who suddenly wasn't so sure of her choice to bargain with the devil.

Chapter 4

It didn't take long for Melody to get the hang of shape-shifting. She only had to think of the form she wanted to assume and it would happen. She also found out that humans were far more sensitive to the water than mermaids.

She tried to ignore the memory of shifting into her half male form and feeling her cock hardening, or the way she got distracted by it and let time pass while she should be planning how to save Amelia.

It was night when the mermaid found her love's ship. She circled around it twice, making sure most of the sailors were occupied or unaccounted for, before she moved to the princess's window.

She knocked on it and watched as Amelia startled out of her small bed.

The redhead opened the window and hugged Melody without giving her a chance to talk. "I feared you weren't going to come back."

Melody held her at arm's length, smiling. "I told you I would find a way for us to be together. Let me come in and show it to you."

Amelia stepped aside, looking confused. Before, Melody had always stayed at the window, never entering the small cabin. The redhead's eyes widened as she saw the mermaid's tail slowly recede and two legs appear in its place. "What? How can you do that?"

Melody grinned. "The how is not important, what matters is that I can pass as a human now."

Amelia nodded, her eyes wandering down the blonde's frame. She got accustomed to Melody's nakedness in the days she spent with the mermaid, but the blonde's body was different now – it was a human's body, and no matter how beautiful Amelia thought Melody was as a mermaid, as a human she was far lovelier.

She swallowed when her eyes found the blonde curls amidst Melody's thighs, and only an inquiring sound escaping from Melody's lips made her look away.

The mermaid-turned-human watched Amelia's blush appear and smiled. Since she shape shifted into a human she understood their kind better, and she was sure that Amelia had been appreciating her.

"Come on, we have to leave." The mermaid continued after a few moments, extending her hand to Amelia.

The princess looked at it for a long while, uncertain, fearing what might come ahead. "Melody ..." She started before trailing off. She breathed deeply and tried to shore up her courage. "I don't think we'll be able to run far, even with you as a human. People will go after us."

"I'll protect us." The mermaid swore, moving forward and taking Amelia into her arms.

The princess laid her head on Melody's shoulder resisting the urge to sob into her beloved. She was afraid, completely terrified.

"I know you're afraid." Melody continued, trying to make her words soothing. "But you needn't worry, I can take us far away, to where no one will find or bother us. We'll be together."

Amelia looked at her, and the lack of hope in her eyes was enough to move Melody to tears. Amidst sobs she kissed the princess, her lips hungry for her mouth.

"I love you."

Those words were enough to free Amelia from her fear's grasp. She shook her fears and smiled. "I love you too. What's your plan?"

Melody's answering grin made her gulp.

What followed was a sneaky and heart pumping escapade, as the two young women moved throughout the ship as silently as possible, keeping away from anyone who might see them, until they stood near the ship's railing.

Melody pushed Amelia towards one of the small rowboats that were piled up on a section of the ship and, with the princess's help, slowly lowered it into the water. Then, she and Amelia used one of the large ropes connected to the ship to climb into it.

Amelia prepared herself to grab one of the oars and row, but Melody threw herself head first into the water and changed into her original form. She started to push the boat without great difficulty, slowly but steadily escaping from the ship.

The princess held herself silent through most of it, a blanket surrounding her and protecting her from the night's cold. She had left many things behind, but not most.

"Where are you taking us?" She asked, turning to face Melody once she figured they were far enough and no one would notice them.

"You'll see." Melody replied cheerily.

Amelia huffed but turned around with a smile on her face. Melody's cheer was contagious and she found herself far happier than she had been in these last few weeks.

As the hours passed and night deepened, Amelia nodded off and started to sleep, only awakening when she felt the boat sliding against the earth.

She looked around with blurry eyed for a few moments, before she focused on Melody, the mermaid standing on a beach.

"Where are we?" Amelia asked, curious, stretching.

"It's an uninhabited island, a night's distance from where your ship was." Melody promptly replied. Amelia's mouth fell open, and the mermaid grinned. "No one will ever find us here, or bother us. We're free to do whatever we want."

Amelia couldn't describe how she felt in that moment. Melody came to her, taking her into and hug, and she hugged back with all her strength.

She kissed the mermaid, her arms holding Melody's body against hers. For the first time since they've met, she didn't hold back her curiosity and let her hands move over the blonde's body, feeling her skin, touching Melody's breasts.

One look at Melody's face was enough to know the mermaid didn't mind, and she continued, cupping the large breasts, slowly at first, but her grip steadily getting harder, Melody's nipples being captured between Amelia's fingers.

The mermaid moaned and arched her back, offering herself, something that the princess found relish in.

Melody let Amelia play with her for some time, until her desire to see the princess reared its head and she started to paw at Amelia's clothes, wanting to divest the princess of her protection.

Amelia laughed out loud, but let the other woman continue, helping when Melody couldn't unlace her dress.

The redheaded princess had never felt as good as right then. With every article of clothe that fell to the ground she became freer, with less expectation burdening her – weighting on her shoulders.

She felt like her own person, as if she was the sole ruler of her fate, and Melody joined in the cheer, kissing the princess and claiming her mouth.

Amelia kissed just as hard, her hands moving down the blonde's back and resting atop her buttocks, cupping the two cheeks and making Melody jump, which caused them to laugh into each other's mouths.

Melody leaned back and looked at her beloved, finally seeing Amelia nude.

The redhead was beautiful, her form full and curvaceous, her waist thin and her breasts large. Melody stared for a long time and then moved forward, taking the naked princess into her arms.

They kissed more heatedly than before, their hands moving over each other's bodies, their mouths devouring.

Amelia left Melody's lips and kissed her face, the flesh beneath her ear, making the young mermaid shudder.

Melody held still as Amelia kissed her throat, her shoulders and her neck, the princess slowly moving around her body and letting her mouth taste of the blonde's body.

The redhead was fascinated with Melody's body – she had never seen another woman up close like this, especially someone who had used magic to turn human. The princess tried to find some difference between Melody and herself, but failed, and focused simply on making the mermaid moan as much as she could.

Her caresses became too much and Melody turned to her, kissing her mouth.

When the mermaid ended the kiss, she poised her hands on Amelia's shoulders, pushing her down and making her lay on the sand. Then she repeated what the Sea Witch had done to her hours before.

She knelt beside the princess and let her hands play with the redhead's body, making her squirm at first, and then moan as her fingers found some more erogenous zones.

After a time, her hands came to rest on Amelia's face and she looked down at the woman she loved, seeing Amelia's eyes brighten as the princess looked back at her. Melody leaned down and touched her lips to the redhead's, just for a moment, before she started moving down.

Melody kissed Amelia's throat, her collarbone, and then stopped over her breasts, her eyes flicking up to see the princess's face as her mouth came down and kissed her nipples.

Amelia moaned and grabbed Melody's hair, squirming as the mermaid's tongue started to swirl around her nipples, Melody's teeth scraping against the pale flesh of her breasts.

While her mouth worked on Amelia's chest, Melody's hands roved over the princess's body, moving down her back until she reached the buttocks and cupped them, making Amelia arch her ass off the ground.

Melody smirked and started moving again, her tongue leaving a trail of saliva, momentarily flicking inside Amelia's navel, before she kept moving south.

She stopped once her mouth reached the red curls that hid Amelia's treasure, and she inhaled, scenting that smell that she now identified as human's sexual excitement.

Amelia's legs got tenser, the girl not knowing how to proceed. To calm her, Melody kissed her inner thighs, slowly, first one and then the other, while the princess moaned and shook.

With her hands, Melody parted Amelia's legs, spreading her, before she leaned down and let her tongue flick over the princess's sex, hearing the redhead moan and smiling against her flesh.

She started slow, her tongue moving up and down over Amelia's nether lips, tasting her and making her squirm.

The princess put her hands on Melody's head, keeping it down and pressed against her core, her legs moving to weight down on the mermaid's shoulders, imprisoning

the blonde.

Melody didn't care and just focused on Amelia's pussy, her tongue tracing the woman's lips, moving from side to side and from top to bottom, drawing ever increasingly loud moans out of the princess's mouth.

When she noticed Amelia couldn't stop shaking, Melody slowed down her motions and focused on the princess's clit, kissing it, taking it into her mouth, her tongue swirling around the little bundle of nerves.

Amelia shook and screamed as it happened, feeling pleasure as she had never felt before. Her grip on the mermaid increased, becoming almost painful, but neither woman protested, too caught up in their lovemaking.

Amelia shuddered as she felt her release coming, her orgasm overtaking her and making her scream out loud, uncaring of the fact she was naked on a beach in a foreign isle. For all she knew someone could be watching them right now, but she didn't care.

Melody made sure to keep pleasuring her lover, her tongue tasting Amelia's release at the source, one finger poised over Amelia's clit, flicking it, playing with the bud.

Eventually Amelia's pleasure trailed off and she relaxed, spent, her legs resting atop Melody's shoulders. She opened her eyes and watched as Melody climbed her body, the mermaid sporting an enormous grin.

Amelia smiled at the blonde and Melody leaned down, kissing her, letting her taste herself on the mermaid's mouth.

They simply held each other and Amelia didn't resist, starting to sleep.

She woke sometime later to find Melody's eyes on hers, the mermaid's love shining in them.

Amelia smiled at her and reached for her lover, kissing her softly, and then harder, her hand starting to move over Melody's skin. "I shouldn't have relaxed like that; I still need to take care of you."

Melody smiled against her lips. "I'm sure you can make it up to me."

Amelia leaned back and lowered her eyes. "I don't know how to do what you did to me. You'll have to teach me."

Melody hugged her, hard, their naked breasts pressing against one another's. "Don't worry, I will, but I also have something to show you. It's ..." She stopped.

"What?" Amelia asked, worried about the blonde's reaction.

Melody shrugged before she got up, keeping her distance from her lover. "Don't get scared."

With those words the mermaid focused on her memories of the Sea Witch, of seeing the woman with a cock. Slowly, a similar appendage grew between

Melody's legs, Amelia's eyes bugging out as it happened.

"How do you have *that*?"

Melody hesitated a little before telling the truth, or at least part of it, figuring it was best if she didn't start to lie to her beloved. "I made a deal with a Sea Witch in order to be able to turn human, this" She said, pointing at her cock. "Was something she made clear was necessary for you kind to reproduce and we negotiated further for it."

She didn't tell Amelia what she had to do in order to convince the Witch. She would, eventually, but she didn't want to make the princess distraught about it.

Hesitantly, Amelia reached out with her hands and closed it around the flaccid cock, feeling it hardening in her hands.

Melody resisted the urge to moan, not wanting the princess to stop any time soon.

She needn't worried, because Amelia was as fascinated with the mermaid's cock, as the mermaid was with the princess's touch. The redhead tightened her hold around the appendage and started stroking it.

While she didn't know what to do to make a woman feel pleasure, aside from what she liked to do in her own body, Amelia did know something about the male anatomy. Her maids sometimes talked with each other, telling tales about their lovers. Amelia knew she shouldn't, but sometimes she eavesdropped on them.

It wasn't of much use, but at least Amelia had some idea of how to please Melody's cock.

She leaned forward and touched Melody's cock with her lips, a simply grazing of flesh on flesh, but it made the other woman lose her composure and moan out loud.

Emboldened by her success, the princess repeated the motion again and again, moving from the cock's head to its body and base, feeling it harden further, until Melody made her stop.

The princess looked up, gazing at the mermaid's face and finding her breathing hard.

"I don't think I'm going to last long like this." Melody said, and Amelia noticed her shaking legs.

"Then lie down and let me enjoy you." The redhead replied and Melody's eyes widened, before she let herself fall to the sand.

Amelia smiled and climbed atop Melody's body, kissing her on the lips, before she trailed down and stopped over the other woman's cock. She opened her mouth wide and took the prick inside, her tongue swirling around the warm flesh.

Melody moaned and thrust, making the redhead lean back for a moment, surprised at the motion. She looked at the mermaid. "Don't do that."

Melody nodded hurriedly and gestured for Amelia to continue.

The princess obeyed, taking Melody into her mouth, pleasuring the woman's cock, her hands exploring the flesh beneath the appendage and finding the other woman's pussy and clit.

Amelia leaned back at that and gazed better at the mermaid.

Melody still had a functional pussy; it was just hidden against the cock that grew between her legs. Wanting to explore a little, Amelia's fingers proved the pink nether lips, the erect clitoris, and then pressed against Melody's opening.

The mermaid screamed when Amelia entered her, and she thrust against the invading digits, making them reach even deeper inside of her, while her own cock moved further in Amelia's mouth.

The princess gagged but she didn't protest, bobbing her head over the cock, her motions fast and faster until the blonde couldn't take anymore and exploded.

Melody's cock released its seed in Amelia's mouth and the princess swallowed her come. The mermaid screamed in pleasure, her hands coming to rest on Amelia's hair and keeping the redhead glued to her body, wanting that pleasure to last forever.

It didn't and when her cock lost its hardness, Amelia retreated, licking her lips and tasting the last of Melody's fluids.

They looked at one another and giggled, Amelia falling on the mermaid's body and holding tight.

Melody kissed her, slower than last time, more delicately.

Amelia's hand came to rest on her face and caressed it. They held each other, content in each other's warmth at first, but as their kisses became more heated, Melody's cock started to harden once more.

When Amelia noticed it, she grabbed the hard appendage and started to stroke it, before she made them turn around, lying with her back against the sand.

Melody looked at her and the redhead smiled, opening her legs and gesturing for the mermaid to crawl between them. The blonde did as commanded, moaning as her flesh touched Amelia's, their breasts touching one another, her cock pressing against Amelia's groin.

There were no words exchanged between them.

The princess grabbed Melody's cock and pulled it against her entrance.

Melody moved her hips forward, thrusting into Amelia's warmth. They moaned at the contact and Amelia's hands circled around Melody's body.

Their lovemaking was gentle at first, with the mermaid careful not to hurt Amelia, moving slowly, making sure the redhead got used to her cock. Bit by bit, Amelia got

looser and her hips started moving upwards to meet Melody's, their motions becoming faster and more desperate.

When the mermaid reached the barrier that protected Amelia's virginity she stopped and looked into her lover's eyes, finding only love and care, as well as a deep desire to consummate their relationship.

They smiled at one another and Melody pushed, thrusting harder than before, deeper.

Amelia released a pained sound as her hymen ruptured, and again at Melody's next thrusts, but slowly she got used to and it started to feel good.

They turned around, Melody lying on the sand and Amelia riding her, moving up and down. The redhead struggled at first but got used to the new position, and arched her back, offering her breasts to her lover.

They held each other's hands throughout it, their moans increasing in volume, their release getting closer.

Amelia released a sob of need and let her upper body fall atop of Melody's, the pleasure she was feeling becoming too much. With another thrust from Melody's hips, she came and screamed out loud, her pussy tightening around the mermaid's rod.

Melody felt her cock being squeezed by Amelia's cunt, and made them turn once again, depositing Amelia on her back.

In the new position Melody had no difficulty thrusting into her lover, and moved faster than before, harder, fucking Amelia's cunt, making her moan and scream as her orgasm was prolonged by Melody's motions, until the mermaid couldn't take it anymore and came.

Melody's cock spurted its seed inside of Amelia's pussy, the mermaid screaming in pleasure, her lover's arms surrounding her, their bodies joined as one.

The mermaid lay on top of Amelia afterwards, simply enjoying the feeling of good sex and of their love.

They went to sleep like that and would only wake up several hours later, refreshed and ready for the first day of what would be the rest of their lives.

Epilogue

Melody and Amelia lived on that island for almost two years, until the redhead couldn't take it anymore. She felt lonely with only Melody for company, needing to interact with other people.

Melody understood her lover – she didn't know if she could have lasted as long as Amelia had on that island, if she wasn't able to slip into the water and commune with her sisters.

Eventually the two of them tried to live in human lands, but even after all that time Amelia was still sought, and people came after them.

In the end, Melody found herself doing something she never thought she would have to do. She visited the Sea Witch.

The price of the deal was far steeper this time, but for Amelia she would do anything – even bear the Sea Witch's child.

After Melody paid her debt, Amelia was gifted with the ability to turn into a mermaid, and the two of them became equals, happily travelling the world's oceans, fucking on the beaches of all the continents, until they eventually had children of their own and lived happily ever after.

The End

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



THE FIRST QUEEN

The First Queen
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #8)

By
Julie Law

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The First Queen

Chapter 1

“What news from the front?” Hatshepsut’s voice boomed through the palace’s halls, resonating amongst those present.

The man prostrated before her hesitated, before raising his head slightly. He kept his eyes down, his posture respectful, but allowing her to gaze at his face.

“Terrible news, my Queen, your husband the Pharaoh Thutmose II is slain.”

Murmuring broke out amongst the witnesses, some of them starting to sob. It was all fake, Hatshepsut knew, a way to garner favor by showing how deeply depressed they were with their divine leader’s death.

As if they hadn’t known he was dead for a while.

The official messenger might only have arrived that day, but news had spread earlier, carried by messenger birds and faster couriers. The entire city had known the pharaoh was dead for days.

Soon enough the vultures around Hatshepsut would start picking at her husband’s corpse, trying to steal everything they could.

For one moment, Hatshepsut hesitated. Should she sob as well, show herself as the distressed wife, weak and unassuming?

No, that wasn’t her; it wasn’t as if she didn’t feel her husband’s death, but now she needed to show herself as strong leader. Not as meek.

“We will make my husband’s killers pay with their lives, with their wives and with their lands for this affront.” Her voice didn’t waver, and her message was loudly received by everyone gathered.

Nobles, priests and priestesses, ambassadors from far lands and generals, merchants, all of them were in attendance for the daily royal audience, knowing today was a day of change. Most of them waited for a chance to better their own future prospects; some of those cheered as Hatshepsut spoke, trying to ingrain themselves into her good graces.

Others were more discreet and lightly applauded. It was the ones who did nothing that Hatshepsut watched, those she would need to convince, or trample, during her claiming of the throne.

And she would assume it – she wouldn’t let anyone take her birthright away from her once again – what her father had done before had been enough, giving her away as a bride to the new Pharaoh instead of naming her his heir.

Hatshepsut let her eyes rove over those gathered one last time, before she rose from her seat. Almost immediately her female attendants fell in behind her, their eyes lowered.

Nobody spoke as her little procession left the audience room, but someone joined her retinue, face lowered in respect for her queen.

Hatshepsut didn't miss the new presence and turned to face her after entering her wing of the palace. "Why does one priestess of Isis come to me in this time of grief? Are you here to offer me your condolences? Or perhaps you're here to counsel me?"

"Maybe I am, my queen, but nonetheless I would prefer our words to remain private."

Hatshepsut simply looked at her.

Aya was one of the priestesses of Isis, young yet powerful within her order, a great user of magic. Or parlor trick, as Hatshepsut knew they were. She hated this trapping of religion that contaminated her kingdom, but she wouldn't dare say it out loud.

The priestess was of noble birth, and it showed in her beauty. Hatshepsut let her eyes wander down Aya's body, seeing large breasts, wide hips, and a fit body. She was quite sure the other woman wouldn't have difficulties finding a husband, should she desire to leave the temple.

For her to be here, now – it probably was a chance that Hatshepsut couldn't let pass.

"Leave us." She said loudly, and her attendants left as quickly as possible, the two women remaining alone. "What do you want priestess?"

Aya bowed once again. "I'm only here to offer my condolences, my lady, and assure you anything you need and I can provide, I will."

She didn't seem to be lying, but Hatshepsut wondered. "And what have I done to deserve such enthusiastic support?" If the other woman was a snake it was better to keep her away, if Aya truly was ready to support her then so much the better.

"You are the rightful heir my lady, as you were years ago. I just intend for the right person to assume the throne, the way it should be." Aya humbly replied, lowering her eyes after looking right into Hatshepsut's.

The queen was intrigued. She sensed no deception in the other woman's words, and the gaze of the priestess's blue eyes made her feel ... lusted after. She couldn't help but let an eyebrow rise, she could work with that. The priestess was attractive enough; it wouldn't be hard to flirt a little.

Reaching forward she put a hand on Aya's chin, caressing her face. The priestess almost leaned into it.

“And it’s that the only reason?” She asked a little quieter.

“No, my lady.” Aya replied, looking once again into the queen’s eyes. “There has never been a female pharaoh, not once in all the years since Egypt was founded. My goddess is worshipped as the throne of the pharaoh, as the symbol of its power and yet a female never yielded that power, only men – as if women weren’t good enough. That is something I aim to change.”

“Ah.” A sound of comprehension and pleasure released itself from Hatshepsut’s mouth almost without her meaning it to. She had finally found someone who thought like her, who wanted better, and she would use that for all its worth.

“What do you propose then, priestess?”

“Visit the temple of Isis the day of your husband’s funeral, my lady, and I will have the support of my temple to offer you.”

Hatshepsut smiled and let her hand wander lower, letting it linger just above Aya’s breasts, making the other woman gasp. “Do that priestess, and I will know to reward you accordingly.”

The priestess nodded a little jerkily and bowed, lower than before, before retreating, never turning her back on the queen.

Hatshepsut watched her go, resisting the urge to laugh.

Things were already going her way and she hadn’t done anything yet.

She would be pharaoh, and no one would stop her, but first there were precautions to be taken, deals to be made, and the one with the priestess of Isis was just the first.

Chapter 2

Hatshepsut relaxed under her handmaiden's hands, the girl's digits pressing firmly against her back, massaging, while another woman used a wet sponge to clean up her legs.

Her husband's funerary rites had been a particularly boring affair, but necessary, and now she needed to relax and go to Aya.

Half an hour was enough for her to finish her bath. After stepping out of the small pool, she could almost make up her reflection in the water, from her toned stomach to her large breasts, dark curly hair falling down her back. Hatshepsut was a beautiful woman and she knew it.

The attendants applied perfumes and oils to her skin, before dressing her, making her look like the queen she was. Once Hatshepsut was satisfied they fell in behind her, following as she moved through the palace.

Hatshepsut was lost in her own thoughts, wondering if Aya had found the support she had promised, so she almost missed it when someone stepped into her path, making her stop.

Amaunet was one of her husband's secondary wives, and her younger sister, daughter of her father and one of his secondary wives.

Hatshepsut knew the younger woman desired what belonged to her, but she never paid Amaunet much attention, considering her irrelevant. Now things took another tone because, for once in her life, Amaunet had an advantage over Hatshepsut – she was the mother of Thutmose II's only male child – who, according to tradition, would be the prime candidate to succeed him, if only he wasn't a toddler.

The younger woman smirked at her queen nonetheless, looking confident, like she had nothing to fear and was in complete control of the situation.

Hatshepsut had always thought Amaunet an arrogant fool and the other woman's attitude wasn't proving her wrong. It was so much easier to outmaneuver someone when they didn't even bother to conceal their intentions.

"So hurried, my queen; busy enjoying the last days in power?" Amaunet smirked, convinced of her own cleverness.

"Do you think to replace me as queen, little sister?" Hatshepsut poured all her venom into these last words, all of her disdain for the other woman.

Amaunet wasn't immune to it and her face darkened, rage pouring through. "My son will be pharaoh, Hatshepsut. If I were you, I would take hold of my tongue; it can create you more problems that you can imagine."

Hatshepsut laughed, the jewelry in her hair tinkling together. "And how is that going to happen, dear sister. Do you believe anyone wants a toddler to be their ruler? I didn't think you so foolish."

"We'll see who is foolish." Amaunet replied, lips curving into a smile. "Do you really think you have the support needed to become pharaoh? You, who are nothing more than a woman, think to become our ruler?"

"I suppose one can never tell with you, sister, but are you also not a woman?" Hatshepsut questioned.

"Yes, but I know my place. And I know my son's place."

"My place you mean." Hatshepsut bit out. "My claim is as good as his."

"We'll see who is right, sister." Amaunet replied. "Unfortunately for you, I have what really matters in these conflicts."

"A brain?" Hatshepsut put out sarcastically.

"An army." Amaunet replied, moving forward and stopping in front of her sister. "In your place I would tread with care, Hatshepsut, or you might pay for it later. Would you like to be sent down to service the soldiers? I can make that happen if you cross a line."

"You're the one crossing a line." Hatshepsut said through gritted teeth, resisting the urge to lash out.

The other woman seemed too assured of her own victory, of her own words. She needed to be careful.

Amaunet smirked. "Or maybe I will make you marry my future husband. Make you his secondary wife, or perhaps a simple concubine. We wouldn't want you to be placed above your place."

"So that is your plan?" Hatshepsut questioned, finally understanding her younger sister's intentions. "You intend to use your cunt as your weapon against me. Or maybe you already used it. If I know you, you already spread your legs to someone who you believe will help you, didn't you?"

Amaunet face reddened but she remained silent.

Hatshepsut smirked, once more assured of her superiority towards the younger woman. "I have to admit, you make for a very beautiful *whore*, Amaunet; and quite good at your job, if anyone is willing to give you an army over it."

"You'll pay for this." Amaunet promised.

"Maybe." Hatshepsut conceded. "But it will not be you who will make me pay for it, little sister. I have allies also, and we'll see, at the end of the day, who will rule, me or your son."

Having said her piece, Hatshepsut moved once again, ignoring the other woman. Her steps were faster and, despite what she had told her younger sister, she was worried. Amaunet had moved quickly and found someone to back her son.

If the younger woman truly had the backing of someone on the military, perhaps one of the most ambitious generals, then time was of the essence, and Hatshepsut had to hurry. She supposed she was an idiot for not considering the possibility; plenty of generals would give up their rights arms for the chance to be the next pharaoh's step-father; getting Amaunet as a wife only made the deal sweeter.

It took her almost an hour to arrive at the temple of Isis. She made sure her palanquin passed through the most populated area of the city, letting the people gaze at her, while servants distributed food.

Slaves and laborers might have little influence, but every little bit helped, especially if Amaunet truly had the military at her side.

The temple of Isis was one of the biggest buildings in the city, only dwarfed by the royal palace and a few other structures. Like most, its interiors were decorated in golden hues, every inch of its walls engraved with images and script.

While beautiful, Hatshepsut believed it was a little too overdone. Sometimes simpler things were the best.

The temple guards bowed and let her pass.

With a gesture she ordered her attendants to remain at the entrance, and walked alone, moving into the main chamber. She looked around, surprised at the absence of any priestess and decided to wait.

When a minute had passed and no one appeared she started suspecting something. Temples rarely were left unattended, especially when a queen had been invited to visit.

Hatshepsut's heart started beating faster and she feared a trap. She turned around and started to leave, but a resonating voice made her still.

"This is not a trap, little queen, just a meeting."

The voice was female, powerful. Hatshepsut felt her bones trembling at the sound and her skin breaking into goose bumps. She turned to face its origin, terrified of the unknown.

She found the woman responsible lazily reclined against one of the columns, almost as if it was a bed.

Hatshepsut's breath caught.

The other woman was beautiful, almost too much; her skin an almost golden shade, her hair luxurious and long, wild behind her back, curly, her breasts full and round.

If those were her only features of note, she would already be called beautiful and blessed, but it didn't stop there. Her body was that of a warrior, muscled and strong, masculine in some ways, but that only accentuated her more female features, her round face, her succulent lips.

It was the two last details of her appearance that made Hatshepsut tremble anew – golden eyes slit like those of a cat, and ears above her head, black and also like a cat's.

The other woman tilted her head, amused, as if she knew the thoughts in Hatshepsut's mind, while the queen's world imploded on her.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking; I am what I am after all."

Hatshepsut mind only repeated to itself that it couldn't be, that the *goddess Bastet* couldn't be in front of her.

"So you're going to deny what is in front of your eyes. Tut, tut, little queen, I hoped better from you." Bastet said as she approached, her gaze making Hatshepsut's catch her breath.

The would-be-pharaoh's mind was a mess. She didn't want to believe her eyes, she had never believed in gods or any mystical thing, but now she knew they were true. For one moment she doubted everything she had always believed in, her knowledge, her attitude and way of life, all which made her who she was.

And then she shut her doubts away and locked them inside her mind. Later there would be time to question her beliefs, but first she needed to face what was right in front of her.

"Hum," That sound, coming from Bastet's mouth, made Hatshepsut shudder in a complete different manner than before. "I suppose I can see the strength the other three were talking about; you do have some iron within you."

Hatshepsut bowed her head at the goddess, thanking her for the compliment.

"Did a cat get your tongue, little girl?" Bastet asked, leaning forward, almost pressing her face against Hatshepsut's. "Or did you forget how to speak?"

Hatshepsut gulped, only now realizing how tall the other woman was, her head resting almost a foot above her. "No, my lady, I was simply unaware if I should speak out loud in your presence."

"If I didn't want you to speak, I wouldn't have come to you in the first place, girl."

"I apologize and if you allow me, why did you come to me?" Hatshepsut asked, curious. She could only think of one reason why the goddess would come to her – Thutmose II's succession.

"Yes, that's exactly the reason and it reminds me." Bastet moved before Hatshepsut could react, the goddess's hand tangling itself on the queen's hair and gripping tightly.

Hatshepsut cried out at the pain and fell to her knees, guided there by the cat goddess's hand. Bastet did not release her hair but relaxed her hold slightly, and circled Hatshepsut, stopping behind her back.

Hatshepsut felt the goddess's foot press against her upper back, pushing her forward; making her brace herself on her hands and knees. She froze, afraid like she had never been in her life, knowing she was at the complete mercy of the female behind her.

She thought about begging for her life, to plead for the other woman to spare her, but Bastet anticipated her.

"No, don't do that!" Bastet commanded, her voice grating on Hatshepsut's ears, making her tremble anew. "I don't want to lose the meager of respect I have for you."

"Then what do you want?" The queen asked, her anger momentarily overpowering her fear.

Bastet smiled.

"I don't like you. I think you're vain, arrogant, too convinced of your own prowess, of your world views." She whispered at Hatshepsut's ear, her tongue licking the other woman's earlobe. "I also don't believe you deserve the boon Isis intends to give you, but I suppose she has her reasons. I just don't understand why she chose someone who doesn't believe in us, or at least didn't."

Hatshepsut froze, her brain considering Bastet's words. Had she heard the goddess right? Isis had some kind of boon to offer her?

"Don't bother." The cat goddess continued. "You're not going to find out what it is before she's ready, and I have my own task to perform before that happens."

Hatshepsut felt Bastet's hands on her tunic, slowly pushing the fabric up her body.

She fought back against the woman, trying to turn around, to shake her grip off, but Bastet's strength was impossible to overcome.

Bastet pressed her clawed hands against Hatshepsut's sides, making the human female freeze in place. "If you refuse this, you'll never be pharaoh. You wouldn't deny your goddess, would you?" She whispered.

Hatshepsut shivered and stilled, stopping her struggles.

Bastet returned her attentions to Hatshepsut's tunic, pushing it until it lay pooled above the queen's breasts. The goddess's hands wandered down the other woman's body, touching her gently at first, stopping only when they dipped between Hatshepsut's thighs.

The queen blanched – she wanted to be pharaoh above everything – but she wasn't her little sister; she wasn't ready to sell out her own body for the promise of a boon, not even to a goddess.

"But you're not, little woman." Bastet voice resonated unnaturally inside the sanctum, and the queen shivered again. "You're going to spread your legs like a good little whore because your goddess commands you, not because you'll profit from it."

Hatshepsut swallowed, not knowing what to do. She didn't dare defy Bastet, and she could feel the goddess's hands on her thighs, touching, claiming. She knew she should simply resign herself to her fate, but she hated thinking like that; she wanted to tell the cat goddess to go fuck herself.

Behind her, Bastet smiled. She had to admit there was something fun about the queen, something that sparkled of defiance. It had been too long since any human dared to confront her, and she found herself enjoying it, even if Hatshepsut didn't put much of a struggle.

With a thought, Bastet's clothes dissolved into vapor, and her naked body revealed itself. She pressed her bare hips against Hatshepsut's buttocks, watching as the woman's flinched at the skin-to-skin contact.

The goddess let her hands move over Hatshepsut's body, admiring the queen's charms.

She touched Hatshepsut's buttocks, letting her fingers linger for a few moments, before she moved them up, pressing against the queen's small back, her touch feather light.

Bastet saw goose bumps appeared on the queen's skin and smiled. "I need to ask you something, little queen. How do you like to be fucked?"

Hatshepsut gulped once again, and remained silent, refusing to answer.

"Oh wait," Bastet smiled at the defiance. "I don't care."

She reached out and grabbed Hatshepsut's hair, pulling, making the other woman arch into her. She just needed to think and her body changed, a cock growing between her thighs.

Gods and goddess didn't have bodies like mortals did. They usually restricted themselves to a single form, but that was a preference.

Should Bastet wish to, she could change her entire appearance, make herself male, or an animal of some kind, yet at her core she would remain female, because that was the gender she identified with.

She circled her cock with one hand, stroking, gripping Hatshepsut's hair with the other. She had a task to do, but at least she would enjoy it fully.

Slowly, Bastet pressed her cock against Hatshepsut's entrance, letting the hard flesh trace the woman's nether lips, making her gasp in surprise.

The human female tried to turn her head around, wanting to see what the goddess was doing, but Bastet didn't allow it, and she was forced to rely on her imagination

to picture what was happening.

The cat goddess smiled, and kept her motion, waiting until she felt wetness gathering in the other woman's cunt, Hatshepsut's lips starting to glisten. She leaned forward then, contorting in a way human bodies shouldn't be able to, her head poised on Hatshepsut's shoulder.

"Well, maybe I was wrong before." The goddess whispered, wanting to impose her control over the other woman. "Maybe you are a whore, you got excited enough at the thought of me fucking you." She ended with a small push, letting the tip of her prick slide into the human queen.

Hatshepsut's reply was a gasp, and the cat goddess smirked.

"You have nothing to say? Perhaps you're accepting the truth of it."

Bastet didn't let Hatshepsut reply; she leaned down and licked the woman's neck, then the top of her spine and trailed down.

Hatshepsut moaned, feeling much more pleasure that she should from suck a small gesture, but then maybe she shouldn't be surprised – the one doing it was a goddess, a divine being.

Her pleasure only increased when one of Bastet's hands cupped her breast, weighting it, fingers moving over the skin and pulling the nipple, then kneading the flesh. The goddess's other hand never left Hatshepsut's hair, forcing her to hold her head high, facing forward, and leaving her blind to Bastet's actions.

It made the queen furious, at her inability to do anything against the goddess, being forced to remain still on her hands and knees, waiting to be mounted like a bitch by a dog.

"I would prefer some metaphor with cats, but I suppose your assessment isn't entirely wrong." Bastet replied to Hatshepsut's thoughts with a smirk.

Bastet didn't like the human – she hated those that refused to believe in her and those like her, in their will, but she knew Isis was right and that this woman was the one who had the best chance to make something they wanted happen – a woman assuming the role of pharaoh.

She and her fellow goddess hated how most of humankind's societies relegated women to second place, as nothing more than entertainment, housekeepers and wives.

They wanted more for them.

Which was somewhat ironic, considering the way they were about to make their will come to be in Egypt, by fucking the queen like she was a piece of meat. Not that Bastet had pity for Hatshepsut – the woman clearly wanted to rule – she should be ready to pay the price of it, but it didn't mean Bastet was blind to the sheer irony of it.

"I'm giving you the choice to say no, little queen?" Bastet spoke. "Do you want to say no, knowing you'll never be pharaoh if that happens?"

Hatshepsut stilled, but shook her head, offering herself to Bastet. She *needed* to be pharaoh.

Not wanting to waste any more time, Bastet pushed into Hatshepsut, sinking her cock into the queen's warm pussy.

She closed her eyes at the sensations she received from her newly-created member. Hatshepsut was tight, and Bastet enjoyed the way the woman's nether lips clasped around her flesh, making her feel every inch of Hatshepsut she conquered.

The human woman tried to remain silent, wanting things to end as soon as possible, but she couldn't. It felt too good, Bastet's presence within her making her lose herself to pleasure, making her moan. Bastet was big, bigger than her husband had been, and her pussy was stretched trying to accommodate Bastet's flesh.

The goddess moved back and forth, slowly pushing more and more of herself into the other woman, making them both writhe with pleasure. She kept playing with Hatshepsut's breast, even while she drove forward, her cock disappearing in Hatshepsut's depths.

Bastet thought about speaking some more, trying to rile up Hatshepsut against her, making her enjoy a bit of the queen's inutile defiance, but she restrained herself, simply fucking the other woman.

She was feeling to urge to shout as she buried her cock again and again in Hatshepsut's cunt, the pleasure mounting, the queen's grip increasingly tight. Bastet knew she wouldn't last long, and she didn't mind.

Bastet released Hatshepsut's hair and let her hand slowly move down the queen's back, dipping it beneath her body and cupping the other woman's mound, her digits against the clit, playing with it, teasing.

Hatshepsut moaned loudly in reply, her hips starting to move backwards. Whatever doubts or reluctance the queen previously had disappeared, and she thought only about her pleasure, about the feeling of Bastet's hard cock moving inside of her, until it became too much and she reached her climax, arching into the goddess.

Bastet smiled as she heard Hatshepsut scream in rapture, closing her eyes at her own enjoyment, her thrusts becoming faster and more fun, much more pleasurable.

She couldn't resist and her hands closed around the other woman's waist, steadying Hatshepsut as Bastet started to slam into her, fucking her much harder than before.

Hatshepsut could only brace herself against the floor, her orgasm being extended by the goddess's actions, her breasts bouncing back and forth in tandem with Bastet's thrusts.

The goddess sheathed herself inside of the Egyptian queen with a shout, her cock throbbing and starting to release its seed. She stopped moving, letting it flow, and both women enjoying their highs.

Slowly they came down to earth and Bastet lay against Hatshepsut's back, relaxing.

The queen let herself be for a few moments, but started moving when she believed Bastet wouldn't mind.

"What are you doing?" Bastet questioned, her grip on the queen's waist getting tighter. "I didn't say you could leave."

Hatshepsut opened her mouth to speak, but she felt Bastet's cock hardening again, incredibly fast and the goddess mounted her, her weight keeping Hatshepsut down, forcing her to spread her legs further.

Bastet once again took Hatshepsut from behind, moving faster, harder, making it almost painful, and yet the human queen started to feel that fire in her groin, feeling the pleasure rising.

Their motions were more vigorous, and soon enough they both came again, Bastet's seed filling the other woman. The goddess rose to her feet then, her gait slow and relaxed.

Hatshepsut turned and faced her, while seated on the ground. In her eyes, Bastet saw anger, rebelliousness, wounded pride. She didn't like it – the mortal should be proud to have lain with her.

She reached forward and grabbed the queen's hair, her grip tight. "I don't like the look in your eyes, little queen." She willed it and her cock hardened again.

Hatshepsut tried to look away, but the goddess didn't allow her.

"You know what I want, woman." Bastet said with anger, her grip getting tighter, pulling the other woman up, making Hatshepsut straighten her back. "Get to it, your goddess commands you."

The queen fumed and tried to look away. When she failed, she sighed, and leaned forward, poising her lips against the prick's head, letting her tongue lap at it.

Bastet smiled as the other woman started to pleasure her, her grip getting lighter, her hand running over Hatshepsut's head. Bit by bit, the human went further, her hands poised against Bastet's thighs, her mouth opening and swallowing the hard cock.

Hatshepsut bobbed over the hard flesh, moving back and forth, again and again, her tongue lapping at it. The queen could taste her own sex on Bastet's flesh, the goddess's remaining seed, and she found herself resisting the urge to moan at the flavor.

Bastet knew how affected she was, but remained silent, simply holding unto the queen's head. She started moving her hips, slowly fucking Hatshepsut's face.

It didn't take long; Bastet's cock had been well exercised by Hatshepsut's cunt. With a breathy moan she came in the queen's mouth, her seed running over her tongue and into her throat, making Hatshepsut swallow her goddess's seed.

Bastet didn't release the other woman until she was completely spent, and then she moved away, a smile on her lips.

Hatshepsut got up, ignoring the presence of the goddess, slowly rolling down her tunic, trying to straighten it. She didn't look at Bastet, not wanting to call for the goddess's attentions.

"If I wanted you again, looking away from me wouldn't help you." Bastet said, smiling. "I only made you use your mouth on me because your attitude irritated me, you should learn to be more respectful."

"I'm the queen of Egypt; I also deserve respect." Hatshepsut snapped looking at where the other woman had been, but finding no one there.

Indeed, the moment Hatshepsut blinked, Bastet disappeared, as if she was never there. Only the taste on her mouth and the aches on her knees and pussy convinced Hatshepsut what happened had been real.

She looked around for a few moments, trying to find some trace of Bastet, but gave up soon enough and prepared to leave the temple, making sure no one could divine what happened, for surely she would never forget it.

Chapter 3

Amenemhet was one of the more powerful generals in the military and, if Hatshepsut wasn't mistaken, he was the one backing up Amaunet. She could see it in the way he spoke to her, an almost mocking gait to his gaze.

He wouldn't have dared look at her like that while her husband was alive, but now he seemed too confident, as if he believed her power was at an end.

He still didn't dare disrespect her directly – she was the queen of Egypt after all, but she wasn't fooled by his demeanor and she would make him pay for it if she became pharaoh.

For the moment though, she had to swallow her pride and make small talk, without alerting him to her suspicions.

"How are the preparations for the new campaign in Nubia?" She asked, smiling, letting him think she was more worried about getting revenge on those that killed her husband.

"Everything is in order, my lady." Amenemhet replied, smiling back at her. "I'm quite confident everything will go according to plan."

"That's good to hear." She said, before assuming a more serious disposition. She gestured for one of her handmaidens to fill the general's cup. "I would also like to speak to you about my husband's succession."

Amenemhet didn't reply immediately, but he let his gaze move over to her attendants, and she gestured for them to leave her, to give them privacy. He smiled at her.

"I have to be sincere my lady." The general started with a tone of voice that was anything but. "The line of succession is clear in these cases; your husband's older male child should inherit."

"Should?" She questioned, tilting her head and smiling at him.

He smiled back. "In this case, the child is barely more than a toddler, and perhaps a stronger leader should be chosen."

"If I made a bid for the title, would you support me?"

He looked hesitant, but Hatshepsut knew it wasn't real. "I could be persuaded to do so."

"What would you want?" She asked him, curious. If he wasn't too greedy, she might fulfil his request, and in one swift maneuver undermine her younger sister's support and increase her own.

Amenemhet poised his hand on her knee and started to rub, his smiled turning lecherous, showing yellow teeth.

Hatshepsut resisted the urge to slap him and call for the guards, but it wasn't easy. His touch sickened her.

She would not spread her legs like a whore to a beast like him, not like her younger sister had done. It was enough to remember Bastet's hands on her body the day before, how the goddess treated her almost like a prostitute, when she had no way to possibly refuse her advances.

Hatshepsut didn't understand why the cat goddess behaved as she did, but she comforted herself in the knowledge that only someone so far above her as Bastet could dominate her so.

Without a word she got up, letting his hand fall to the ground.

His eyes widened and turned to the door, where her guards stood.

"I will be pharaoh, general, and it's a shame you've preferred to stand with my sister instead of me, but I'm sure you'll eventually see the error of your way. Pray it won't be too late."

Amenemhet got up and nodded, turning his back on her and leaving without bowing, disrespecting her once again.

She would make him pay for that, eventually, but for now she couldn't risk making a move and it backfiring on her.

The rest of the day was a blur. She met with nobles, other army officers and artisans. She tried to find supporters where she could, allies, people who would help her, and at the end of it she was exhausted, only wanting a bath and to get on her bed.

Her handmaidens bathed her with all care, their hands carrying her worries away, making her relax. A simple white tunic adorned her afterwards and she moved to her room.

Hatshepsut had barely stepped inside when the doors closed with a bang, stopping her people from following her. She looked around, eyes wide, but the only thing out of the ordinary where two naked women longing on her bed.

She stilled and let her eyes rove over them. They were beautiful; tall and strong, large breasts, hypnotic gazes. It didn't take long for Hatshepsut to spot some inhuman features, and she realized what the two beings were.

She kneeled and bowed her head, prostrating herself before them.

"See Hathor, this is the advantage of sending Bastet first. Now at least she believes in us and shows respect."

Hathor didn't reply, but she got up from the bed and moved towards Hatshepsut. She reached down and ran a hand through the queen's head, caressing her, and

then pulling her chin up.

“There is no need to fear us, child.” Her voice was like honey. “We are not here to harm you, quite the opposite.”

Her eyes shone with so much love and compassion that Hatshepsut almost broke into tears. She gazed at the goddess’s face, and then at the cow horns that adorned it. They were smaller than those of a real cow, but Hatshepsut still found herself intimidated by them.

Hathor smiled at Hatshepsut, and her horns receded, until her head was that of a regular woman. The human queen lowered her eyes, for the first time feeling she was not worthy to face someone.

Hathor reached out with her hands, holding Hatshepsut against her chest and carrying her to the bed, bridal-style.

The human blushed like she had during her first night with her husband, feeling her heart beat faster than ever. In Hathor’s arms she felt safe, loved, desired and cared for, unlike with Bastet the day before.

It was something she had rarely felt in her life, the obligations of her position weighting too much on her back.

Gently, Hathor lowered her to the bed and climbed in, putting Hatshepsut between both goddesses.

The queen only had eyes for Hathor, the goddess of love, at least until she felt a hand on her shoulder, which made her turn and gaze at the other woman. She looked at the antelope horns adorning the goddess’s head and realized she was Satet, the goddess of fertility.

“What are you doing here?” Hatshepsut questioned, emboldened by the gentleness the goddesses were displaying.

The two divine women exchanged looks. “Bastet didn’t explain what she came here to do yesterday, but it was simply the first step of the road that will make you pharaoh.”

Hatshepsut blushed when thinking about what happened with Bastet. She knew it was the goddesses’ presence that was affecting her so – she had never blushed too easily before.

Hathor started caressing her face. “Bastet did what she did for a reason”.

“Although she didn’t need to do it as she did,” Satet interrupted, moving forward and pressing against Hatshepsut’s back. “But I suppose we should have expected something like that from her – she’s a war goddess and a cat, fickle creatures in all matters.”

“That might be,” Hathor interrupted with a look directed at her companion. “But what she did was necessary, even if she was too forceful due to the fact you did

not believe in us.” The goddess finished with a delicate caress to Hatshepsut’s face.

“And the fact she makes love like she does war.” Satet continued, ignoring Hathor’s warning gaze. “As if she was conquering instead of trying to please her lovers – you saw that last night.”

Hatshepsut nodded, not saying anything, not daring to talk about the cat goddess least she invoke her wrath.

Hathor sighed and grabbed Hatshepsut’s face, planting a kiss on her lips. “What she did was necessary, child. The pharaoh is our representative on this realm, and as such there are some side effects to his divine essence. In this case it meant your womb was saturated by your husband’s energies, and you wouldn’t be able to conceive otherwise, only he could impregnate you.”

Satet laid a kiss beneath Hatshepsut’s ear, letting her tongue taste the woman’s skin. “Bastet cleansed those energies with her seed last night, which means now you could lay with a man and give him a child.”

“But that is not what is going to happen.” Hathor continued. “And that is why we are here. For a conception to normally occur you need a male and a female – it’s about the soul you see; only the union of man and woman can usually create a new soul.”

“I don’t understand.” Hatshepsut replied, looking confused from one goddess to another. “What does that have to do with anything?”

The goddesses exchanged looks once again. “Isis is the one who gives the power to the pharaoh, the one who in the end chooses him or her. In this case, and to show her support for you, she will come to you and from your union a child will be born.” Hathor said.

Hatshepsut opened her mouth and closed it without saying anything, her mind busy processing Hathor’s words. Isis wanted to have a child with her?

Satet knew of her doubts, and pressed her body harder against Hatshepsut’s back, letting her hands glide beneath the woman’s tunic, touching her, making her shiver. “Don’t worry about it,” She said against the queen’s ear. “You’ll be our chosen in this earth, and your child will be revered by your people.”

Hatshepsut tried, but her thoughts got the better of her. How could she not think about what Hathor and Satet told her?

Hathor sighed and leaned forward, kissing Hatshepsut, interrupting her thoughts.

The queen shivered as she felt her nipples hardening, goose bump appearing on her skin. Hathor’s tongue dueled with hers and, together with Satet’s presence at her back, proved to be too much. She forgot about all her worries, letting herself be taken by pleasure.

The goddesses’ hands roved over her body, slowly undressing her. Hatshepsut shivered again, this time from the chill, making Hathor and Satet press their bodies

against her, warming her.

Hatshepsut didn't care that she had never loved another woman, much less two; she just knew she needed them, to feel their hands and mouths upon her.

Hathor and Satet knew this and they had mercy on her. They laid the human queen on the bed, letting their gazes rove over her body, making her feel wanted and desired.

Hatshepsut knew she wasn't as stunning as the goddesses above her, but their eyes made her feel beautiful.

The goddesses moved at the same time, leaning down and letting their hands move over Hatshepsut's body, touching her face, her neck and collarbone, her breasts and then moving down.

The queen let them, moaning as their skin touched hers, spreading her legs and showing them the wetness between her thighs.

Satet smirked and she cupped the queen's mound, making her arch from the bed, her breaths bouncing with the motion, drawing Hathor's gaze.

The love goddess leaned down and let her tongue taste Hatshepsut's nipple, her eyes fixed on the human's, watching as the lust overwhelmed her. She felt one of the woman's hands latch onto her hair, keeping her prisoner against the breast.

She smiled and put a hand on Hatshepsut's stomach, gently rubbing, soothing the other woman.

Satet remained still for a few moments, watching them, before she let her fingers run over Hatshepsut's curls, dipping her hand between the human's thighs.

Hatshepsut moaned and arched once again, thrusting against Satet's hand. The fertility goddess teased her, her digits moving over the queen's nether lips, tracing them and making the human whimper with need.

Meanwhile, Hathor bit Hatshepsut's nipple, turning the woman's whimpers into moans, her hand playing with the queen's other breast.

The pleasure became too much to bear and Hatshepsut moaned louder than before, almost shaking with it. Hathor's mouth and hands made her breasts feel on fire, while sweat gathered between the mounds. Satet's touch was just as good, especially once the goddess stopped playing and pressed two fingers against the queen's opening, slowly penetrating her.

Hatshepsut came with a shout, her body tensed like a bowstring, her pussy grasping at Satet's fingers. She trembled and tried to speak, but the two goddesses didn't give her a chance, continuing their motions, trying to prolong her pleasure, making feel aftershock after aftershock, until she floundered in the bed, exhausted.

The two goddesses smiled at one another, and leaned down, poising their bodies against the human's. They took turns kissing Hatshepsut, until the woman regained

her strength and clutched at them.

"This isn't over yet," Satet whispered with one hand on the queen's thigh. "Our task will take the rest of the night."

"What is your task exactly?" Hatshepsut questioned. She didn't particularly care about it at the moment, but knew later she would regret not asking.

"Think about us like farmers preparing a field for being planted." Hathor replied, putting one hand over Hatshepsut's womb. "As we told you before, usually two females can't conceive together, even if they have the necessary equipment. As goddesses we can bypass that little obstacle, but it requires a little something."

"That's what you're doing?" Hatshepsut asked, looking right into Hathor's eyes. "You're preparing my womb to be capable of receiving Isis's child?"

"Yes." Satet confirmed, pressing a kiss against Hatshepsut's cheek.

The other woman nodded and turned to the goddess, kissing her on the lips, her body sinking into the mattress as Satet climbed on top of her.

The goddess's kiss was harsh, almost suffocating Hatshepsut with her want.

Hatshepsut could only kiss back, holding onto Satet, her hands moving over the goddess's body, stopping to cup her buttocks. The other female moaned at that touch, breathing deeply, their chests brushing against one another.

Hathor looked from the side, until she couldn't resist anymore and pushed against them, making them roll over the bed, Hatshepsut ending on top of Satet. Hathor smiled at the sight and leaned forward, pressing against the queen's back, her hips against the dark haired woman's buttocks.

Hatshepsut moaned again, imprisoned between two goddesses and desiring them more than anything.

They didn't disappoint and made Hatshepsut lay against the bed, Hathor slipping between her legs, using her mouth on the queen's sex. She kissed the curls above Hatshepsut's pussy, letting her tongue trail to the queen's nether lips, tasting them, and kissing, her tongue tracing those wet lips.

Hatshepsut moaned again and again, moving her legs and putting them atop the goddess's shoulders, imprisoning the other female.

While it happened, Satet claimed her mouth, silencing her cries of pleasure.

It didn't take long for Hatshepsut to reach her peak once again, Satet swallowing her cries.

The goddesses exchanged places then, and Hathor kissed the queen, letting her taste her own pleasure, while Satet feasted on the human's cunt.

It happened again and again, the goddesses tasting her in turn, until Hatshepsut thought she would go crazy with pleasure. That was when Hathor climbed her

body and spread her legs, offering herself to the human queen, letting her gaze at her sex.

Hatshepsut didn't even think about it – she didn't care she had never done something like it, that she had never even wondered about being with a woman. She reached forward and ran her tongue over the goddess's slit, tasting her, smelling her, her hands moving to Hathor's buttocks and pulling the goddess tighter against her mouth.

Satet's fingers pushed in and out of the queen's pussy while the woman pleased Hathor, its wet fleshy sounds coloring their lovemaking.

Hathor put her hands on Hatshepsut's hair, and tightened her grip when she felt her own climax near, jerkily thrusting her hips against the human's mouth.

Hatshepsut licked the honey from Hathor's sex and the taste of it felt almost as good as her own pleasure.

Afterwards it was Satet's time to feel the pleasure of Hatshepsut's tongue, the goddess of fertility shouting out loud with every caress of the queen's tongue.

The three of them made love all night long, and when dawn came, the two goddesses left Hatshepsut, kissing her goodbye and leaving her sleeping in her bed, lost in dreams of pleasure and joy.

Chapter 4

Hatshepsut woke with the twilight, the sun fading away in her windows.

Torches illuminated her palace.

She got up in a daze, her body moving almost automatically. She didn't dress herself, simply started walking. There was a presence in her palace, a voice in her mind, calling for her.

Hatshepsut knew whose voice she was hearing.

She left her room, uncaring of her nakedness, knowing no one would cross her path.

Her feet took her towards the baths, her body thrumming with the goddess's voice. She felt like she was pulled towards the other woman. She entered the baths and faced Isis, goddess of magic.

Like all goddesses Hatshepsut had met, she was beautiful.

She was paler than Hatshepsut herself, or the goddesses that visited her before, skin almost white. Like Hathor and Satet she was naked, but wore no headdress, nothing adorning her head. Her curly, almost golden hair, was kept long, creating an almost halo around the goddess's face.

Blue eyes looked back at Hatshepsut, evaluating her just as intricately as she did Isis.

The goddess also had two giant wings flowing out of her back, their feathers a spectacle of blue, green and gold, spread out while Isis sat in the edge of the small pool.

It wasn't the wings that most drew the queen's gaze however, it was the giant cock that Isis sported, the biggest prick the human female had ever seen in her life.

Isis had her legs spread open, not ashamed to show her sex. She smiled at Hatshepsut and gestured for the woman to approach. "You have nothing to fear from me."

Hatshepsut moved towards the other female, strutting a little, wanting the goddess to look at her with lust in her eyes. From Isis's smile while Hatshepsut approached, the goddess knew what she was doing, but didn't stop her.

Hatshepsut entered the water slowly, almost gliding until she faced the goddess of magic. She let her eyes feast on Isis' body, seeing breasts heaving with every breath the goddess took, toned muscles and soft skin.

She climbed into Isis's lap without the goddess having to prompt her, imprisoning the hard cock between their bodies, her pussy rubbing against it.

Isis smirked, reaching out and caressing the queen's face. "I take it you're not against this."

Hatshepsut shook her head from side to side. There was something completely desirable about Isis and she wasn't about to pass up the chance to enjoy her. At that moment she didn't even care about the objective of their encounter, she didn't care about being pharaoh.

She just wanted Isis's cock inside of her.

They didn't exchange words.

Hatshepsut started moving up and down, stroking Isis's cock with her pussy, wet lips rubbing against that hard shaft.

Isis didn't move at first, content in watching the human woman's motions, but eventually she reached forward and kissed Hatshepsut, her mouth claiming the other woman.

Hatshepsut moaned and kissed back, her arms circling Isis and brushing against the feathers on the goddess's wings. She paused at the sensation, and gazed once against at the wings, before focusing on Isis's lips, tasting them. The queen kept moving up and down, her body rubbing along Isis's body, breasts against breasts, and her pussy against the goddess's cock.

Their motions reached a crescendo, and when the human queen moved down she found the hard prick pressing against her entrance. Hatshepsut focused on Isis's eyes, seeing that emerald gaze looking back at her.

She smiled and let herself fall, sinking into the goddess's hard flesh.

Isis didn't take her eyes off Hatshepsut, seeing the human close hers in a sign of pleasure as the goddess's cock started to fill her. Hatshepsut released a breathy moan, her breasts heaving with the motion. Isis reached out and grabbed the queen's waist, steadying her.

Hatshepsut opened her eyes and looked back at the goddess, smiling, before she moved up once again.

Hatshepsut moved up and down, riding Isis's cock, until she could take the prick's entire length inside of her. She stopped then, seated on Isis lap, resisting the urge to moan, simply clutching the other female.

The goddess smiled and kissed Hatshepsut's forehead, almost like a mother would, before she gripped the woman's waist and moved her up, slowly, almost painfully so, feeling every inch of cock that became uncovered by the queen's warmth.

She stopped when only the tip remained inside Hatshepsut, and then she let the queen fall, gently, sheathing herself once again in the other woman.

Isis repeated the motion again and again, gaining speed, waiting until the queen was used to the feeling of her cock to reach a furious pace. The goddess made Hatshepsut ride her cock, not caring for the queen's screams of pleasure, or the woman's grip on her shoulders. She just wanted to fuck Hatshepsut.

Hatshepsut danced over Isis lap, moans constantly released from her mouth. She could feel her orgasm nearing and sped up, while the goddess tightened her grip, Isis's cock starting to throb.

She moved up and down one last time, and both women came, Hatshepsut's cunt tightening around Isis's cock, which in turn released its seed inside the queen of Egypt.

Afterwards, Hatshepsut lay there, enjoying the pleasure of her climax; Isis's cock was still rock hard inside of her, the goddess's arms and wings surrounding her, almost creating a cocoon around her body. She poised her forehead against Isis's and moaned slightly.

The goddess replied by reaching out and kissing her, tongue sneaking past Hatshepsut's lips.

Their kiss soon turned heated and Hatshepsut started to ride the goddess once again, feeling the large cock moving in and out of her.

Suddenly, Isis got to her feet, never losing her grip around Hatshepsut's waist, moving them until they stood in the middle of the pool. The human never stopped moving, her body bouncing up and down over Isis's cock, her breasts rubbing against the goddess's.

Isis started thrusting against her then, fast, almost hurting Hatshepsut. It didn't take them long to reach another climax, and both came, once again at the same time.

The goddess started walking; taking them towards Hatshepsut's quarters, the queen lying against her, legs around Isis's waist, their sexes joining them together.

They arrived at the queen's quarters and Isis gently poised Hatshepsut on the bed, running a hand through her hair, caressing her face.

"Why me?" The human woman asked, facing Isis's green eyes. "Why did you choose me to bear your child, to be your chosen?"

Isis sighed and laid against her, their naked bodies pressed together, Hatshepsut lying on top of one of the goddess's wings.

Like the human imagined, they were soft and inviting, making her wish to sleep atop them.

"There are many reasons why you were chosen." Isis started, her gaze focused far away. "One of them is that I genuinely believe you will be a great pharaoh. You have the qualities to rule: you're intelligent, but limit yourself to the matters you know about, you trust your advisers' council, you are merciful."

“But that is not the only reason, is it?” Hatshepsut said with a smile, leaning forward and pressing her body against Isis’s. She wanted to bask in the other woman’s warmth.

“No,” Isis confirmed with a nod. “Another reason is that you were cheated out of the position simply because you were a woman – your father knew you were the best candidate for it, but he did not wish to go against tradition. I can tell you that infuriated more than one goddess, me included. So this is also a way to give you back your rightful place.”

“And the choice, to join what was right, with what was pleasurable, was yours?” Hatshepsut pointed their joined bodies with a smile.

Isis rolled and topped the other woman, smiling down at Hatshepsut and leaning down to claim her lips. “I simply used the opportunity to strengthen the faith of the peoples of Egypt, while giving you the legitimacy you needed. No one will dare deny you your throne after this.”

Hatshepsut kissed back, hands wandering over Isis’s body. The goddess replied in kind, touching the queen’s breasts, her stomach, her thighs.

Isis could feel her cock hardening once again, and she moved down Hatshepsut’s body, her lips never leaving the queen’s skin, touching, caressing, her tongue tasting the other woman.

When she stopped over Hatshepsut’s sex the queen moaned, spreading her legs in anticipation.

Isis inhaled, scenting that flavor of female arousal, before she let her mouth trail over Hatshepsut’s nether lips, tracing them, licking them and making the human scream in pleasure.

In turn, Hatshepsut put her legs over Isis’s shoulders, pulling the goddess against her sex, her feet brushing against the woman’s wings.

Isis’s tongue made the human woman forget about anything but pleasure, the rough muscle bringing Hatshepsut again and again to the point of delirium. The woman writhed under Isis’s touch, thrusting against the goddess’s face, wanting Isis’s tongue deeper inside.

The goddess only stopped when Hatshepsut despaired and came, screaming her pleasure out loud.

After, Isis climbed up Hatshepsut’s body, leaving a trail of saliva. She kissed the human, letting Hatshepsut taste herself on her mouth, while her hard cock pressed against the queen’s navel.

Hatshepsut moaned and spread her legs, hooking them around Isis’s back, drawing the goddess into her body.

The pale woman gladly moved forward and pressed her cock against Hatshepsut’s entrance, teasing her for a few moments before thrusting. Their lovemaking was

both slower than before, and harsher. Isis thrust harder, and then let herself remain inside the other woman for a while, before retreating and advancing once again.

Hatshepsut arched into the goddess, her hooked legs helping her move into Isis's thrusts, turning their soft lovemaking into hard fucking. It didn't take them long to reach the point of no return and both women came screaming out loud.

Isis closed her eyes as she sheathed her cock inside of Hatshepsut, feeling the hard member throb and release her seed into the other woman. The goddess knew the moment when her child was conceived, and she smiled, before reaching forward and kissing the queen's lips.

Hatshepsut kissed back, wanting her pleasure to last forever, knowing it couldn't.

Eventually they came down from their highs, Isis pulling Hatshepsut into her arms, hugging, kissing her face, her eyelids, and her lips, their naked bodies pressed tightly against one another.

Hatshepsut remained like that for a while, but then she looked at Isis's cock, seeing its flaccid state and moved down the goddess's body, taking Isis's member into her mouth.

Isis didn't resist, knowing her task was finished, but wanting to have Hatshepsut once again. She shrugged, and decided to give up, her hands reaching for Hatshepsut's head.

What came next was simply for the sheer pleasure of it and she never regretted it.

And neither did Hatshepsut.

Epilogue

Hatshepsut was crowned pharaoh less than a week after Isis's visit – which wasn't too surprising after every person in Egypt had a dream in which Isis herself crowned Hatshepsut.

The new pharaoh only thanked the gods that the dream wasn't as vivid as what happened between her and the goddess, although rumors that she was carrying Isis's child started being whispered, encouraged by Isis's priestesses.

The first matter that Hatshepsut took care of was the punishment of those that tried to usurp her place.

Amenemhet was executed, suffering the greatest punishment due to his position as a general of the Egyptian army.

Amaunet, Hatshepsut's younger sister was treated with far more mercy. The new pharaoh arranged a marriage between her and a minor noble, making the other woman relocate to the country's border, where she would never again be able to strike against Hatshepsut.

The younger female bowed to her new liege before she left, acknowledging her as her new ruler, and thanking her for her mercy. She knew Hatshepsut could have easily killed her and her child.

Hatshepsut became one of the greatest rulers in Egypt's history, someone who focused on the development of her country, forsaking war in faraway lands, and her dynasty lasted for a thousand years, the blessings of her gods and goddesses shining upon her descendants.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



SLEEPING BEAUTY

Sleeping Beauty
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #9)

By
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Sleeping Beauty

Chapter 1

“Are you sure you want to do this?” King Stefan asked his wife, Fiona, holding her in his arms.

In his opinion what she was proposing was too risky. He cared too much for her and didn’t want anything to happen, but he understood it was her choice in the end – he wouldn’t hold her back.

Fiona kissed his lips, gently, love shining in her eyes. “I have to, dear. It’s the only way we will be able to have a babe.”

“You don’t know that.” Stefan replied, his hold tightening momentarily. “The physicians might be wrong, or there might be another way. We could even adopt a child.”

“You know our nobles would never respect an heir without royal blood.” The queen’s answer was gentle, but her words were firm.

Fiona didn’t speak of how she wished to be a mother above all, to have a babe quicken within her womb. He knew all of that. If braving the Enchanted Forest was the only way she might be able to make it happen, she would do it with a smile on her face, and Stefan wouldn’t stop her.

Her husband didn’t want her to suffer disappointment, to risk her life, but the truth was she suffered every day without fail, every time she miscarried a little piece of her died with the child.

Fiona wanted a beautiful daughter or a handsome son to spoil and cuddle, but she had nothing, and was reminded of her perceived failure every time she saw a baby.

Stefan sighed but released her. He knew of her fears and desires, and he shared them, but not to the same extent. For him, his wife was the most beautiful woman on the planet, and the fact she hadn’t given him a child didn’t detract from her beauty, or from his love.

Nonetheless, Fiona was stubborn, and wouldn’t be swayed from her course. The only thing he could do was give her his blessing, and hope she would come back soon.

Fiona gave him one last kiss before turning on her feet and climbing into her horse.

Stefan waved at her as she moved away, the stallion swiftly disappearing from view. It wouldn’t take long for Fiona to reach her destination, and the only thing he could do as he watched her go was pray and hope for the best, not knowing if she would return.

Fiona steeled her heart and spurred the horse faster, knowing her dream was within reach.

She was a beautiful woman, with pale skin and high cheek bones, her lips a drop of crimson on an otherwise colorless visage. Her long curly hair almost seemed white at first sight, only becoming blonde when one focused on it, and her blue eyes were as clear as her skin.

Her figure, tall and slim, together with her beauty gave her a royal countenance that no one could deny, and it showed even as she moved through her country's woods at full speed.

It had been too long since she felt as free as she did on that journey. On the capital there were always expectations weighting on her shoulders, responsibilities, plots and conspiracies, the scorn of others. She was never alone, either accompanied by her handmaidens, or meeting with nobles or artisans. It became too much at times.

Now at least Fiona got to be rid of them for some moments, even as her heart thundered for other reasons. She feared the fairies of the Enchanted Forest wouldn't be able to help her; she feared the toll they would extract if they could.

She shook her head as she entered the forest itself, feeling her stomach twist. First she needed to find the fairies and discover if they could help, there was no need to worry otherwise. Whatever they asked was of no consequence – she was willing to give up everything to be a mother.

She descended from her horse and started to walk amongst the trees, but she couldn't help but feel that someone was watching her. A memory surfaced, of tales about the fairies, how they always knew when someone entered their territory, and part of her relaxed, another weight disappearing.

They knew she was there and they would be coming eventually.

In the meanwhile, Fiona moved through the woods, taking in the sights. There were creatures in the Enchanted Forest that she had never seen before, blends of animals that existed in the larger world – like a rabbit mixed with a squirrel. They were playful for the most part, and Fiona smiled as they came to her.

Besides the animals there were other marvelous things: flowers of every color, waterfalls with the clearest water, trees that were shaped into different forms. Fiona was so distracted by it all that she almost missed the woman in front of her.

She paused and let her eyes rove over the fairy's body – and she was sure the other female was a fairy; normal people didn't have *pink* hair.

"What are you doing here, human?" The woman spoke, her voice sibilant, almost echoing around Fiona.

The queen shuddered at it.

The fairy was incredibly alluring, with a pale complexion and an angular face, her chin being sharp to the point of absurdity. Her hair was long, straight and pink, the same shade being reflected in her eyes and lips.

She was tall, her head resting a few inches above Fiona's own, and so slim that the human queen feared a strong current might take her away.

Fiona shook her head. She needed to focus, to center herself. She needed the fairies' help, so she should be respectful and demure, and not just because the being in front of her could destroy her with ease.

"I'm Queen Fiona, of the lands adjacent to yours. Might I ask who am I talking with?" She asked with curtsy, bowing her head at the other woman.

The pink haired woman raised an eyebrow, letting her eyes move over Fiona's figure. The queen squirmed. The fairy's gaze was too heated for her to stay still, and she feared she had somehow insulted the other woman.

"You may refer to me as Pink." The fairy replied at last, twirling a strand of her hair in fingers. "It's just as good a designation as any."

"Very well, I shall do so. You're one of the guardians of this forest, am I correct?" Fiona asked.

The pink haired fairy took a long time to reply and then she nodded.

Fiona patiently waited, until she realized the pink haired female wouldn't say anything else. "I would like to make a deal with you."

"Oh?" The mention of a deal seemed to animate the other woman, making her focus. Fiona shivered as Pink's gaze sharpened, feeling some small animal part of her brain telling her to run. "Would you like me to behave as a genie and grant you your wish, is that it?"

"Yes, if you would consent to it." Fiona replied. She stayed still, trying to be as non-threatening as possible. It wasn't as if she could do much against the fairy, but the intention was what mattered.

Every tale, every account of fairy interaction with humans spoke about how they were seemingly pulled towards royalty, always playing a part where kings and queens were involved.

Her own ancestors had dealings with the fair folk, and that was what filled her with confidence that she would get what she wanted, even at a price.

Nonetheless she had to be careful with how she spoke.

"And what would I help you with, your majesty? What do you want?"

Fiona closed her eyes, letting the fairy's voice wash over her. She could feel a pang in her heart, brought by Pink's question, and she felt a shiver run down her back.

"I want your help to help me conceive. My husband and I have tried for years, but we have unfortunately failed to have a child."

"You believe I can help you with this?"

"If not you," The blonde replied, looking around her and gesturing. "Surely one of your sisters will make it possible. You are incredibly powerful after all."

The fairy smirked, letting the human woman gaze at her pointed teeth. "No as meek as you appeared at first, are you, little queen?"

"I am a queen, we are not meek." Fiona replied seriously, without letting the other woman intimidate her. She had experience at negotiation, and she wouldn't show such weakness to the fairy, even if she couldn't completely hide her nervousness.

"I can help you with what you require; you just have to decide the price you are willing to pay." The fairy replied, assuming a more serious demeanor, almost business-like.

"What do you mean?" The human queen questioned, nervously twirling her thumbs around one another.

"There are many ways in which I can help you conceive." Pink said, and started to circle the human queen. "The difference between them is the method, and the sacrifice needed for it to happen."

"Sacrifice?" Fiona asked with a small voice. The fairy's motions were unnerving her a little. Despite her looks, the fairy wasn't human and it became obvious in small gestures she made.

Pink was too still, barely breathing, her head tilted at almost inhuman angles. She was the most beautiful woman Fiona had ever seen in her life, with a clear complexion, sensuous lips and big breasts, and yet there was something otherworldly behind that beauty, something *wrong*.

"You need to let go of something in order to get another in return." The fairy explained. "Some sacrifices are bigger than others, some are physical, some of the mind. It depends on what you are willing to do."

Fiona froze, wondering about the fairy's words. What was she ready to sacrifice for her dream? Not her life obviously – it would be impossible for her to have a child if she was dead, but she realized she was willing to go quite far in her pursue.

She looked at Pink. The other woman was almost ethereal, her steps producing no sound breaking neither leaf nor branch when she made them. It seemed the sunlight was following her around, always illuminating her.

"What would I have to sacrifice for me and my husband to conceive a child?"

"To fulfill such a request, you need to sacrifice the life of one of your subjects, slain by your own hand of course, with the soul given to us in offering." Pink answered.

It took Fiona's mind a moment to process the words, so serenely were they uttered, without remorse, without a minimal of compassion, but then she drew back horrified.

Fiona had always been taught all life was sacred, and that she must always protect her people, her subjects. She couldn't simply discard one of those who relied on her protection, killing them to satisfy her selfish desire.

"Is there any other way?" She asked, her mind wondering about the phrase the fairy uttered, trying to find some loophole, some other alternative.

"In order to create life where there is none death has to occur." The fairy's reply was merciless in its objectivity. "For you to conceive a child with your husband, you'll have to bloody your hands, but there are other solutions."

Fiona knew the fairy was circling around the subject, drawing her in, leading her to some point, but she couldn't resist. She could only stall for a bit, looking away from Pink and into the sky, letting the sounds of chirping birds distract her.

"And what is that?" She asked at last, turning back to the fairy.

The reply came from behind her. "You are fertile, we can see your body and the fault of your childless state is not your own."

Fiona turned to the fairy who spoke. She could be Pink's twin, only their coloration distinguished them, this fairy having green hair, eyes and lips.

One by one, the surrounding fairies approached and Fiona felt her eyes widening as she took them in. They were all almost carbon copies of one another; besides the pink and green haired fairies, there was red and blue, pale yellow and gold, orange and violet, white and grey, purple and aquamarine.

The human queen pivoted in place, suddenly afraid of the joined fairies, intimidated by them.

"Your husband is the one who wasn't able to impregnate you." The white haired fairy continued her sister's argument. "If you are not ready to sacrifice a life, perhaps you'll be ready to sacrifice a truth."

"What do you mean?" Fiona questioned.

"We can help you conceive, we can impregnate you." Another sister spoke. "The child will have your coloration, your hair, your skin, your lips; no one will ever question its paternity, simply believing she took after her mother. Our magic will make sure of it."

"Why would I do that?" Fiona was angry at their proposal, but she couldn't deny out of hand. She needed to understand what they wanted.

"Because it is the only way your husband will have a child without you killing someone." Pink replied, and her eyes seemed to soften as she spoke to the human queen. "It wouldn't be his, but no one would ever know it. It wouldn't hurt him."

"I'm not a liar." Fiona replied quietly.

"Are you a murderer?"

Fiona didn't answer the question – she couldn't. She looked at the ground and tried to organize her thoughts. She wanted a child more than anything, but would she have the courage to kill someone for that dream? Or would she decide to fool her husband for the rest of her life?

She didn't know what to do and hesitantly looked at the fairies around her, their figure unnaturally still, gazing back at her. Fiona hugged herself, shivering and not from the cold.

"If I accept what you're proposing," She started slowly. "What would I need to do?"

"Just kneel, and let us do the rest." Pink replied, striding forwards.

Fiona saw lust in her gaze, the first emotion she could easily recognize in the fairy's eyes. She turned aside, her face burning with a blush, while another shiver crawled up her spine, this one of anticipation.

Part of her screamed at that, how dare she somehow enjoy the thought of betraying her husband, her love, but Fiona couldn't help it. The fairies were startling in their beauty and in their presence. They were irresistible, especially when they offered what Fiona wanted in a platter.

Slowly the blonde kneeled, her eyes never wavering from Pink's approaching body. The fairy put her hands on Fiona's shoulders, pushing her down, until the young queen's eyes faced the fairy's groin.

A protest was lodged on Fiona's throat when she saw the fairy's clothes come undone, looking almost like leaves falling down from a tree, and Pink's nude body was revealed. Fiona could only swallow as she gazed at the fairy's beauty.

Her eyes widened as she saw a cock grow between the fairy's thighs, and only the hold on her shoulders kept her still. She shot a look at Pink's face. "What..." She half questioned.

The fairy smirked and released a breathy moan that made Fiona blush all over again. "How did you think you would get pregnant? Did you want us to chant some words and hope a little baby would grow up inside of you?"

The blonde looked aside and didn't reply.

Pink shifted forward a little.

Fiona saw that the fairy's curls were just as pink as her hair and resisted the urge to run her hand through them. She was feeling excited despite her reservations, and could feel wetness gathering between her thighs. Pink and her sisters were incredibly beautiful and alluring, and the human female wasn't immune to their charms.

That Pink's cock was slowly hardening in front of her didn't help.

A fairy's pheromones were powerful enough to make a human desire them, regardless of gender. Now that the pink haired fairy was naked, her scent was messing with Fiona's head, making the human queen wish to be touched and fucked.

Despite that, Fiona didn't move as the fairy reached for her. She wanted to resist a little, to show she cared for her husband and wouldn't betray him lightly, but the truth was that her attention was all focused on the cock in front of her, in its size and texture. Without quite meaning to she put her hand around it, and started to stroke.

It was softer than she could have imagined, like velvet.

Pink didn't react visibly at her touch, but Fiona felt the cock hardening further. She saw a drop of pre-cum gather on the tip and she had to use all her willpower to not lean forward and lick it off.

She succeeded, but it was all for naught, because a moment later the pink haired fairy grabbed the cock and pressed it against the queen's lips, until Fiona had no choice but to taste the fairy's nectar, her tongue swirling around the head.

Pink's pre-cum tasted like honey, only better, sweeter and spicier, and Fiona knew she had lost.

That drop made her forget about anything but its taste, and in something like desperation Fiona reached forward and took the fairy's cock into her mouth, starting to suck.

Fiona moved fast, her head bobbing back and forth, wanting to taste the same flavor again. She desired it more than anything else in that moment; she wanted the pink eyed female to come in her mouth so that she could taste her in full.

Pink let her. She loved how the human's mouth clutched at her cock, tongue swirling around the heated flesh and licking. Fiona's hands came to rest on her buttocks and that only made it more pleasurable.

The fairy knew the queen was completely lost in her, and the thought only made her harder.

A glance around showed her sisters were just as aroused as Pink was, their cocks in hand, all of them waiting for a chance to taste the young queen's charms, to have their cocks licked, or to bury themselves in the blonde woman.

That visual was enough to make the fairy reach her limit and Pink felt her cock starting to throb. With a moan she came and put a hand on the back of Fiona's head, keeping the woman still, until her seed stopped flowing.

Fiona hadn't even thought about moving away, her mind lost in the taste of the fairy's release, her tongue lapping at the fluid. She could feel her sex aching between her thighs, and pressed her legs together, hoping to alleviate some of the need, while her hands clutched Pink's body.

The queen moaned in despair when the fairy's cock ran dry.

The other woman ran her hands through Fiona's hair. "Calm down, you'll have more of it soon enough."

The queen leaned back at that, the fairy's words making her think and remember herself. She opened her mouth to speak, but Pink leaned down and kissed her, their tongues dueling for a moment.

Fiona ended their kiss after a while, trying to regain her breath, and she remembered they were not alone. She gazed around and saw the other fairies surrounding them, and her eyes widened.

"What are they doing?" She whispered, afraid of moving like a prey surrounded by a dozen predators.

"What do you think?" The pink haired fairy asked, amused. "We are sisters; we share everything with one another."

Fiona slowly got to her feet with Pink's help. The moment she stood, the fairies closed on her, and the queen couldn't do anything as she was divested of her clothes. The fairies' hands ran all over her body, touching, weighting her breasts and kneading her buttocks.

A kiss on her neck made Fiona turn around, but she only saw green hair before someone else tugged her forward and kissed her.

The young queen felt like she was being devoured by the otherworldly women.

There were mouths on both of her breasts, tasting her, tongues swirling around the nipples, while two other sets of lips rested against her back, moving up and down, with several hands running over her legs. Someone pressed a couple of fingers against her nether lips, and Fiona involuntarily thrust forward.

She looked right ahead, seeking the owner of those fingers, and found Pink looking at her with amusement. Before she could protest, the fairy pushed her thumb against Fiona's clit, making the blonde jerk her hips forward once again.

Fiona knew she wouldn't last long like that.

The fairy sisters were too eager, too wanton and she couldn't resist them. One of them made her turn around and kissed her, hard, almost bruising her lips. Fiona moaned as the other female took her lower lip between her teeth, pain and pleasure mixing together.

Someone pushed against the queen's back, making her arch into the woman in front of her. The blonde could feel a large cock pressed against her buttocks and she wanted to turn around and see who was it, but Green didn't allow it, keeping their lips locked together.

Their kiss ended and Fiona felt hands on her shoulders and arms, the sisters slowly forcing her to her knees, and the thought of tasting that delicious flavor of a fairy's

cock robbed the queen of all thoughts of resistance.

The blonde laid her lips against Green's cock, giving it a little peck, her mouth against the enlarged head, before she let her tongue lap at it for a few moments. When the fairy moaned out loud she opened her mouth and moved forward, taking the cock into her wet embrace.

Green was far more vocal with her pleasure and Fiona couldn't help but smirk a little at the effect she was having.

That smirk disappeared when she felt the fairy behind pull her, making her brace herself on her hands and knees, Green's cock escaping from her hold. Fiona looked back then, and saw Pink crawling between her now spread legs.

The queen shuddered.

Lust could be seen in the fairy's motions, the desire to sink her cock into Fiona's willing pussy. A shiver crawled up her spine, knowing she would be mounted in short order.

A pull on her hair made her turn forward and focus once again on Green. The fairy had conjured some kind of seat, almost like a throne, and she sat there, her cock resting at a height that would allow Fiona to suck it while being taken from behind.

Part of her felt she should feel some indignation at the scene presented, but the sight of the cock was too distracting, and Fiona simply leaned forward, intending to taste that flesh once again.

Her lips closed around the hard rod and she moved up and down, stroking Green's cock with her lips, while her tongue lapped at its head.

Pink leaned forward and pressed her cock against Fiona's nether lips, tracing them with the reddened tip, spreading the woman's wetness around her labia, until the queen's sex glistened with her need.

Then she pushed and moaned as she felt her cock slowly sink into Fiona's flesh, the queen's pussy incredibly tight around her rod.

Fiona moaned and arched her body as much as she could with Green's grip on her hair not letting her release the fairy's cock from her mouth, while Pink moved in and out of her. The blonde supposed she should feel imprisoned, with the fairies keeping her in place, having her completely defenseless as they took her, but she didn't.

She could only think about their cocks, their taste, the joy as they moved in and out of her body, while she did the best she could to please them.

Fiona knew it wasn't normal, but at the moment she didn't care, and simply bobbed her head over the lap of the female in front of her, swallowing her cock again and again, holding back the moans that threatened to escape from her throat while Pink drove herself into her time after time.

Green moaned again, her grip tightening on Fiona's hair. She was close; she could feel her cock starting to throb, threatening its release. Without warning she started thrusting her hips against Fiona, making the woman gag on her flesh, and she came in moments.

Fiona struggled to swallow the seed the fairy released. Pink's thrust weren't making it easy, forcing her to almost jump every time the pink haired female shifted forward.

Eventually Green's well ran dry and she leaned back, her cock slipping from Fiona's mouth.

If Fiona thought that would allow her to rest, or to focus better she was proved wrong. Now that she didn't have Green's cock to hoard her attention, she could only moan as Pink fucked her, the fairy's hands on her waist keeping her still, while the fairy increased the speed of her motions.

The queen tried to bite her lips to try and stop the breathy sounds that escaped her mouth, but it was not to be.

The fairies around simply watched, waiting, knowing the human woman was nearing her climax.

Pink's hand sneaking around Fiona's figure and pressing against her clit was enough to take the queen over the edge. Fiona came with a scream, her pussy tightening almost painfully around Pink's cock and making the fairy come as well.

Pink released a moan as she felt her cock release its contents, knowing her seed was seeping into the human queen, and she couldn't resist biting the blonde's shoulder, her teeth barely breaking the skin.

Fiona rode her high for as long as she could, not even the pain in her shoulder inconveniencing her, but eventually her blood stopped singing, her pussy stopped throbbing and she returned to earth.

She didn't get to relax. She had closed her eyes while she orgasmed, but now that she opened them she found another sister in front of her, the white haired one, seated on Green's former resting place, her hard cock waiting for Fiona's lips.

Pink retreated, her now flaccid cock slipping from Fiona's folds, but another fairy soon took her place.

Fiona shuddered, feeling perspiration gather between her breasts and on her small back. Only now she internalized that these fairies would all have her, as many times as they wished, and she couldn't do anything to stop them.

These sisters were easier to please, having already been well excited by the spectacle that Fiona put with Pink and Green, but the queen still couldn't resist coming a second time.

Things got hazy from then on.

After White and Blue, Fiona was made to turn around and lay on the ground, the golden haired fairy taking a place between her thighs, grabbing the queen's legs and hooking them around her back, until Fiona's pussy met her cock.

Strangely enough the blonde human could only think of how fluffy the grass was as the fairy started to fuck her.

The fairy's motions were hurried, her urgency evident, and Fiona started to meet the thrusts that sank that large cock with thrusts of her own, until both women came together.

Fiona lost the track of time after that.

There would always be a fairy between her legs, always fucking her, making her moan and shout in place, at least until one of them would silence her, either with her lips or her cock.

Night turned into day and day into night. Fiona knew she shouldn't have been able to keep fucking them for so long, but the fairies' magic was sustaining her body, her mind, and when she got hungry their seed fed her.

Time passed and Fiona didn't know if she had been fucking the fairies for days or for years, she could only feel the pleasure of their touch, of their hands, lips and cocks.

She barely slept, and when she did it was with women all around her, cushioning her body, giving her warmth.

Eventually it all came to an end, Pink being the last lover she had. They fucked each other as hard as they could, and after Fiona came, seated in Pink's lap, the fairy murmured at her ear.

The queen was pregnant and it was time for her to return home.

Fiona looked at the other female for a few moments, confused beyond measure, until she remembered why she had come to the Enchanted Forest, and with a gasp she separated herself from the fairy.

The sisters bathed her then, and dressed her in the most beautiful clothes she had ever seen in her life, before they sent the mother of their unborn child away, back to her kingdom.

The moment she stepped out of the Enchanted Forest was as if a daze was lifted from her mind, and Fiona looked back for a moment, feeling a small pang in her heart, knowing she would miss the women that had become her lovers, but realizing she needed to return to her kingdom and her husband.

With a caress to her to her tummy, she rode away from the forest, comforted by the thought she would always have a remembrance of her lovers in their child.

Chapter 2

The day Princess Aurora was born was the happiest in King Stefan's life.

It also allowed him to see the first real smile on his wife's face since she got pregnant.

Stefan knew something had happened in the Enchanted Forest. Whatever it had been it changed Fiona deeply, and he didn't know how to help her, or if she even wanted his help. His wife had been morose since the week she passed in the fairies' lands.

Only the thought of her pregnancy brightened her disposition, and Stefan hoped that now that their daughter was born Fiona would return to her regular self.

For some time it seemed to work, and joy returned to their household.

Aurora brightened the day of everyone who saw her, and the people of their city gathered at the castle's gates, hoping for a glimpse of the royal family.

Months went by and the princess' first anniversary approached.

Far away nobles, generals of the army, artists, and ambassadors visited the royal family on the day of the celebration, showering the princess with gifts, and being enchanted by the young girl.

The queen and king received them all, proud of their daughter's beauty, and of the love their people showed for her.

All was going well until a surprising visitor appeared, making a veil of silence fall on the room.

A fairy approached the queen and king under the stares of hundreds of guests, ignoring the murmuring that started as she passed with her eyes fixed on Fiona's face.

Fiona felt her breath catch in her throat.

The fairy looked just like her lovers had; the only difference was her hair and eye color, black as the midnight sky. One glance of the fairy's eyes was enough for the queen to realize the fairy knew about Aurora, who her child's real *'father'* was.

"What can we do for you, gracious lady?" King Stefan asked, using one of the kingdom's greetings towards the fey.

The fairy didn't reply for a few moments, seemingly contemplating her words. "I have something of a quarrel to settle with your wife, your majesty." Her voice echoed across the castle's walls and made the guests tremble with dread, shivers adorning their skin.

The king himself wasn't unaffected and he straightened, almost rising from his throne, knowing something was afoot.

"Why is that, my lady? And what is your name?" He asked, needing to put his hand on his sword's grip to gain some courage.

"You may call me Maud, and your wife made a deal with my enemies in order to conceive that child." The fairy said pointing at Aurora, never taking her eyes from the queen's figure. "The power they invoked has a price and the balance was disrupted."

"I'm not sure I understand." Stefan spoke, gesturing for his guards to approach. He knew fairies were dangerous, and they would have difficulty to subdue her should she turn violent, but they needed to be ready.

"In order to create life, there has to be death." The fairy replied, and Fiona trembled as she remembered a very similar warning given to her months before, while she was making her deal with the fairies.

"They told me they found a way around it, that if I accepted what they proposed, there wouldn't be a sacrifice." Fiona said, trying to appear more confident than she truly was.

"They deceived you; by doing what they did they broke the balance between my kind and theirs." Maud explained, moving a couple of steps closer to Fiona.

The queen shifted a little at the scent of the other female, memories of another time distracting her for a few moments. "Does that mean eventually someone will have to die for Aurora to live?"

"No, it means she needs to die before she reaches twenty-three years of age." The fairy's words, and her attention shifting towards Aurora, made the royal guards advance towards her, but a single gesture was enough for them to be sent flying.

Stefan rose from his seat, but held back, not wanting to provoke the fairy into attacking. He held his heart in his hands, watching as Maud approached his daughter and ran a finger over her face.

Aurora smiled toothlessly at the fairy and the woman's look softened.

"There must be a way to stop it." He said with certainty. Stefan knew enough about magic to know there was always a loophole.

"There is!" The fairy confirmed, before turning to the princess, facing the baby head on. "On your twentieth-two birthday you'll fall into a sleep like death and never wake up, until the imbalance of forces is undone."

Magic and light accompanied her words, as the very energy of reality swirled around her figure, slowly, but surely moving towards Aurora, seeping into her body.

"No!" Fiona's scream echoed through the room, louder than any other, and before anyone could stop her she strode from her seat and approached the fairy, trying to stop her.

Fiona realized she had failed when the lights faded before she could approach. She moved around the black-haired female and gathered her daughter in her arms, shushing the little baby, trying to comfort her.

"What have you done?" Stefan asked as he angrily moved towards the fey woman.

One glance of her eyes was enough to freeze him in place. He knew how powerful her kind could, and he wouldn't risk his wife and daughter.

"I saved us all, of course, if she is dead to the world when the date comes nothing will come of it, and life will go on."

Maud didn't give them a chance to reply. In a flash of light she turned into a raven and flew away before anyone could stop her, leaving behind a shattered family, who could only look down at their daughter in shame of their inability to protect her.

Chapter 3

The first years after Aurora's birth were incredibly difficult for her parents.

They loved her, and she brightened their days, but every time they saw her smile the memory of the black haired fairy's curse came to their minds, and with it the knowledge of what would eventually happen to their daughter.

Nothing they did worked to break the curse. They even tried to contact the fairies of the Enchanted Forest, but none of the champions they've sent could find them, losing themselves in the forest for days.

Fiona cursed them in her mind, blaming them for all that happened, and yet she couldn't stop seeing them in her dreams, remembering their bodies pushed against hers, their lips, their breasts, their cocks.

Years went by and they failed to find a solution.

Fiona's marriage with Stefan unraveled bit by bit, Aurora's impending fate being the main reason of conflict between them, but the queen's lack of interest in her husband played a part.

The blonde couldn't help it, every time Stefan touched her she remembered the fairies' touch and his couldn't compare.

Stefan's mind couldn't handle it. Seeing his wife drift away without being able to stop it, knowing his daughter was cursed, it was enough to break any man, and the king became erratic, easily angered and distracted, mad.

In his insane ramblings he conjured plans within plans to keep Aurora safe, each one more deranged than the one before. The situation reached a point where no one was sure of what would happen, the people knowing their king was in no state to rule them.

In the middle of it all grew Aurora.

The girl was bright and a beacon of happiness, but she knew there was something really wrong with her parents. Her father was a broken man, and her mother spent most of the days lost in remembrance. She tried her best to make them smile, to draw them together, but it was not to be.

Aurora's attempts only made Fiona feel even worse.

The queen was full of guilt for accepting the fairies' deal all those years ago, for lying to Stefan. It ate at her and she drew back from her daughter, unable to face her, until Fiona couldn't take it anymore and left the palace when Aurora was ten.

It hurt to leave her family behind, but she did it with the intention to make things right, and so she sought out Maud.

There must have been a way to save Aurora, and Fiona was ready to give up everything to find it.

It wasn't easy to track down the otherworldly woman. Fiona spent months searching, and enough wealth to create a duchy, but eventually she found out where the fairy resided, and with her heart in her hands she visited the other female.

Maud raised an eyebrow when she saw her. Unlike her counterparts, this fairy resided in a large mansion, and Fiona stood still in front of the entrance, waiting for the other woman to speak.

"Well, well, what have we here?" The fairy spoke with mirth in her voice, opening the door wider, permitting the queen to enter.

Fiona curtsied before striding forward, decided to be courteous. She needed the fairy's help after all.

"Why have you come to me?" Maud asked, her eyes telling Fiona she already knew the answer, but was drawing out the scene out of sheer sadistic glee.

"I want you to break the curse you've cast on my daughter," Fiona started, voice soft and inviting. "I'm willing to do anything you want in exchange."

"Do you think I'm like those little wenches you've met before?" The black haired woman questioned with a smile and Fiona looked down, blushing without meaning to as she caught the amusement in the fairy's face.

The fairy waited for a response, but once she realized one wasn't coming she continued. "I'm not going to be swayed simply because you're an attractive woman, and neither were they."

The queen raised her face then. Once Maud had cursed her daughter, Fiona realized there are been more to Aurora's conception than the fairies had told, and she needed to know what it was.

She wanted to understand why this was happening, why Aurora had to suffer for her mistakes.

"Those little fairies that dwindle within the Enchanted Forest only made the deal with you because they sensed an opportunity. They were cursed to be unable to bare children, but they could make some special women carry their spawn, so long as those women did so willingly." The fairy explained, starting to walk around the human woman.

Fiona turned with her, always keeping her in sight. She observed the fairy, trying to find out anything that might help her with her objectives.

"There's power in royal blood, a kind of magic. It allows fairies to breed with humans." Maud continued, uncaring of Fiona's gaze. "So they tricked you, made you believe the other choices their deal presented were far more terrible, and then they seduced you."

"Why?" Fiona asked. "I mean, what was so important that they needed to fool me like that? Is having a child so important to them?"

"They are losing." The fairy stopped in front of Fiona, looking right into her eyes. "They warred with my people, and they were reduced to almost nothing. They hope to increase their numbers and attack again."

"Aurora isn't a fairy!"

"Not yet, but she will have a choice eventually, and if she so chooses she can become one, be of the Seelie, one of those that live in deception and illusion, colorful and joyous, even as they stab a dagger in your back."

Fiona didn't waste the chance to dig for more information. "You are not one of them, I take it."

"I'm Unseelie." The fairy replied. "If I want to stab you, I'll do it looking you in the eyes, and taking great glee in it."

Fiona cursed internally, knowing she wouldn't be able to get the fairy's help if she continued like this. "My daughter is innocent, she did nothing wrong. It's unfair she has to pay for someone else's blame."

"You're right, it is unfair, and she did nothing wrong. *You* did."

The human looked away from the accusing stare Maud cast on her. "Then blame me, make me pay, and save her."

"Too late, the curse has been cast and she will suffer it."

"There must be a way." Fiona whispered. "If not to stop the curse, to undo it after it affects her."

"Now that might be possible, but why would I want to do something about it? The girl is nothing to me." The black haired fairy questioned, moving forward and stopping when her face was but an inch away from Fiona's.

Fiona turned her gaze away. She could recognize the emotion on the other female's face – it was lust, and a desire to dominate, to possess, to *own*.

"I'll do whatever you want." Fiona's voice was sad and defeated, yet some of the hope she felt shone through. She had been searching for a way to save Aurora for a long time, and maybe now she had found it.

"I'm sure you will. There are two ways to right an imbalance: you either take something away from the one who has more, or you give something equivalent to the lesser one." Maud explained, once again circling Fiona. "The Seelie hope to gain a child from their bargain, and as such so will the Unseelie."

Fiona shook her head, amused despite it all. She had known from Maud's gaze that it would come to this. "Then I'll bare your child."

The fairy stopped in front of her and smirked. "Who said I want your child?"

"But..." Fiona started only to be interrupted by the other woman's laugh.

"I don't want your child; I'll not take the sloppy seconds of a womb taken by Seelie fairies." The fairy said with cruelty, running a hand through Fiona's locks, almost possessively. "I want your daughter's child; if you wish me to save her, I'll wake her the day after the curse takes effect, and I'll fuck her, until her belly swells with my child. That's the way I'll save her."

Fiona recoiled, but the fairy gripped her hair, and she only gained a few inches of distance between them. She was horrified with the proposed deal, dreading the thought of her beautiful daughter in the hands of the creature in front of her.

Her first impulse was to attack, hit the fairy in the face, but some more rational part of her mind stopped her. If Fiona failed to gain Maud's help, Aurora would spend the rest of her life asleep, wasting away from the fairy's curse.

No matter how much it cost, she needed to thread carefully, to think.

"Why her? Why do you want Aurora to bare your child?"

"Your daughter will be young and beautiful, and she's my enemies' child. I can't tell you how pleasant the thought of defiling a Seelie spawn is to me."

Fiona looked away at those words, part of her regretting the deal she had made all those years ago. She also knew she would do it all over again if it meant she would have Aurora – she loved her daughter far too much.

"I didn't realize I could make a deal in the behalf of someone else." She started, trying to gain some insight into the situation, stalling her decision.

"You're her mother and you are dealing in her best interest." The fairy explained with a shrug. "It's valid enough."

"That's the deal then?" Fiona questioned, resigned. "I'll accept in Aurora's behalf and in exchange for her child you'll save her from her fate?"

"No."

"What?" Fiona asked, alarmed.

"That is not the deal I propose, the child will simply be the way the imbalance will be rectified." The fairy explained with glee in her voice. "Why would I have all that trouble to gain nothing, simply return things to what they were?"

"What else do you want?" The queen asked with her nerves fraying.

"I'm in need of a maid," The fairy explained, almost sadistically. "And of a whore. You'll do quite nicely until the day I impregnate your daughter."

"That's more than a decade away." Fiona whispered, defeated, not even contemplating denying the fairy's deal. Aurora was all that mattered, and if her servitude was enough to save her daughter, then so be it. Nonetheless, even she was daunted by the sheer scale of what the fairy proposed.

Aurora was ten years old and the curse would only affect her when she became twenty-two, twelve years in the future.

"I think it's ironic, don't you?" The fairy murmured at Fiona's ear, using the queen's distraction to approach and push against her back. "You let twelve colorful fairies take you to conceive Aurora, now you'll spend twelve years in my grasp to save her. Coincidences can be amusing like that."

A tear leaked from Fiona's eye. She was defeated and knew it. She couldn't help but imagine her daughter's face, how she would be unable to see Aurora for twelve years, while being used by Maud. In order to save her daughter she would have to abandon her.

"Do we have a deal?"

"Yes," Fiona replied, her voice gaining strength. She wouldn't let the other female break her; she would do her duty as a mother and make sure Aurora survived. "I accept."

"Good, then get on your knees."

Maud's gaze was burning hot and Fiona could only obey, her skin starting to redden as she let herself fall on her knees. She never took her eyes away from the fairy.

The fairy smiled and let her clothes unravel around her figure, before pooling at her feet.

Fiona let her gaze run over Maud's body. It wasn't time for embarrassment, she had lost her modesty years before in the Enchanted Forest, and it would only amuse the other woman if she showed herself reticent. So she looked at Maud's cock, seeing the member already hard.

Maud poised a finger on Fiona's chin, making the queen look up into the fairy's eyes.

"Don't look away." Maud said, her face drawn in a rictus of sadistic pleasure. "You'll have to get very well acquainted with my body. You will be mine for the next few years after all."

Fiona didn't reply – there was no good response to give. She couldn't provoke Maud, she couldn't insult her, the only thing she could do was take it, bare what the fairy decided to impose on her and wait for time to do its job.

A moment later a familiar scent invaded Fiona's nostrils and she lost herself in recollection. Flashes of the time she spent with the fairies of the Enchanted Forest invaded her mind, of the pleasure she received, of their touches. Fiona could feel some wetness gathering between her thighs at the memories.

Maud tapped her head and Fiona shook herself off of her contemplation. She looked at the fairy's eyes once again and then leaned forward, grabbing the semi hard cock into her hand and starting to stroke it.

Looking down she focused on the cock. During the next moments Maud's cock was her world, she stroked it until it hardened fully, growing a couple of inches more. Pre-cum gathered on the tip and she reached out with her mouth, pressing her lips against it, giving it a peck.

Maud moaned at the motion, and again when Fiona's tongue slipped out of her mouth and licked the cock's head. Despite Fiona's obvious reluctance, the human knew what she was doing, and her tongue swirled around the reddened tip, lapping at it, until the fairy's cock seemed ready to explode.

The fairy made Fiona retreat then, gripping the queen's hair with one hand and using it to dominate the blonde. With her other hand, Maud grabbed her own cock and slapped Fiona with it, gently, until the queen looked at the ground in defeat.

"Open up." The fairy ordered with a yank after a few moments, and the queen obeyed, momentarily looking up and opening her lips, letting Maud's cock press against them and enter her mouth.

Maud controlled their motions. She didn't let Fiona move of her own volition. She would pull and push the queen, moaning as she felt the wetness of the woman's mouth surrounding her cock.

"Use your tongue!" She ordered when Fiona remained aloof, and as punishment she pulled the woman until her entire cock sank into her, remaining there until Fiona gagged with the need to breath.

They continued like that for a good while.

It wasn't only about pleasure; it was about control, about obedience. As Fiona became more and more submissive, Maud relaxed her grip, enjoying as the queen moved back and forth, lips clasped tightly around the hard rod.

Fiona hated the fact she enjoyed it.

She hated feeling so debased, but it was too easy to just be commanded, and enjoy. She could feel her nipples hardening and wetness gathering at her core. No matter how much she might want to fool herself, she couldn't.

She also knew Maud was enjoying her.

The fairy's breathy moans were clue enough, as was the tightening of her legs, and the throbbing of her cock. Fiona didn't resist and reached out with her hands, running them up and down Maud's legs. The fairy's skin was one of the softer things she had touched in her life.

Her daring excited Maud and the fairy started moving her hips in little thrusts, until it seemed she was fucking Fiona's face.

It didn't take long for them to reach a crescendo, and Fiona only had a moment of warning, a louder sound released from Maud's lips, before her mouth was full of the fairy's release. She suckled it like it was ambrosia, tasting and swallowing, until Maud's cock had nothing more to give her.

Fiona retreated, letting Maud's flaccid cock slip from her mouth, and looked demurely at the ground, waiting for the fairy's cue.

Maud smiled and raised Fiona's head, gazing at the queen's eyes before grabbing her hair once again; using it to pull Fiona in the direction she wanted as if it was a leash.

Fiona was forced to crawl on her knees until they reached the fairy's quarters. Before the queen could even think about saying something, Maud picked her up and put her on the bed, displaying a strength that showed just how vulnerable Fiona really was.

There were no words between; Fiona simply lay there, waiting for the fairy to claim her, knowing she wouldn't, *couldn't* fight her.

Maud crawled into the bed after the blonde, moving with a decisively inhuman motion, almost spidery. Fiona could only watch her come, until they stood face to face, and Maud's mouth descended on hers.

The kiss was hard and relentless; Maud's tongue invading Fiona's mouth, playing with her. The fairy retreated momentarily and grasped Fiona's lower lip between her teeth, pressing slightly simply to scare the other woman.

When Fiona didn't react in any way, Maud let it go and moved down the other woman's body. She ripped Fiona's clothes apart, and her tongue left trails of saliva for where it passed.

Maud stopped with her face above Fiona's sex and pushed the human's legs apart, displaying her sex. Fiona obeyed without comment, the only sound she released a moan when Maud leaned down and ran her tongue over her nether lips.

Fiona shuddered and trembled under Maud's ministrations, feeling the other woman's tongue playing with her, first running circles around her nether lips, then swirling around her clit.

Maud focused on the little bundle of nerves, suckling it until Fiona shouted in pleasure. She pressed her hand against the queen's pussy then, cupping, before running her fingers over queen's sex until her digits glistened.

Fiona bit her lips as she felt Maud press those fingers against her entrance, and she moaned as one entered her, her hips rising from the bed before crashing down again.

She looked up and found Maud's amused face. The fairy smirked at her and drove that finger in and out of her, their eyes never leaving one another.

Maud smiled when she saw Fiona's eyes flutter. She could feel the pussy's hard grip around her digit, and the trembling of the queen's body.

A second finger joined the first and Fiona couldn't hide her excitement, nor her desire any longer. She started to thrust against Maud's hand, slowly at first, but gathering speed as the two of them got used to the motion.

It didn't take long until Fiona was seeing stars and she came, a scream of pure pleasure rupturing out of her mouth.

Maud marveled as the human's sex closed around her fingers, almost as if it was trying to devour them, pulling them further into Fiona's body.

The fairy kept her motions for a few moments more, prolonging Fiona's pleasure, her thumb against the queen's clit. Once she realized she couldn't coax more moans out of Fiona's mouth, she let her fingers slide out of the queen's pussy and moved up, facing the other woman once again.

They kissed once more, harder than before and Fiona put her legs around the fairy, imprisoning the two of them against one another. She could feel Maud's cock against her inner thigh, and she couldn't hide her desire.

She needed to feel that hard member moving in and out of her.

As if Maud read her thoughts, the fairy grabbed her cock and pointed it against Fiona's entrance, teasing the queen for a few moments, before thrusting.

Both women moaned and stopped after the first motion, simply enjoying the contact. Maud ran her fingers through Fiona's curls for a few moments, before the blonde moaned again and shook her hips.

Fiona wanted the other woman to get on with it, to push into her. She raised her rear from the bed, trying to move forward, to take Maud's cock into her body, but the fairy only let the tip of her member penetrate the queen.

"I'm the one in control." The fairy hissed.

Fiona tried to hold herself steady, to not give up, but she failed. She begged until tears leaked from her eyes and only then Maud drove forward, sinking her cock into Fiona's willing sex.

The queen arched from the bed, moving against Maud, her motions frantic and hurried. Their lovemaking was a brutal thing, a conjunction of fast and hard movements, as Maud buried herself again and again in Fiona's cunt.

Fiona pushed against Maud's thrusts, until they were screaming out loud. Fiona racked her nails down the fairy's back, pleasure and pain mixing as one. In reply Maud started moving faster, thrusting harder.

Maud moaned and felt her cock starting to throb, a sign of her impending release.

The tightening of Fiona's legs around the fairy's back was enough to put both women on the brink. Maud felt the queen's pussy closing around her cock, making their motions twice as pleasurable and she couldn't hold back.

The fairy came with a scream, releasing her seed inside the other woman, claiming Fiona in full.

In reply, Fiona closed her arms around Maud, pulling the fairy against her, even as she felt her own orgasm soar.

Maud thrust once more and stilled, overwhelmed by the sensations, completely spent. Fiona clutched at her, not wanting to release the other female, trying to forget anything but the pleasure she was enjoying.

It didn't last, of course.

Eventually Maud retreated and Fiona was forced to confront the reality of what happened.

The fairy paused for a few moments, her face an inch away from Fiona's, until she closed the distance between them and kissed the blonde.

It was a fleeting gesture and afterwards Maud left without a word. As she watched the fairy move away, Fiona couldn't help but think that maybe, just maybe, things wouldn't be as bad as she feared.

Epilogue

The years Fiona spent with Maud were not as bad as the queen feared; sometimes she could even say they were pleasant. There were tribulations obviously, and Fiona missed her daughter above everything else, but it could be worse.

Maud made her enjoy and hate, rage and despair, love and obey. It was always a struggle of dominance with the fairy.

The hardest thing was the end of it all, when Maud woke Aurora from her sleep. The fairy shackled Fiona to the wall of her daughter's room, and made her watch as she seduced Aurora, casting a spell hiding her from view.

Maud kissed the twenty-two year old Aurora, and the princess replied in kind, bedazzled by the fairy's beauty. Fiona truly hated Maud at that moment.

That hate only grew as the fairy climbed into Aurora's bed and stripped the princess, baring her completely and then sneaking between the princess's thighs. Fiona loathed the fact she couldn't help but derive some pleasure from watching it.

Maud had enchanted the ropes that imprisoned Fiona, making them tight against the queen's nude body, against her breasts and sex.

With every moan that escaped Aurora's mouth, the roped tightened and moved, rubbing against Fiona's pussy, until the queen vocalized her pleasure.

As Maud grasped Aurora's legs and pulled the princess against her body, Fiona felt her wetness running down her legs, and couldn't help but press them together, hoping to alleviate some of the pressure.

She hated being a voyeur and Maud knew it, which only made things more pleasurable for the sadistic fairy as she drove herself over and over into Aurora's sweet depths, until Fiona's daughter screamed with her release.

That sent the enchanted rope into frenzy, until Fiona came as well.

The queen remained hidden for a few more hours, watching as Maud took Aurora again and again; her daughter's pleasure being reflected in the ropes' actions.

Fiona could only watch and hate the fact some part of her enjoyed it.

Finally night turned into day, and Maud reached her last orgasm, releasing her seed inside of Aurora and impregnating the younger woman.

Fiona sobbed in relief.

Her task finished, Maud turned around and left the bed, the enchanted ropes releasing Fiona. The queen knew her servitude was over and she could return to

her family.

That was the only thought on her head as she advanced towards Aurora's prone figure.

At the end of it, Fiona knew she would have done it all over again to save Aurora; her daughter was worth it all, and the smile the princess gave her as she saw her for the first time in twelve years proved it.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales, Volume 10

By

Julie Law

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Beauty and the Beast

Chapter 1

“Move it!”

Mara ignored the little voice inside her head that said she should turn around and slap the guard escorting her when he copped a feel of her ass – she couldn’t risk upsetting her jailors. She didn’t want to wake up in the middle of the night with them standing over her intent on revenge.

So she didn’t react and moved faster.

Doubts about her destination aroused once again.

She had never been detained before, but she was pretty sure it was unusual for a captive to be brought directly to the magistrate; at least for common criminals. Part of her dreaded they knew who she was and would force her to return to her home country.

Another part feared someone spoke of her beauty, and what waited her ahead was a danger of another kind.

Sometimes she truly hated her appearance. Her beauty had brought her more problems than anything else. When she was little her father’s servants sang of how her hair was spun like gold, and her skin was white as snow. Red, fleshy lips and blue eyes, they would say, makes you the most beautiful in the land.

Mara ignored the pang in her heart at the remembrance of *them*.

The blonde bit her lower lip and cursed her hastiness. She should have waited longer, made sure everyone had gone to sleep – she hadn’t. Because of that she was caught by the noble she was trying to rob, and brought to the city’s dungeon.

It didn’t take long for her to reach her destination. Fortunately the guard didn’t try anything else. He bade her to stop beside the door, while he knocked and talked to whoever was inside.

A few moments later he exited and ordered her in.

Mara entered the room with dread running through her veins, and the sight of the man inside didn’t alleviate her uneasiness.

He wasn’t exactly ugly, but neither was he striking, and a couple of wrinkles attested to what must have been his late forties.

His gaze was cold though, and Mara shivered with fear for her future. He didn’t seem to be the kind that would use his influence to force a woman to service him; Mara hoped she wasn’t discovered.

“Sit.” The man gestured at the chair in front of his desk.

The blonde held his gaze for a few moments before obeying, trying to appear as small as she could. Silently, she prayed to gods she had stopped believing in a long time ago, hoping that she might live unscathed through whatever this man’s plans were.

His eyes roved over her before he nodded to himself. “They weren’t wrong – you are a beauty.”

Mara’s heart clenched and he noticed her reaction.

His eyebrow rose and he chuckled at the fear in her eyes. "I have no interest in you girl, you can rest easy. Whatever comes of this will be of your choosing."

"What do you mean milord?" Mara was curious despite herself. She was aware of the fate that waited her in the dungeons. For being caught stealing from a noble she would spend years imprisoned; anything that might allow her to escape that fate was welcomed.

Especially if it allowed her to keep caring for her younger sister.

"Your beauty and my necessity are what brought you here, there's no doubt about that, but I don't intend to do anything to you." The man rose from his chair and moved towards the room's window. His gaze got lost in the sights of the city.

Mara remained silent, not wanting to interrupt his thoughts, knowing how fickle nobles were.

"Do you know who I am?" He asked at last, turning to face her.

She shook her head, and he smiled gently.

"I'm Seneschal Guillermo, I trust you realize who I am now?" He asked, and Mara nodded almost fearfully.

A shiver ran down her back. Guillermo was the ruler of the capital, and ruler of the country in all but name. She couldn't imagine why he would speak to her, or to any other common thief.

If he had known who she was, she might have imagined him confronting her over the issue, but when for all intents she wasn't more than a peasant girl? Mara was smart enough to know something fishy was going on.

He nodded at her acknowledgment and looked momentarily away. Guillermo was already used to the fear people displayed when they realized who he was. He didn't care, though it usually made his job easier, but in this instance he didn't need a scared girl.

"There's no need to be afraid." He said at last, trying to smile reassuringly. He failed, but Mara realized what he attempted and calmed slightly. "I have a proposition for you, something that will allow you to escape years in a dungeon if you accept."

Mara remained silent, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Guillermo was surprised by it. In his experience, most people would jump for joy at a chance to escape imprisonment; the other women who, in years past, received the same proposition he was going to offer Mara replied with joy and promises of doing the best they could, even though they had been scared.

He shrugged his curiosity away a moment later. He didn't particularly care about her reaction, so long as she accepted.

"Tell me, do you know the tale of the Beast Princess?"

Mara blinked at the question, surprised a man like him would ask her about a commoner's tale, and tried to sense the trap in his words. "Yes, I've heard of it."

"What exactly?"

She blinked again. "Basically that the people say Princess Alexandra turns into a monster and that's why she's a recluse."

“Indeed. That is that tale I was referring to. Some details are changed from storyteller to storyteller: sometimes she only turns on the nights of the full moon, other times when she gets hungry. But that’s what the people say about our princess.”

Mara wondered why exactly he had been questioning her knowledge of fairytales, but then he continued and she was forced to wonder if he wasn’t mad.

“... And they are right, Princess Alexandra does turn into a monster sometimes.”

“Wait, what?” Mara questioned, and then swallowed when she realized she had interrupted him. “You can’t be serious, can you?”

“I assure you what I’m telling you is the full truth.” Guillermo continued as if he was speaking about the weather. “Our princess was cursed years ago, and sometimes she transforms into a ... *dangerous* monster.”

Mara reclined in her seat and just looked at him. She wondered momentarily if he was lying to her, but there was no reason why the seneschal would lose his time playing a prank on someone. Reluctantly, she had to admit he might be right.

Personally, she had never witnessed any magic, but there were many tales, far too many books on the matter for her to dismiss it as impossible. Rare, though.

Following that thought came another: why would Guillermo tell her that about the princess?

“Let’s say I believe you,” Mara started after a few moments. “What do I have to do with it? I doubt I can help you cure your princess.”

“Unless you’re a sorceress you will not be able to help cure her, no, but what I need is a minder.”

“In what way?”

“I need you to be the princess’s handmaiden and companion. Care for her and be her friend.” The seneschal looked directly into Mara’s eyes as he explained. “Due to her condition, the princess lives alone in a wing of the palace, away from the eyes of common men, but she’s still human and needs someone beside her.”

He paused momentarily and seemed to contemplate his words. “Most of the time she’s like you and me, but strong emotions make her change. When that happens she grows in strength and size, and loses control of herself.”

“Who cursed her?” Mara questioned but Guillermo started shaking his head even before she finished.

“That’s her tale to tell.” His words were precise, final. “What you do need to know is that when Alexandra transforms she gains certain urges ...” He paused momentarily, almost reluctant to continue. “The transformation her body experiences allows her to act on those urges, and so, to contain her, we have been forced to keep a willing woman on hand.”

“Urges?” Mara asked with a raised eyebrow. “If you want me to do whatever it is you want, I’ll need to know the whole history.”

The seneschal sighed before he continued. “Then I’ll need to be crass. When Alexandra transforms she develops a male sexual member, and the

need to use it.”

Mara’s mouth fell open and she closed it without a word. Her eyes were wide in disbelief.

Guillermo nodded and continued. “We tried to stop her at first, but when she transforms she’s basically invincible. Several women suffered attacks when Alexandra was younger and couldn’t restrain herself in any way. Nowadays we find women that are willing to do what is needed to keep her satisfied and away from the general population.”

“That’s absurd.” Mara whispered. She couldn’t believe him.

“It was hard for me to believe at first. I’ve known Alexandra since she was a child. She was a sweet and beautiful girl, but then a witch cursed her and this was the result. Nonetheless, that’s not important right now.”

“It isn’t?” Mara questioned cocking her eyebrow at the man.

“No,” He answered. “What’s important is your answer. My proposition is simple: you have to serve as Alexandra’s handmaiden for a year, tending to her every need, but after that time is up you’ll be free and cared for. You’ll never need to steal again. What do you say?”

Mara’s first impulse was to refuse, but then she remembered the fate that awaited her, and what could happen to her sister if she was imprisoned for years.

Could she honestly refuse the proposition when that would lead to more suffering? Especially when she knew the indignities that might await her in the city’s dungeons? She was no fool; she knew the guards would eventually try to have their way with her. From a pure logical point of view, she would be forced to choose between being a princess’s whore or a prison one.

“I have a sister,” Mara started. “Her name is Annabel...”

“Say no more. She will be taken care of. The kingdom will provide her with everything she needs, from food to education.”

Mara opened her mouth, and then closed it without saying anything. She had nothing else to say, no more demands, she just needed to accept the seneschal’s proposition and that would be it.

“Do we have a deal?” Guillermo asked, his voice slower and stronger than before.

Mara only nodded. She ignored the part of her mind that insulted her as she accepted, calling her a whore and a slut. She had done many things she wasn’t proud of to make sure she and her sister survived; it wouldn’t even be the first time she slept with someone for some benefit.

“I do.” She said at last with a faint voice.

The seneschal smiled as if he wanted to reassure her. It didn’t work, and it made her skin crawl, especially when he poised a hand on her shoulder.

“I’ll send for some maids then and they will prepare you for your task.”

Mara nodded again, and watched the man move out of the room, leaving her alone with her thoughts and her doubts.

For a while she questioned herself. Was she doing the right thing? Should she have denied him? But then her sister’s face flashed through her mind and her doubts were erased.

She would do anything for Annabel, even sell her body and soul.

Chapter 2

“Most of the work you have to do is quite light,” Guillermo explained as they moved towards the wing of the palace where Princess Alexandra resided. “Bring Alexandra her meals, pick up her dirty clothes so the maids of the palace can clean them, tasks such as these. Mostly you just have to keep her company, and be prepared for whenever she starts to change.”

Mara nodded as he spoke. He tried to make it seem her task was simply, but she knew better. If it was, they wouldn't have to resort to prisoners to fulfill it.

A few more moments were enough for them to reach a dark, wooden door, and the man accompanying Mara sighed slightly. He knocked and opened it without waiting for a reply.

Inside, Mara found a long corridor filled with several closed doors.

“Alexandra!” Guillermo called out.

Mara's head snapped towards him in surprise. Guillermo's voice had transformed, becoming almost welcoming, warm, and she wondered if it was all a ploy, or if he really cared for the princess.

“Come out, darling.” He continued. “I've brought you your new handmaiden.”

There was some shuffling inside one of the rooms and then a door opened, giving Mara her first glimpse of the woman she would serve during the next year.

Princess Alexandra was more beautiful than Mara had imagined. That was the first thought she had when she saw her. The princess's hair was raven colored, curly and long, framing a white face that despite its paleness didn't appear sickly.

Her eyes were as blue as Mara's, and her lips a light red, almost pink. Her skin was smooth and unblemished, perfect and soft.

Mara let her eyes fall down and took in the princess's attire. Alexandra was wearing a tight red dress: a flimsy thing that displayed her body in full. Despite it, the royal woman appeared unbothered. It was as if she was above the stares of others.

Guillermo smiled at the princess with warmth in his eyes, but she glanced at Mara before glaring at the man.

“I told you I required no more handmaidens.” The raven haired woman's voice was cool and precise, almost harsh, but the seneschal didn't let it bother him.

“And we both know what will happen if no one is here to assist you.” He replied, letting his smile fall. He looked weary and tired all of a sudden. It was as if he didn't want to hurt the princess, but knew it was necessary. “You'll lose control, sooner or later, and then you'll regret what happens.”

The princess looked away for a few moments before turning back and glaring at Mara.

“I don’t like her – she’s too pretty. It will only makes things worse.” Alexandra turned her gaze on Guillermo. “It will be harder for me to control myself.”

He sighed again. “We both know that’s not true, or, at least, it wasn’t a problem in the past.”

The princess still looked defiant but he continued. “Remember that in the end you’re saving her from a worse fate. If she doesn’t become your handmaiden, she will go to the dungeons. You can imagine what will happen to a woman as beautiful as her in such a place.”

Alexandra looked at Mara for a few more moments before looking away and nodding.

Guillermo smiled. “Good. Now that that’s settled, how have you been?”

“Bored out of my mind.” The princess replied before relenting and softening her words. “There’s only so much books one can read without getting tired, and playing music without an audience is not exactly entertaining.”

“Now that you have a new companion, you can show her your talent.”

Alexandra snorted and Mara resisted the impulse to say something back to the princess. She was getting a little tired of the royal’s attitude, even if she could understand it from a certain point of view.

The princess saw her as a stranger, and as a criminal she would be forced to bed due to a curse.

Mara couldn’t say she would behave in a different manner if she was in Alexandra’s place. She *couldn’t* imagine being in Alexandra’s shoes, being forced to lay with someone because of a curse. That was the only reason the blonde held back her tongue, and just listened as both princess and seneschal talked to each other.

There was genuine warmth between the two and for some reason that made Mara feel a little better. Maybe it simply humanized both Alexandra and Guillermo in her eyes, and showed they could be normal people.

It contrasted with the memories Mara had from when she lived in her father’s castle. Before she was forced to leave her home and country, and flee with her little sister.

The warm scene didn’t last forever, though, and quickly enough conversation between Princess Alexandra and Seneschal Guillermo stalled. They simply stared at one another then, and the older man moved forward and hugged the princess, tightly, with great care.

Mara looked away when she heard a snuffle escape from the princess and held still, not wanting to intrude on them.

“Be strong,” Guillermo said, whispering, yet it was loud enough for Mara to hear him. “We’ll find a way to rid you of this curse, I promise you.”

“I’m afraid that will never happen, uncle.” Alexandra replied.

Mara frowned. She hadn’t known Guillermo was the princess’s uncle, but that explained the warmth between the two.

The seneschal leaned back and ran a hand over his niece’s head before kissing her brow. Then he moved out of the room.

Mara watched him go before turning and facing the princess’s glare.

“Your room is the last one on the right,” Alexandra gestured with one hand. “Now go, hide in it and don’t bother me.”

The blonde nodded and did as the princess commanded.

Alexandra watched her go all the way, and only moved away when Mara sequestered herself in her room. The princess returned to her solar and to her books.

The next days were some of the most nerve wracking of Mara’s life. She did her chores as ordered, but she barely spent any time with the princess. The young woman always dismissed her as soon as she finished.

It didn’t take long for boredom to settle in. Mara dreaded what would come ahead and yet, despite what was expected of her, her life was the simplest it had been in a long time.

Time passed and Mara wasn’t requested.

She relaxed a little as the first week came to an end. If the princess could control herself as easily as she had done during that time, her task wouldn’t be as horrid as she feared.

Then the eight day came, and Mara realized it would not be as simple as that.

It all started in the morning, when she woke to the furious sound of a guitar’s strings. Mara had heard the princess play before, usually during the afternoons, but never as angry as then.

Alexandra played the flute and the harp, the guitar and the piano, but usually it was a soothing melody, and not the furious crescendo that now came from the princess’s study.

So worried was Mara that she did something she would later acknowledge was foolish – she entered the princess’s study without calling out.

The blonde stopped, frozen, when her eyes fell on Alexandra.

The black haired woman danced with closed eyes as she played the guitar with reckless abandon. Mara froze because in that moment Alexandra seemed almost divine, beautiful beyond all measure, and she ought to watch the princess play. Her heartbeat started thundering in her chest as her eyes roved over the princess’s body.

The blonde couldn’t say how much time she spent like that, watching the other woman move, but eventually it all came crashing down.

The princess failed a note in her melody and in her anger she threw the guitar down, breaking it completely. A furious scream escaped her mouth.

Mara must have made some sound then because Alexandra’s eyes turned to her and the princess’s anger turned into rage.

“What are you doing here?” She asked as she moved towards the blonde. Mara scrambled back until she hit the door.

“Nothing,” Mara squeaked out. “I just thought you needed help.”

The words did nothing to calm Alexandra, on the contrary, they only incited her fury. Without really meaning to, the princess took hold of Mara’s arm and squeezed.

The pained moan the handmaiden released juggled some part of Alexandra’s mind, and she realized what was happening. She was transforming into the monster she was cursed to be, the uncontrollable

beast inside.

The princess tried to stop it, not wanting to abuse the poor maid – no one deserved to suffer what her beast inflicted on people.

Mara saw the struggle in the princess's eyes and realized the other woman was about to lose control. She noticed how much Alexandra struggled, but it was for naught; bit by bit Alexandra's body became more defined, and the princess increased in height.

Alexandra became toned and muscular. Hers was a body like those of heroes of legend, and yet there was something cruel and malformed about it.

Mara swallowed as the princess's nails transformed into claws, her eyes became red and narrow, and teeth turned into fangs.

The biggest transformation, though, was what happened between the princess's legs.

During her change, Alexandra's lower clothes got destroyed, putting her sex on display, and Mara couldn't take her eyes off of *it*.

The blonde wasn't a blushing maiden – she had plenty of lovers in the past, but the princess's cock was the biggest she had ever seen. She was ashamed to admit it, but she got distracted for a few moments only regaining her concentration when the princess' grip increased.

Mara looked at Alexandra's face and saw just how eager the princess was for her touch. How much she fought against the urge to take her.

She found herself oddly touched. Even transformed, the princess wasn't ugly – far from it. Her face gained a more bestial touch, and it looked more primal, but Alexandra was still beautiful. Mara started wondering if this would be such a chore.

Alexandra closed her eyes, hoping that by looking away from the beautiful handmaiden she would be able to spare the girl, but then there was something that made both her and her beast freeze in place.

A small touch, a lightweight caress, and the princess opened her eyes. She looked down from her now almost seven feet of height to see Mara reaching out and touching her hard cock.

She shook her head, certain she was dreaming, but then Mara gripped her a little tighter and she couldn't deny what was happening.

"What are you doing?" She managed to ask after a few moments with a growly voice.

"My job?" Mara half-questioned. "That's why I'm here, isn't it? To take care of this when you need me to." She finished by squeezing the cock, letting no doubts about what she meant remain.

"Stop," Alexandra squeaked out, but it wasn't what she really wanted. She needed Mara's touch, and to reach that zenith of pleasure. Strangely, she found herself with a greater amount of control than she ever had. For one moment, she wondered if it was because she had someone that seemed willing to satisfy her without looking aside in shame.

Maybe her beast didn't find it as tempting to hunt down willing prey.

A moment later all those considerations fled her mind because Mara started moving her hand up and down, stroking her cock.

Alexandra's eyes fluttered and she breathed deeply, startled by the sensations her handmaiden provoked in her. So distracted was the princess

that she released the grip on the blonde, and only realized Mara was free when the woman kneeled in front of her.

The brunette looked confusedly at the other woman.

Mara grinned up at her and, with a blush, Alexandra knew exactly what the handmaiden intended. The blonde didn't gave her enough time to be stopped – not that Alexandra would want to stop her, not really – and leaned forward.

Mara smirked when Alexandra lurched at the first touch of her lips. It was a gentle caress, a simple brush of her mouth against the princess's cock. Part of her could only think about how she would make the princess beg if she reacted so easily.

Despite the seneschal's words, Mara realized Alexandra was quite inexperienced in sexual matters, and was probably used to let her instincts run wild. If that was so, Mara intended to make her scream with pleasure.

Alexandra felt like a caged animal. Mara was playing with her and she knew it, but she wouldn't try to change a thing, liking the game they were playing very much.

Part of her wanted to grasp the handmaiden's hair, force her down into the floor and mount her like an animal, but for once in her cursed lifetime Alexandra could ignore those instincts, and simply let herself enjoy the blonde.

Mara didn't linger for long, rightfully suspecting that too much teasing might incite Alexandra's beast. She kissed the tip of the cock and let her tongue taste the reddened skin, swirling it around, loving the shudders Alexandra released as she did it.

Bit by bit, she moved faster, licking the cock from base to head, and head to base, letting her fingers sneak between the princess's thighs and finding the pussy underneath the cock.

Mara teased that as well, running a finger over Alexandra's nether lips, touching her clit gently at first, but then harder.

The princess moaned out loud and her legs trembled, showing just how much the other woman was affecting her. Her beast started to roar inside, wanting her pound of flesh, needing release, and Alexandra feared she would lose control for a moment.

Then Mara opened her mouth and swallowed Alexandra's cock, and the princess knew nothing but bliss.

The handmaiden's mouth was the softest thing she had ever felt, and the way that tongue swirled around her cock made her delirious with need. It sparked something inside of her, making her move by pure instinct.

Alexandra put her hands on Mara's head and took control of the woman's motions, making her keep a steady rhythm over her cock.

The blonde made no motion to resist and let the princess do as she wanted, focusing on making the other woman feel as much enjoyment as possible. Alexandra's moans were a great indicator and Mara smirked as she bobbed her head over the princess's groin.

Mara's lips were tight around the hard flesh, making Alexandra feel every little movement she made. The blonde would drive herself forward and take the cock deep into her mouth, swirling her tongue, and then she

would lean back and stop just before she could release that hard flesh. Then she repeated the motion all over again.

Alexandra became louder and louder throughout it, and Mara knew the princess wouldn't last long.

She couldn't possibly have.

Alexandra lurched forward, trying to sheathe herself inside of Mara's mouth. A loud moan escaped from her as she felt the release she had been waiting for.

With a final shudder, her cock jerked and then it exploded.

Mara startled at the first taste of Alexandra's seed, finding it sour and salty, but she held on and got used to the flavor, swallowing for as long as she could until the need to breathe forced her to part from the princess's cock. When that happened, she grabbed the hard member and pointed it aside, stroking a couple of times and only stopping when the cock was spent.

Alexandra shuddered one last time and had to move away from Mara. She only stopped when she leaned against the wall. She barely noticed as her transformation started to recede, her gaze lost on the other woman within the room.

Mara smiled at first, but then fidgeted as the princess continued staring. Eventually she looked away, not quite knowing how to react to Alexandra.

"What was that?" The princess questioned with a faint voice.

Mara shrugged but didn't meet Alexandra's gaze, fearing she had overstepped her bounds.

When she finally looked at the princess, she found the woman looking human once again. Seeing that no more questions came, Mara got to her feet, slowly, and then asked. "Can I leave?"

Alexandra just looked at her, saw how Mara was fidgeting, and nodded, resisting the temptation to call the handmaiden back as Mara opened the door and left.

When the other woman stepped out of sight, Alexandra let herself slide down the wall, her breath catching up in her throat.

She had never been able to control herself as easily as she had that day, and she found it a little scary. Since the curse, everything always ended up going wrong somehow, and she feared what would happen when the other shoe dropped.

And yet, there was a part of her that remembered the look of want and need in Mara's face, the way her beautiful lips scrunched together when the woman started sucking her cock, and Alexandra couldn't help but hope that maybe this time it would be different.

Chapter 3

Things changed between both women after that first day together.

Mara started spending her free time with the princess, Alexandra showing herself a little more comfortable with her company. It wasn't a quick process, but both enjoyed it, and they learned a lot about the other.

Alexandra was surprised that Mara could read – none of her former handmaidens had possessed the ability – but then she realized that was not the only strange thing about the blonde.

Mara knew how to play as well, she knew how to talk like a noble and had impeccable manners. Alexandra knew Mara was more than just a common criminal.

She imagined the blonde could be some disgraced noble, or someone connected to treasonous behavior, but she doubted Guillermo would allow a traitor to discover her greatest weakness. Nonetheless, Alexandra was curious about Mara's past.

Mara wasn't aware of the princess's newly found curiosity, but she was happy the other woman decided to become more agreeable. She knew circumstances pushed them together and the princess didn't enjoy it, but in those first few days Mara had found herself bored out of her mind.

Now, at least, she could spend her days with someone of intellect, someone beautiful and kind underneath, someone *not boring*.

It wasn't all perfect however.

Alexandra's curse hung over their heads like a sword, making Mara behave skittishly, fearing what might happen should she provoke the princess once again. For the most part, though, they enjoyed each other's company.

After some time, Mara started considering Alexandra a friend, and she hoped the princess felt the same.

The curse and its effects put some strain on their relationship, but Mara wasn't too bothered by them, unlike Alexandra.

The princess hated her lack of control, and that she was forced to give into her more animalistic instincts. It felt differently with Mara, she could direct her attentions better, and she could almost subdue her beast, but at the same time her transformations were more frequent.

Where before she changed perhaps once a week, sometimes once every two weeks, now Alexandra found herself changing every three days. She never told Mara about her new schedule, letting her think it was normal.

She didn't know why Mara affected her so, or maybe she simply refused to accept it.

Alexandra had never enjoyed any of the encounters with her past handmaidens. Her mind had always been too far out of it for her to feel anything resembling pleasure.

With Mara it was different.

The blonde would always reach out for her before she lost her mind, before the beast set in, and the first touch of her lips were enough to stall her transformation. Alexandra experienced pleasure like she had never felt before.

She hid that information from her handmaiden, fearing letting someone else know they had such power over her.

Slowly time went on.

A month passed and then two, and not much changed between them.

Mara missed her sister. She spoke about it with Alexandra and the princess replied in kind, speaking about her family, her life as a child – a time when she was happy and unconcerned with the future, with no worries to bear.

They became friends and soon Mara realized that she felt something more than just affection for the princess, but held back from saying anything, knowing that way only pain lay.

Yet she couldn't stop herself from feeling more and more excited whenever Alexandra's curse flared out.

They hadn't done more than what they had in their first time together. Whenever it was necessary, Mara would get to her knees and use her mouth to alleviate the princess's need, but she found herself wanting more.

One day, she decided to be a little more daring.

When Alexandra looked at her in the morning, Mara knew the princess needed her, and that she only held back her beast by sheer stubbornness.

So before the princess could resist in any way, Mara moved towards her and leaned in, crashing her lips against Alexandra's.

The princess's eyes widened and then closed as she replied to the kiss, moving back against Mara. She didn't quite know what to do – she had never kissed anyone before – so she let Mara take control of the situation, and simply enjoyed the way the other woman's lips molded themselves to her mouth. How their tongues dueled with one another.

When they parted, Alexandra felt some of that desire to change recede. "What are you doing?" She asked, and surprised herself at how rough her voice sounded.

"Can't you tell?" Mara asked with a smirk, then closed in again.

The princess replied with fervor when she felt the need building up inside of her, although different from the usual – more controlled – making Alexandra momentarily believe that she would one day control her curse.

Her change was slow and contained. She didn't grow as much, and she was much more aware throughout it. Alexandra's vision seemed to be better than usual, and she saw Mara swallow when their eyes met.

Her handmaiden didn't say anything though, and reached for the princess's clothes and started slowly unfastening her dress, baring Alexandra's skin.

When the princess's body was revealed, Mara hesitated. She kissed the other woman, but she didn't know if she wanted to keep daring.

Should she do as usual and simply use her mouth on the princess, or do what she wanted? Mara needed, *desired*, to feel Alexandra moving within her, to feel their bodies against one another while their sexes met again and

again. Hold Alexandra as she shuddered, and whisper sweet nothings while the princess came inside of her.

Putting her doubts aside, Mara leaned in and kissed Alexandra, feeling the princess kiss back.

Alexandra put her hands on Mara's shoulders, wanting to push her down, but the handmaiden surprised her with a refusal, and then pushed her away.

"What..." Alexandra started, but then Mara pushed her again and she fell on top of her bed. Before she could say anything else, the blonde climbed atop of her and Alexandra realized Mara's intentions.

She blushed.

Alexandra had done what Mara wanted with her other handmaidens, even if under the full control of her beast, but she found herself hesitant with the blonde. It broke their usual pattern and she was afraid of what that could unleash upon them.

The princess wasn't an idiot. She was aware she was falling for the blonde. It was hard not to. She was a prisoner in her own castle, and Mara her only company. Added to the fact that they were forced to have sex due to her curse and strange would be if some kind of feelings didn't grow between them.

It wasn't even the first time for Alexandra.

She had cared deeply for some of her handmaidens, even if they had feared her immensely. That fear always stopped her from acting on her desires.

Mara didn't look at her like that, on the contrary – the blonde seemed to care for her, and to Alexandra that meant everything. She didn't want to put their relationship at risk, and was too afraid to mess it all up.

The blonde wasn't though.

While Alexandra was lost in her thoughts, Mara leaned forward and climbed atop of her, sitting on top of the princess's lap.

Alexandra moaned.

Mara smirked at the need in Alexandra's eyes, and shifted her hips, rubbing herself against the hard flesh. She couldn't, nor wanted, to deny her own desire – not when her pussy was as wet as it had ever been – but she wanted Alexandra to make the first move and say something.

So she rubbed her nether lips against Alexandra's rod, leaving little trails of wetness in its body until both were panting with need.

Alexandra remained silent though. She kept her mouth closed, trying everything she could to hold back the moans she wanted to release. Her hands moved almost of their own accord, and she grasped Mara's waist, speeding up the blonde's motions.

Taking that as a declaration of intent, Mara leaned down and kissed Alexandra's throat, making the princess lose control and moan out loud. Another moan was heard when the handmaiden started moving down, kissing the top of Alexandra's breasts.

"Please, please," Alexandra looked at Mara with pleading eyes and the blonde wasn't unaffected.

“What do you want?” Mara asked, her voice gentle, and her motions became slower, more contained.

“You,” Alexandra replied, her hold on the other woman’s body tightening. “I want you. I need to be inside of you.”

Mara shivered, smiling as she heard the words she had been wanting to hear for so long. “Then take me.”

It was a dare, and one the princess didn’t hesitate in accepting.

Alexandra shifted and turned them around, laying Mara on her back and sneaking between the woman’s legs. She pushed up against the blonde, and Mara shuddered, putting her arms around the princess and pulling their bodies together.

The raven haired woman let it happen, enjoying the feeling of skin against skin, and the way Mara’s hips brushed against hers.

She looked down and tried to fit against the blonde, but after a few failed attempts she was forced to give up when Mara laughed out loud.

Alexandra glared at her handmaiden, but that only made the blonde more amused.

“Let me,” Mara said, her voice turning rough as her right hand moved between their bodies and grasped Alexandra’s cock. The princess shuddered at that touch, but Mara rubbed that hard flesh against her opening and Alexandra forced herself to still.

It felt far too good, and she was afraid she would lose control and release the beast inside of her.

A moment later her control shattered when Mara pulled her inside.

Alexandra moaned as her cock entered the blonde. It was the only way she had to process the feelings the other woman brought her. Mara was too tight around her, and Alexandra could only tremble as inch after inch of her hard flesh disappeared inside the golden haired woman.

She stopped moving forward when the blonde released a pained moan, and started back, afraid she had hurt Mara, but the blonde didn’t let her escape completely, lacing her legs around Alexandra’s back.

“It’s alright,” Mara said soothingly, speaking like she knew exactly what Alexandra felt. “You’re just bigger than I planned for, but give me a few moments and I’ll be ready for you.”

Alexandra didn’t say anything and simply let herself be, afraid of doing something she shouldn’t. She just wanted Mara to feel the same pleasure the blonde invoked in her.

She shouldn’t have worried.

Mara slowly pulled her forward once again, until she reached a certain point, and then pushed her away.

Alexandra let the other woman control their motions and settled for following the rhythm. Every time she pushed, she penetrated deeper into Mara, until she worked her entire length inside the blonde. Then both of them had to stop for a few moments to process the sensations.

The blonde held tight to Alexandra’s body, moaning as she pressed her breasts against the princess’s. She closed her eyes and held still, simply enjoying the feel of Alexandra’s cock, and then moaned as the other woman started moving back.

They moved into one another, bodies shuddering with pleasure, moans escaping their mouths. Their thrusts were accompanied by the sounds of their flesh meeting one another, and it only excited them.

Alexandra lost herself in the moment. She had never felt anything as good as what she and Mara were doing, and she could barely stop herself from thrusting with abandon, wanting to reach that point where her cock exploded and pleasure flooded her mind.

It didn't take long.

Mara moved against her, and Alexandra let it all go; all of her worries, her thoughts, and just focused on the sensations the other woman's body brought her.

She came with a shout, and felt Mara tightening around her cock, the handmaiden starting to come as well.

Alexandra kept moving, and a gasp escaped her mouth as her cock jerked again and released its seed inside of Mara, flooding the blonde's womb. She looked down at the other woman, letting her eyes rove over Mara's face as she came. The blonde's eyes were closed as she focused on the pleasure they shared with one another.

Alexandra smiled.

Mara's legs became tighter for a moment around Alexandra's waist, but she released her hold with a sigh and opened her eyes, smiling brightly at the princess.

"That was fun." The handmaiden said, and the princess had to laugh with her.

Alexandra leaned down and kissed Mara's lips. "Yes, it was."

Their kiss started gentle and turned a little heated, but the raven haired woman stopped it before it could get more ravenous. She leaned back from Mara and laid down, spooning herself against the blonde.

"Actually," Alexandra started after a few moments of silence. "That was pretty much incredible. I never knew lovemaking could be so fun."

Mara raised her head from the bed. "But that wasn't the first time you did it, was it?" She asked, confused.

"It was the first time my curse didn't make me lose all conscious thought during the act, tough." The princess replied with a shrug, pulling Mara's body tighter against hers. "Before, I would always lose control before getting as far as I did with you, and then it was like if I had woken from a dream. I knew what I had done, but I felt nothing while it happened. With you it's different."

Mara looked away at that, oddly touched by the words. Her cheeks colored.

The blonde was perfectly aware she was falling in love with the other woman, but she doubted Alexandra would reply – *could reply* – to that love; not with her position and status, no matter how much the woman might want to.

If Alexandra had feelings for her, it would be best if they simply ignored them.

Nonetheless, there was something Mara wanted to know, and this new proximity would allow her to finally question the princess. "Speaking about

your curse,” She started hesitantly, and only continued when Alexandra looked at her with calm eyes. “How did it happen? Why did a sorceress do this to you?”

Alexandra sighed and looked at the ceiling her mind lost in remembrance.

Mara remained silent, giving the other woman her space, knowing just how painful it could be to speak about the past.

“It all started when a beautiful woman came to court.” Alexandra’s voice was placid, but Mara could hear the wistfulness behind it. Obviously, the princess had cared a great deal about whoever she was talking about.

“Most didn’t know that this woman was a sorceress.” The princess continued, and she turned to look at Mara, smiling. “Her name was Henrietta and we became great friends. I discovered what she was, but I kept her secret. It amused me, I think, to know something my parents didn’t, and she didn’t scare me.”

“Was she the one who cursed you?” Mara asked gently, and Alexandra replied by poking her in the nose.

“You wanted to hear my tale, so let me tell it, will you?” She asked with a smile.

Mara nodded.

“I thought of her as a sister,” Alexandra said with a whisper. “There was nothing we didn’t do together. We were the beauties of the court, the women most spoken about. I was a princess and my father had yet to choose me a suitor, but Henrietta denied all of those that sought her hand, enraging more than a few nobles. I thought she did it because she was hoping to find better prospects, but then, a few years after we met, I discovered why it was so.”

Alexandra paused, lost in thought. “It was a day of spring, I remember that. We spent the day in a field nearby simply watching the blooming flowers, talking the whole afternoon. Then, when we started back, she reached for me and kissed me.”

Mara perked up. “What did you do?”

“Nothing,” Alexandra replied. “I just froze and let her move her lips against mine, and then we returned and I put it behind my back, thinking she had simply decided to experiment or something.”

“But it was more than that, wasn’t it?”

“It was,” The princess confirmed with a nod. “Henrietta kissed me again the next day, and the day after, only stopping when I forced her to. I remember how she looked at me then, confused and hurt, and I had to tell her the truth; that I didn’t care for her like that.”

Alexandra shivered. “I still have nightmares about the glare she gave me, but then her look softened and she turned around and left. I hoped she would stop after that, and she did for a while, but eventually she tried to seduce me again. It all started with little touches. She would let her hands linger upon mine more than needed, and she would brush her fingers against my curves while we spoke to one other.”

The princess had a faraway look in her face, and Mara found herself comforting the other woman, running her hand up the woman’s leg.

Alexandra gasped at that touch, and turned to kiss Mara for a few moments before continuing her tale. "When I asked her to stop again, she raged at me, calling me a coward for not replying to her love and letting what others think stop me."

"Did you?" Mara asked, her voice faint. That question was one part of her wanted answered very much; a little piece of her that hoped there could be something between both of them.

"No," The princess replied, shaking her head at the same time. "I cared for her, but I didn't love her, not like that. I didn't feel passion for her, but she wouldn't believe me. So she did something else."

Alexandra's voice trailed off, and Mara didn't even have to wonder.

"She cursed you?"

The princess nodded. "She said that she would force me to show my true nature, and make me defile the women of the kingdom whether I wanted to or not." She turned her head to look at Mara's face. "The effects of the curse you have already seen."

Mara bit her lower lip. "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault." Alexandra replied and then paused. When no more words were forthcoming, she caressed Mara's shoulder, and then her cheek, until the other woman faced her. "And what about you?"

"What do you mean?" Mara answered Alexandra's question with another query, even as some nervousness settled in her stomach.

"I know you're no common peasant, Mara." Alexandra said gently. "You're too well spoken for one, you know how to read, how to behave. What happened to make you turn to banditry?"

Mara looked away but after a few moments she sighed and turned back. She found out that she wanted to tell Alexandra her story, and talk about what she suffered in the past. The princess had put her thrust in her, and she wanted to do the same.

"My father was a duke." Mara started, her voice faint, but gaining strength as time went on. "Not of your kingdom, but of a faraway one. I'm not going to say my life was perfect, but it was a pretty good one."

"What happened?" Alexandra asked, already imagining what might have occurred.

"Our neighbors were greedy and attacked, trying to conquer us." Mara replied, her mind busy remembering facts that happened a long time ago. "We were winning at first, but then betrayal brought our king down, and defeat swiftly followed. My father's castle was one of the last to fall."

A tear escaped from the blonde's eyes, and Alexandra hugged her. Part of her wanted to make Mara stop, and spare the girl the pain of remembrance, but she knew Mara needed to get it off her chest.

"They executed my father and raped my mother before killing her." Mara continued and her voice was dead, blank. "I was to be married off to one of our conquerors, a breeding mare to keep our people from rebelling, but I ran away with my sister before they could make me do it and here I am."

Alexandra didn't question Mara about what happened after that and until the blonde was imprisoned – she could easily imagine what might have

occurred in the meanwhile.

Mara would have been a young girl, caring for a sister in a land she didn't know, and where there was no one to help her. Someone that desperate would be willing to do anything to survive, and Alexandra didn't want to make Mara remember her sins.

So she leaned forward and kissed the other woman, caressing her face.

Mara smiled back, though some sadness remained in her eyes, and the princess wondered what she could do to make it disappear.

A moment later her question was answered.

The blonde reached up and kissed her, far more heatedly than the princess had done, and Alexandra felt her cock starting to harden once again.

It didn't take long for them to lose themselves in the deepest of lovemaking, and Alexandra only hoped with her love she could ease some of the emotions Mara was feeling.

Chapter 4

During the next months, Mara and Alexandra's relationship became even deeper, more involved.

Both women knew they liked the other more than was recommended, but they couldn't stop.

Time moved on, and when Mara noticed six months had already passed. On the same day, she realized her body was undergoing a change that might bring her to ruin.

During the mornings she would feel nauseous, at noon she would crave the strangest of foods. Her breasts felt heavier and rounder, and her libido was such that even Alexandra was a little intimidated.

Mara didn't need to speak to the castle's maids to understand what was happening, although she ended up asking their opinion anyways.

She was pregnant and had no idea what to do. Should she tell Alexandra, or should she hide it from the woman she loved and tell the seneschal?

She was afraid. There was no way to know what Alexandra's reaction would be.

Would the princess be happy about it, or would she be terrified?

The fact that Guillermo had taken no precautions against a pregnancy made Mara believe the princess was unable to conceive, but what if that wasn't true? What if the seneschal simply made the pregnant women disappear? Alexandra might not even know that happened.

But what if she knew? Could Mara risk it?

The blonde was certain Guillermo would make her lose her child if she went to him. He couldn't risk a bastard having a claim on the throne, or the scandal it would provoke if it was known.

Or maybe he would be happy. It meant that even if Alexandra wasn't cured of her curse, the royal line would continue.

Mara shook her head. There was no way to divine the future, and trying to control how other people reacted would only make her go insane.

In the end, what mattered was what she wanted to do, and she just wasn't certain of what that was. She thought really well about it for a couple of days before deciding what to do.

Mara already loved her child. She spent the days imagining what hers or his features would be like, what name she might give him or her.

She wanted to be a mother.

Knowing what she desired didn't make things easier though. She needed to break the news to Alexandra, but she always hesitated at the last moment.

The princess knew something was going on – she could see how Mara's behavior changed. The handmaiden spent her days with her mind lost in thought, but she let the blonde be.

Alexandra supposed Mara missed her home and didn't let it bother her.

Eventually though, Mara ran out of time and if she didn't tell Alexandra, her belly would when it started to show.

"There's something I need to tell you." Mara said, trying not to move too much. Alexandra had decided to take on painting, and now the princess was using the handmaiden as a model.

Mara really didn't think Alexandra would ever be great at it, but she didn't mind posing for her lover.

"What is it?" The princess asked, not taking her eyes from the canvas. Her hand moved quickly, laying a stroke of paint.

Mara fidgeted before rising to her feet. "I'm sorry, but I can't concentrate while posing for you."

Alexandra raised her brow, but stopped painting and paid attention to her lover. Mara was more nervous than usual, and something told Alexandra it was because the blonde was going to speak about whatever it was that was making her more moody lately.

Mara breathed deeply, closing her eyes and trying to remain calm. It didn't work. She opened her eyes and found Alexandra near her, worry in the princess's eyes. She smiled without even thinking about it.

"It's nothing bad, at least I hope it isn't ..." Mara started before her voice trailed off, her worry making her hesitant once again. Eventually she shook her head, and met Alexandra's eyes. "I don't know how it's possible; actually I do, it's just that..."

She trailed off again.

The raven haired princess moved forward and caressed her.

Mara blinked before looking into Alexandra's eyes. "I'm pregnant."

The princess froze, and barely managed to hear past the sudden loud beat of her heart. "Come again?"

Mara stammered. "I, I'm, hum, pregnant."

Alexandra didn't say anything for a while, standing so still that Mara shivered in worry.

The blonde reached out with one hand to caress the princess's face, but the woman caught it before she could touch her, and Mara grimaced in pain at the brunette's grip.

"Alexandra?" She asked, hesitantly, when she saw the other woman's eyes.

The princess didn't reply. She couldn't. Her mind was too busy revising the blonde's words, hearing them echo inside her head.

Alexandra breathed deeply and then regretted it. It seemed to bring her beast forward and suddenly she was struggling to hold back her inner desires.

She could only think about Mara's words, repeating themselves in her mind. For a few moments, she couldn't quite comprehend what the blonde said. It was as if her fight against her baser instincts interfered with her rational thoughts, but once she processed the meaning of Mara's phrase Alexandra almost blacked out.

It couldn't be, could it?

She had more than half a dozen handmaidens in the past, but none ever got pregnant. She, and her uncle Guillermo, believed that the cursed cock that appeared when Alexandra lost control was sterile, unable to conceive.

Only now it seemed Mara was expecting her child.

Unless it wasn't hers, a darker part of her mind whispered, and Alexandra couldn't hold back anymore.

With a snarl she transformed, the thought of Mara's possible betrayal destroying her control.

The blonde stepped back in surprise. She hadn't seen Alexandra so out of it since the first time they were together, and it scared her momentarily especially because it happened after she confessed to carrying Alexandra's child.

Before Mara could move more than a couple of steps, a transformed hand reached forward and took hold of her arm, stopping her in place.

The blonde swallowed and looked at the claws in Alexandra's hands, and then up at the princess's face. Alexandra hadn't changed much, there was no fur or anything, her features simply turned a little more savage, a little sharper, but Mara still found herself intimidated when she met the woman's now yellow eyes.

The princess leaned forward and sniffed Mara's throat, and then her head before leaning back, suddenly more composed.

Alexandra didn't know why, but she was sure that the child Mara was carrying was hers. Something in the woman's scent made her certain of it.

"Mine," Alexandra growled almost without meaning to.

"It's yours." Mara whispered without taking her eyes off Alexandra's.

"You're mine."

The blonde nodded. "I am."

Alexandra leaned down and kissed her then, hard, almost bruising Mara's lips. Her transformed size dwarfed the blonde, and Mara could only let herself be held and dominated by the princess.

She tried to reply to the kiss nonetheless, to put her arms around Alexandra's frame and keep their bodies pressed against one another, but she didn't delude herself. Alexandra was in complete control of their motions and the only thing she could do was submit.

She did so willingly.

Something Mara had realized during her months with Alexandra was that resistance inflamed Alexandra's beast. So long as Mara gave up, and surrendered, Alexandra retained control and remained herself.

She found it a little strange that none of Alexandra's previous handmaidens had tried such a thing, but then they probably had been too scared of the princess to submit and not resist.

Mara winced when one of Alexandra's nails left a scratch in her side, ripping her blouse and bloodying her skin, but that only seemed to excite the transformed woman.

Alexandra was near the brink and the blonde knew what was needed to make her step back.

Mara leaned back from the princess's lips, and put a hand on her chest. "Let me go, I want to taste you."

These words were enough for the beastly woman to release her, and Mara smiled as she kneeled and started to disrobe both of their bodies.

She didn't waste any time, knowing how precarious her situation was.

The moment she freed Alexandra's cock she dived in and let her tongue run over its head, tasting, then putting her lips around the tip.

Alexandra growled and moaned at the same time, a sound that somehow excited Mara, showing her just how much she could excite the princess.

Alexandra gently took hold of Mara's head. If she wasn't careful, she knew she could hurt the other woman, but that was not what she wanted. Even when her beast reared its head, she had never wanted to hurt anyone, Mara least of all.

A swipe of Mara's tongue made Alexandra focus on the blonde, and she shuddered as she saw Mara eyeing her back.

The other woman smirked before opening her mouth and slowly moving forward, making Alexandra tremble as her cock was enveloped by Mara's warm mouth.

The blonde didn't tease and soon was bobbing her head over Alexandra's cock, filling her mouth with the princess's hard flesh. She suckled hard, swirling her tongue around the rod until the princess started gesturing for her to stop, unable to resist her caress.

"Get up," Alexandra's voice was rough, animalistic, as were the desires in her eyes. "I need to be inside you."

Mara didn't delay and leaned back, preparing to get to her feet. A hand on her shoulder stopped her.

"Turn around," Alexandra ordered and her grip increased in strength.

Mara gulped but did as commanded, and then had to brace herself in her hands and knees when Alexandra pushed her. She swallowed back her complaint when she noticed that Alexandra was kneeling behind her.

She was pretty sure she knew what was coming next, and she felt a blush come over her face. They had never done anything like that before, and she found herself excited with the possibility.

Alexandra took hold of her cock and gently leaned forward, pressing the hard prick against Mara's nether lips. She teased the other woman, using the tip to trace the lines of Mara's pussy and making the blonde moan with need.

"Please." Mara whispered, thrusting her ass back, offering herself.

Alexandra didn't resist.

With one hand, she positioned herself at the blonde's entrance and then pushed, penetrating Mara.

The blonde shuddered when Alexandra entered her and moved back against the other woman, wanting to feel her deeper.

The princess didn't let her move very far however, chuckling out loud when the blonde's protests reached her ears. Alexandra used her grip on Mara's waist to pull the other woman, gently, and then to push her, making sure that her cock was slowly, but surely, burying itself in Mara's body.

The handmaiden could only moan as she was fucked by the princess. Her knees were hurting from being pressed against the floor, but she didn't even care. The only thing Mara wanted to think about was Alexandra's cock, and the way the hard flesh pleased her.

They moved fast. Neither of them had patience for anything else.

Soon enough, Alexandra was crashing her hips against Mara's buttocks, the sound of their lovemaking filling the room. For one moment both women forgot about Mara's pregnancy and simply enjoyed themselves.

It didn't last.

Alexandra's grip around Mara's waist tightened as the princess felt her release approach, and the slight pain was enough to make Mara explode. Her pussy tightened around the princess's cock.

That in turn made Alexandra achieve her pleasure and she orgasmed with a roar, her cock exploding inside the other woman, releasing her seed into Mara's womb.

Alexandra released Mara and the blonde almost flopped to the ground, exhausted. Only Alexandra's grip stopped her fall, and when the blonde looked back at the princess she found her slowly changing back into a human.

"You are mine." The princess repeated her earlier words. Her eyes were almost feverish with desire for Mara.

The handmaiden knew the meaning beyond those words, what the princess really wanted to say but was afraid to. "I'm yours." She replied, but like Alexandra, what she really meant was '*I love you*'.

Epilogue

Their child was born a little over two months after what would have been the end of Mara's deal with Guillermo.

Mara didn't separate from Alexandra. No one else had ever managed to control Alexandra's beast as easily and as well as Mara did. Because of it, and for the child she carried, Alexandra made Mara her official mistress.

The princess couldn't make the blonde her wife, no matter how much she wanted to; she still had to consider politics and everything that came with it, but surprisingly Mara was content with being her mistress.

The blonde understood what happened when royalty lost their allies, and she preferred Alexandra to marry someone that could help her protect their children, than to one day face the death of all the people she cared about once again.

Mara lived happily as Alexandra's lover. With her help, Alexandra could face the world once again no longer forced to remain secluded, and that brought Mara a lot of goodwill with the royal family. Goodwill that only increased as she bared more children over the years.

The queen, Alexandra's mother, was especially happy with that as she loved her grandchildren immensely.

Mara and Alexandra's life wasn't perfect, far from it, but they made their choices, and they loved each other deeply.

Most days that was enough.

The end.

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



POCAHONTAS

Pocahontas
(Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales #11)

By
Julie Law

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Pocahontas

Prologue

Rebecca sighed and thanked God she got used to the motions of the ocean. It might have taken two weeks for her stomach to stop rolling and twisting whenever the boat moved, but at last the swaying of the ship no longer bothered.

The redhead turned back to her novel, looking aside from the small window in her quarters.

The sight of the ocean had been something else at first, but novelty wore off quickly and she found other ways to entertain herself.

Rebecca loved reading and books became her constant companions.

The sounds of hurried steps outside her door broke the redhead's concentration. The door opened and Anya, her family's maid, stuck her head in. "Come quick milady, your father sent for you. We are approaching land."

Rebecca got to her feet with an excitement she hadn't felt in a while, smile breaking out in her face. Her joy was mirrored in the other woman, and the two stumbled into the deck with grins.

Anthony turned to his daughter with an expression of exasperation. Rebecca's long red hair was disheveled, curlier than usual, giving the impression the girl had just left the bed.

Anthony's wife complained their daughter never took good care of herself and he had to agree with her, even understanding that was simply who Rebecca was.

He didn't say anything however, it wouldn't help; he just opened his arms and welcomed his daughter, the redhead embracing him as tightly as she could.

"Is it true?" Rebecca asked when they parted. "Are we there?"

Anthony smiled. "We're close. Take a look." He said and directed her gaze towards the horizon.

At first, Rebecca couldn't see what he meant, but then what seemed to be a small point on the horizon became slightly bigger, easier to define. She couldn't help the squeal that escaped her mouth when she recognized it as land, and then blushed as her father and the sailors around them laughed at her enthusiasm.

"How long will it take?" Rebecca questioned, not taking her eyes off the land that would be her home for the foreseeable future.

The redhead hadn't wanted to leave London at first; the capital of the British Empire had been the only place she called home. She railed against her parents, but eventually understood they needed to move, especially when her father's

business worsened.

Now Rebecca found herself excited about her future and wondering what mysteries she would find in Virginia.

“It will take a while yet,” Her father answered, putting a hand on her head and rubbing her hair for good measure, much to Rebecca’s embarrassment. “You can return to your books if you want.”

The redhead nodded absently but didn’t move from her place, lost in thought, bringing a smile to her father’s face.

No book would be able to take Rebecca’s mind of her future home and so the redhead let herself be, gaze lost in the distance ahead, as she dreamed about what the land of America would have in store for her.

Chapter 1

Two years passed since Rebecca came to Virginia.

She loved the land, its nice weather, the miles of woodlands around her parent's mansion. It was all very different from when she lived in London. The people around them were nice and considerate, always willing to help, telling the strangest and funniest tales.

Rebecca was happy like she hadn't been in a while and it showed. The young woman glowed with an inner brightness that dazed everyone who saw her and her figure grew into that of a young woman.

The redhead gained curves in all the right places, her green eyes seemed to glow with mischievousness and her hair was livelier than ever.

It wasn't surprising that between her beauty and her parent's improving fortune Rebecca became quite a desired match, though her father rejected every suitor that sought out her hand.

Rebecca understood he was hoping to make an even better match than those who appeared until then, desiring some rich land owner or an inspiring politician as a son-in-law, but she was happy nonetheless.

None of the men had been able to make her feel anything. There was no spark between her and any of them. There wasn't a sensation of meeting *the one*, as the women in the books described when they met their loves.

Rebecca knew those were only tales, but she hoped for something like that to happen to her, to feel her heart beat faster when she looked at her intended.

Unfortunately it hadn't happened yet.

Rebecca celebrated her twentieth anniversary and a new suitor appeared.

His name was Thomas Calvert. He was an older gentleman, a politician running for the local Mayor office.

Rebecca didn't like him. It wasn't because he was older than she was; despite his age he could almost be considered handsome, with short hair, sleek cheekbones and blue eyes.

The looks he gave her however, the way he let his eyes rove over her body, lingering on her chest and face; that made Rebecca hate him.

He was a cold man, calculating and she wanted nothing to do with him.

Her father knew of her disdain – she made it quite clear – but he didn't want to upset someone who might one day become one of the more powerful men in the region, so he listened to Calvert's proposal and didn't send him off at the first

chance.

Rebecca wasn't worried, she knew her father would never marry her to someone she couldn't stand, but she didn't particularly enjoy listening to the man.

"... Obviously these attacks can't remain unpunished and when I'm elected mayor, I'll make sure we show these savages what happens when they attack god-fearing folk without provocation." Calvert's voice was shrewd and full of a slippery cunning, a politician's voice.

Rebecca was certain that, if they could, snakes would speak like him. She hated him but paid attention nonetheless.

In the last couple of months there had been a series of fights between the settlers and the natives.

The redhead wasn't exactly sure about the cause. Her father said it started when a couple of miners were caught in tribal territory and were attacked. Supposedly they shot one of their attackers, killing him.

It all snowballed from there.

The colonists claimed the miners had acted in self-defense, that they would have been killed otherwise. At the same time, they recognized the miners shouldn't have been in native territory and were willing to compensate the tribe for the transgression.

This only angered the locals, who believed the settlers were trying to use money to erase the death of one of their own, which Rebecca figured wasn't far from the truth, even if it would be the most diplomatic manner to settle the dispute.

Unfortunately it didn't seem to work and the situation became tense.

Rebecca knew she wasn't being fair with those involved, but she felt they could have done better.

Now, because they hadn't, the colony could be on the verge of war and people like Thomas Calvert didn't care, using the situation to drum support for their agendas, forgetting about those who would suffer in the meanwhile.

Anthony showed himself far more hesitant about the possible conflict. "I'm not sure we need to escalate the situation even more, Mister Calvert. It is quite dangerous at the moment, I know we are quite capable of defending ourselves, but many people would die."

Calvert shrugged. "I can't deny that, Mister Smith, but I don't think it's possible to appease these savages and I don't think we should even try, truly. I believe getting rid of them will be a boon to our community, be in the safety it would grant us, or in the economic boost we would get from more land."

Rebecca forced herself to be still and held her sarcasm in check; her mother always said it wasn't ladylike. Only a madman or a monster could speak the words Calvert

spoke with so little care.

He was advocating exterminating another people simply because it would be useful to his interests.

She smiled rapidly at him when he looked at her, but then shuddered as his gaze returned to her father.

"Perhaps," Rebecca's father seemingly conceded the point in a tone of voice that showed he really didn't agree with the other man. "But it would be a hassle I don't really want to face, business is booming at the moment and I wouldn't want anything to disrupt it."

"Obviously this is only last recourse," Calvert replied, backtracking almost immediately once his audience disagreed with his point of view. "As you said, business is good lately and we don't want any upsets."

Anthony smiled at the other man but Rebecca could see the disdain in her father's eyes, which brought a smile to her own face. There was no chance she would be saddled with the disgusting politician as a husband.

Calvert stayed with them for another hour and left with a smile in his lips, convinced he had a chance at Rebecca's hand. The father and daughter he left behind exchanged looks and grimaced.

"That's going to be our Mayor?" She asked her father's eyes twitched.

"Unfortunately, he is one of the favorites."

"Maybe you should think about running for office." Rebecca suggested.

Anthony paused, startled. "No, I mean, do you think I have a chance?"

"You're better than him."

Rebecca's answer gave Anthony much to think about.

The redhead herself became lost in thought. She would remain free some time longer, until some other suitor appeared. She couldn't be happier for it.

The next few days were calm; there were no new attacks and people spoke about the possibility of an accord being reached with the natives. It seemed life would return to normality in the colonies and Rebecca found herself breathing easier, the specter of war that loomed over their heads banishing.

Then it all changed.

One day, news of an attack on a farmer and his family came and suddenly all the people around Rebecca were ablaze with fury. That anger only increased when more attacks followed and things took a turn for the worse.

People were talking about war and about teaching the savages their place.

Rebecca hoped the settlers would keep their senses about them, think rationally before acting, but unfortunately that was not to be.

Some younger men from one of the villages decided to take justice into their own hands and attacked the natives, which only led to more death and drew them all closer to an all-out war.

In the midst of it all, Rebecca could only pray nothing bad would happen to her family and friends.

Her father took a more proactive position and he armed his men, making them drill daily. Anthony didn't like conflict and he wanted peace, but he wouldn't be caught unprepared.

At the same time, he tried to convince the local authorities to settle the dispute with the natives, fearing what a war would bring.

It was a time of fear and reluctance. People didn't leave their homes, not knowing what the day would hold in store for them, leaving fields untouched. Agriculture ground to a halt.

Rebecca didn't know how long the whole situation would last. She was tired of spending most of the days inside the house, reading; it reached a point she couldn't even pick up another novel without grimacing.

Her parent's servants were scared and it only unsettled her more, leading her to fear someone might try to attack their home one day.

Anthony tried to reassure Rebecca when she confessed her fears to him. Their house was safe, their people numerous and armed, they could protect them if it was needed; Rebecca had no need to be worried.

It turned out that she did.

The attack came one afternoon when Rebecca decided enough was enough and left the house for a bit, visiting the mansion's gardens. She lost herself amongst the roses and the tulips, two of her preferred flowers and time passed without her notice.

Suddenly there was a loud noise and Rebecca's heart froze in place.

She had heard that sound hundreds of times in the past week, as her father's men trained with their weapons, but it never sounded as urgent as in that moment. Then it repeated itself, again and again, and Rebecca knew they were under attack.

Biting her lower lip, Rebecca hurried home.

Once she got close her fears were realized. Her father's servants were barricaded inside the house, trading fire with a small group of natives standing at the edge of the nearby woodland.

Rebecca hid with her back against the wall, knowing she would be in danger if her attackers saw her. There was no way she could flee into the house while the dark-

skinned men were shooting at the building.

If the redhead hadn't been so nervous, she would have fled the way she came and entered the mansion through the back, but Rebecca had never been in any kind of fight, she had never seen conflict first hand; so she froze and stood still, hoping it would end quickly.

It all changed in a moment, when she heard a loud shout and turned to see one of the natives close to her position, pointing at her and calling out his friends.

The redhead could almost imagine his thoughts; dressed as she was she could only be one of the ladies of the house, someone who would be an extremely valuable hostage.

Rebecca didn't waste time and turned on her feet, running with all the speed she could muster, away from the attackers and away from her home. A shout from behind only made her speed up more and she looked over her shoulder, trying to reassure herself of the distance she had gained.

The native that had seen her followed on her trail, a couple of his friends farther away but following as well.

In the distance, Rebecca saw a few of her father's men moving out of the house, their weapons raised high as they shot at her pursuers. Part of her heart brightened at the sight, but she was still forced to flee with the natives on her heels.

The redhead couldn't say for how long she ran. Her shoes were flimsy and didn't offer great protection to her feet, her skirts brushed against the ground and the foliage as she ran, getting dirty and ripped, especially once she entered the woods.

Rebecca had always been very physically active; when she was a child she always played with the boys and won most of their games; as she grew up, she kept exercising.

She rode her horse fairly often, she swam every chance she got, and even now she spent a great deal of time playing with children, running around like one of them, even with her mother complaining it was unladylike.

Now, as she was forced to run for her life, Rebecca found herself happy for ignoring the older woman all those times. It was the only thing that allowed her to remain ahead of her pursuers.

In her fear and desperation she lost track of time; the pain on her feet made her stop at last, hours later if the position of the sun was any indication.

When the redhead looked down she grimaced, wondering how she moved for so long when her soles were a mess of cuts and abrasions. Removing her ripped shoes made her far more aware of the pain and Rebecca grimaced, biting her lips to stifle any possible cry.

She might have escaped her pursuers momentarily, but they were tracking her and she wouldn't make it easier on them.

The redhead spent a couple of minutes relaxing, trying to ease the pressure on her feet, removing some splinters, ripping her stockings and making a bandage to cover her wounds.

It didn't take long but it didn't help much with the pain. Once she became aware of it, Rebecca couldn't ignore the discomfort and each step was hell.

She forced herself to move nonetheless. The redhead feared what would happen if she was caught, so she struggled past the pain and kept going.

The sun moved in the sky and the hours passed.

Rebecca trembled as warmth left her body and the cold of the dusk started to seep in. She shuddered, worrying about how she would spend the night, but a shout nearby made her forget all of her fears.

Looking over her shoulder, the redhead didn't see anything, but obviously there was someone on her trail.

Ignoring the pain as much as she could, Rebecca forced herself to move, breaking into a run. Her energy didn't last and after a couple of minutes, she crashed down, hearing her pursuers getting closer.

In the end, she laid back against a tree, too exhausted to do anything else.

Rebecca knew she shouldn't just give up, but she was too tired to do anything else and the pain in her feet didn't help her think. She gave up, knowing quite well the consequences could be terrible, but she had no strength left.

And then, out of nowhere, a hand closed over her mouth and Rebecca was dragged into a nearby bush, someone pushing her against ground, hiding her amongst the foliage.

The redhead didn't even struggle and simply closed her eyes, accepting her fate.

Chapter 2

When neither pain nor anything else came, Rebecca opened her eyes and tried to remove the hand around her mouth.

The stranger's grip tightened and she stopped, seeing two of her attackers appear on the distance. She held still, afraid of calling attention to their position.

Her heartbeat increased as the men closed in on their position, Rebecca fearing they were moments away from being discovered.

It didn't happen.

The natives walked near them pointing one way at first, and then another, but soon moved away and Rebecca sagged back against her rescuer. That motion let her realize whoever saved her was a woman – the pair of breasts against her back were unmistakable.

Rebecca tried to turn to her rescuer but the woman didn't allowed it, gripping even harder. The redhead stilled, not knowing how to react.

They remained like that for a few minutes, until the strange woman became sure the men wouldn't come back and released the redhead.

Rebecca straightened and turned, intending to thank her rescuer. Her words died in her mouth when she put her eyes on the other woman.

The first thing to surprise her was the fact her savior was a native. That made Rebecca stop suddenly, some small part afraid of what the woman might try, another saying that if the stranger wanted to harm her she woman wouldn't have rescued her.

Then the reason of Rebecca's stupefaction changed.

As Rebecca let her eyes devour the other woman she became surprised by the beauty of the being in front of her; the woman's face was lively and young, her skin a light mocha, her lips a pale pink. Her eyes, looking at Rebecca with something like curiosity, were a deep green, mirroring the forest around them.

Rebecca inhaled deeply, more out of surprise than anything and the strange woman reached for her, poising a hand against her cheek and caressing. The redhead swallowed, marveling at the softness of the woman's skin.

"Who are you?" She asked, but either the other woman didn't understand her or didn't care to answer.

The native threaded her fingers through Rebecca's hair, surprised at the color of her tresses.

The woman's hair was much unlike Rebecca's: it was black and straight, the only similarity between them was the length, though the native's hair was far longer, almost reaching her waist.

The redhead blushed, though she wouldn't be able to say why that was. The woman's touch seemed to burn on her skin, making it harder for her to breathe.

Slowly, Rebecca got to her feet and winced as her wounded soles rested against the ground.

Her savior noticed the reaction and made her lie down again, putting a finger against the redhead's lips when she started to protest. Rebecca knew the woman only touched her because any sound might alert the men that pursued her, but it made her blush all over again.

The savior undid Rebecca's makeshift bandages against the redhead's protests, which were silenced once the woman's hands touched Rebecca's feet.

Rebecca didn't know why, but the woman's touch unsettled her. It didn't feel wrong, quite the opposite. Her touch made Rebecca's heart beat faster, her breath sparser. It made Rebecca's thoughts sluggish.

The woman didn't glance at Rebecca's face as she worked, picking up some kind of herbs from a pouch on her waist and rubbing them against the redhead's wounds.

Rebecca winced at first, as a burn spread around her soles, but the pain soon diminished and when the redhead got to her feet, after the woman redid her bandages, Rebecca could walk with much less difficulty.

The redhead marveled and looked surprised at the other woman, only to be faced with a smile that robbed her breath. The redhead smiled almost automatically in reply and saw the woman's eyes brightening in response.

The native tilted her head at Rebecca and then extended her hand in invitation.

The redhead didn't hesitate before accepting and grabbing it.

She followed the dark haired woman through the woods, not knowing their destination, hoping it would be somewhere safe.

In the back of her head, Rebecca was worried for her family and their reaction to her disappearance. She was convinced the attackers hadn't breached her home's security; they hadn't been very numerous and when she ran away her family's men gained the initiative.

Nonetheless, something might have gone wrong, more attackers might have appeared or someone on her family might have gotten hurt. Rebecca wanted to ignore these thoughts for as long as she could, but she knew it wouldn't happen.

Even if her parents were alright physically, they were probably worried sick about her.

Last time anyone had seen her, she was running full tilt into the woods followed by the same men that attacked the mansion.

Rebecca couldn't imagine the fates her parent's minds conjured for her.

The redhead was so lost in thought she barely noticed as night fell, content in following the mysterious woman's steps. Only the chill of the night shook her awareness awake and Rebecca shivered with the cold.

Her clothes had gotten ripped on the run and much of her skin faced the open air of the night settling around them. A glance at her rescuer let Rebecca see the woman was much more loosely dressed than the redhead, with only a small skirt around her waist and a top that hid little more than her breasts.

The Englishwoman wondered how the dark haired woman could resist the cold.

The brunette looked back and smiled, saying something in her native language and pointing towards a clutch of trees a little further ahead.

Rebecca raised an eyebrow and eyed the trees, trying to see if there was anything special about them and failing.

The other woman took hold of Rebecca's hand and drove them forward, past the trees and into the entrance of a small cave hidden behind.

To call it a cave might have been too generous, a part of Rebecca's mind whispered. It was barely more than a hole in the rocky surface of a small hill, not even their height high and nowhere near as large as it was tall.

It was quite cramped and Rebecca hesitated before entering, but it widened a little after the entrance and further ahead the soil was fairly soft.

Any protests Rebecca might have had about their refuge disappeared once the other woman made her lay on the ground, the redhead blushing to the roots of her hair when the woman pressed against her front, both laying face to face.

Part of Rebecca knew the other woman only put them like that for the warmth they could share, but the feel of another's body so close to hers, of all the woman's shapely curves pressed against Rebecca's made the redhead flush.

The smile she saw in the native's lips didn't help, nor the arm the woman put around Rebecca, pulling them tight against one another.

Nonetheless, once Rebecca got past her embarrassment, she was quite comfortable and it didn't take long until she closed her eyes and slept.

Chapter 3

Rebecca woke to someone shaking her softly. At first, she kept her eyes closed, wanting to hide herself amongst the covers. She liked to sleep late, no matter how much her mother nagged her about it.

The smell of earth alerted Rebecca, letting her know something was wrong. Soon the memories of the past day made themselves known, and the redhead opened her eyes with a wince, her feet throbbing in pain.

Rebecca resisted the urge to cry out and almost moaned, only stopped by the hand that fell upon her cheek, a caress that made her look up at her savior.

The native smiled down at her, and Rebecca found herself blushing.

"Who are you?" She asked, gently, but the other woman simply tilted her head, her confusion apparent in the motion.

"I'm Rebecca," The redhead said, pointing at herself. Then she pointed at the other woman. "Who are you?"

The woman's reply wasn't easy to understand and it took a couple of minutes until Rebecca pronounced the other woman's name in an accepted manner.

"You're Pocahontas?" Rebecca questioned at last, and the other woman nodded, amused at the fumbling of the redhead.

Rebecca wanted to pout at the Pocahontas's amusement, but she thought of where she was and what had happened and her cheer disappeared.

She needed to return to her family, let them know she was alright, but she was lost in the forest, with no way home. A glance at her savior let Rebecca even more confused.

She found herself unwilling to leave Pocahontas behind. The woman saved her and Rebecca wanted to repay that in some way, but she needed to be able to talk to the other woman to convince her to come with her.

Pocahontas, unknowing of Rebecca's thoughts, extended a hand towards the redhead, making an encouraging sound when Rebecca didn't notice it.

The Englishwoman looked at it for a few moments and then sighed, grabbing Pocahontas's hand and following the woman out of the hole that had been their refuge during the night.

The dark haired woman led Rebecca through the woods for a few hours. They stopped at times; the first was when Pocahontas gathered some leaves from a plant Rebecca didn't recognize.

After doing it, the native had gestured for Rebecca to sit on the ground and the redhead obeyed with curiosity.

Pocahontas used those leaves, conjoined with more of the herbs she used before, to make some kind of dressing for Rebecca's wounds. The redhead didn't know how, but the medicine eased the pain almost immediately.

It was still there, but easier to bare, allowing them to move faster.

What followed were some of the most intense days of Rebecca's life.

The brunette led her around and around, until Rebecca lost any hope of finding her way home. She missed her parents, wanted to see them again, but she had no way of explaining herself to Pocahontas, and nothing short of a miracle would lead her home if she started moving around on her own.

Rebecca depended completely on Pocahontas for her survival. When they were hungry they ate roots and some small animals captured by the dark skinned woman.

The redhead hesitated at first – it was one thing to eat an animal prepared in a kitchen, where you didn't need to see it being skinned and gutted – but the taste was the same.

At night they would sleep together, bodies pressed against one another. That never stopped bothering Rebecca and she couldn't understand why. It didn't feel bad, quite the opposite – she liked to lay with Pocahontas beside her, she liked to be touched by that mocha-colored skin, but some part of her mind told her it was wrong to enjoy it.

Communication between them improved, mostly based on gestures and signs. Rebecca's wounded feet healed quickly, driven by the herbs and care Pocahontas dedicated to them. They scabbed and a new layer of skin soon appeared.

In the future, if anyone asked, the redhead wouldn't be able to tell if she hated or enjoyed those days. There was a sort of freedom to be enjoyed on the woods, with no schedules to be met, no chores, and no expectations. Rebecca found herself oddly comforted by it.

Then it all became a little more complicated.

It happened on the fourth day of their journey. The brunette led Rebecca towards a natural spring, surrounded by a small pool of water.

At first the redhead marveled at the beauty of the place and after dipping her fingers into the water she realized it was warm. A splash shook her out of her contemplation and she turned to find her companion in the water, naked.

Rebecca looked aside so quickly she barely saw Pocahontas's skin. A flash of the woman's uncovered breasts repeated itself in Rebecca's mind, and she shook her head, trying to forget it.

A questioning sound from the other woman made Rebecca shudder. She knew what the native wanted, for Rebecca to join her in the water.

Embarrassment held the redhead back at first. She didn't want to show her body to Pocahontas, fearing she would be found lacking. After a moment, she realized what she had thought and shook her head, surprised at the trail her mind followed.

Rebecca shot a look at her companion, who was who was happily swimming from one side of the pond to the other, and looked down at her clothes, full of dirt from moving around the forest for days.

The redhead was filthy and smelled worse and she knew it. The warm water might be the only chance she would get to take a bath in a while.

Turning her back on Pocahontas, Rebecca started unlacing her dress, letting it fall down her body. Her underclothes soon followed and part of her felt naughty at the thought of bathing completely naked in the middle of the woods.

Looking over her shoulder, Rebecca made sure her companion wasn't paying attention and slipped into the warm water. The first touch made her close her eyes with pleasure and Rebecca let her body relax.

The tension in her muscles eased, even as her skin broke into goose bumps at the contrast between the warmth of the water and the cold of the air.

The redhead only opened her eyes when she felt the water move around her and she found herself face to face with Pocahontas. Rebecca opened her mouth to question what the brunette was doing, and then closed it without a word as she felt the native's gaze roving over her body, resting on her chest.

The Englishwoman knew she should turn away or hide herself behind her arms, but there was something about the other woman's gaze that made feel good.

Her nipples became erect and Pocahontas's attention sharpened.

That awareness gave Rebecca enough of an impulse to cross her arms atop her chest, hiding her mounds at the same time she looked aside. She felt conflicted; part of her was embarrassed, knowing it wasn't right for Pocahontas to look at her like that, but another part, a deeper and darker one, was excited.

The dark skinned girl's gaze thrilled her more than she could ever admit.

There was a fire in Pocahontas's eyes and part of Rebecca wanted to be devoured by it.

The native closed the distance between them and Rebecca shuddered.

Pocahontas reached out with one hand, clearly not embarrassed, and caressed Rebecca's face, her touch soft and tender. She barely touched Rebecca, but it was enough to send a jolt through the redhead's body, making her jump in place.

Rebecca couldn't contain herself.

She decided to stop ignoring her desires and turned her gaze back to the other woman, letting her eyes move over Pocahontas's torso, feasting on the breasts of her savior.

Without meaning to, the redhead licked her lips, which made the other woman smirk amusedly.

Rebecca didn't see that reaction, eyes busy appreciating the other woman's body. Once the redhead got her fill of Pocahontas's chest, she let her gaze move down, studying the native's muscles, her defined abs and toned stomach.

Rebecca's eyes moved even lower and she saw something that froze her in place.

At first, she tried to deny it. She couldn't be seeing what she thought she was seeing between the other woman's legs, but no matter how much she blinked, or how she tilted her head, it didn't change. Between her savior's legs, Rebecca could see the hard flesh of a cock.

Her mouth fell open and she tried to speak, only for no words to come out.

Pocahontas used Rebecca's confusion to advance, and before the redhead could protest she closed the distance between them, pressing her body against Rebecca's.

When the redhead looked up, intending to pretest that advance, the mocha skinned woman leaned down and pressed her lips against Rebecca's, robbing the redhead of all sane thought.

The Englishwoman closed her eyes without meaning to, focusing all that she had on her sense of touch, in the sensations Pocahontas's lips invoked in her.

The kiss was a bare brush of flesh, but the redhead had never been kissed before, she had never felt such an intimate touch.

She tried to kiss back, a little awkwardly, unexperienced, but Pocahontas was undaunted, deepening their connection, pushing forward and letting her tongue taste Rebecca's lips.

The redhead startled and opened her mouth, unknowingly granting Pocahontas was she wanted. The dark haired woman's tongue entered Rebecca's mouth and dueled with its counterpart.

The two parted after a few moments and Rebecca shuddered, already missing Pocahontas's presence, her touch, and feeling a heat she had never felt before. That feeling only worsened when the other woman pushed forward, pressing her body harder against the redhead's.

"Wait," Rebecca whispered, needing time to process her thoughts, unable to get past the feeling of the other woman's hard flesh against her inner thighs.

Pocahontas didn't pause and leaned down, kissing Rebecca's shoulder, poising her hands on the redhead's waist.

No matter how much Rebecca wanted to deny it, she loved the other woman's touch, her caresses and her kisses. Her breath became harsher, her chest heaved with her need and lust like she had never felt invaded her body.

The redhead might be unused to such feelings, but her companion obviously was not.

The dark haired woman pressed her body against Rebecca's, her mocha colored skin contrasting against Rebecca's pale one, their equal-sized chests caressing each other's. Pocahontas shifted her legs, moving herself between the redhead's thighs and Rebecca moaned.

Her breath became fast, almost panicky. She knew she should stop what was happening, that it wasn't right. She was a lady, not some common harlot, she couldn't let herself be taken like one.

Deep down though, she wanted it to happen.

She might have been unable to recognize it before, but now she knew she was attracted to the other woman and wanted to be with her. It explained some things; if women were more to Rebecca's taste it made clear why her suitors never impressed her.

Whatever thoughts were running inside Rebecca's head went out of the window when Pocahontas moved a hand between their bodies. The native took hold of her hardness and stroked herself a couple of times.

Rebecca just watched, uncertain, and didn't protest when her companion pushed that hard flesh against her folds, hesitating between a prudish reaction and one that certainly was not.

Her hesitation gave the other woman all the time she wanted, and Pocahontas pushed, settling their fates.

Rebecca wouldn't be able to describe how the next few moments felt. She remembered the motions, the other woman entering her again and again, ever deeper. She remembered how their bodies fused as one, and she supposed it felt good.

She was too overwhelmed at the time, unable to process all the sensations.

Eventually pain brought her out of her daze, as her maidenhead was taken. It hurt for a few moments; Pocahontas kept moving throughout them however and pleasure followed that pain.

Rebecca put her legs around the other woman's body, entangling their figures.

The cries they both released as they reached a crescendo was something that would never fade from her mind; it was a release from all the tension Rebecca felt, from her fears and doubts.

She couldn't explain why she let herself be taken in such a manner, but she never regretted it.

It was their first time together and perhaps the most important moment of Rebecca's life, the turning point, when she realized what and who she wanted to spend the rest of her life with.

Pocahontas kissed Rebecca's shoulder and face, her thrusts continuing a little past their orgasm, keeping them united for a few more moments.

The redhead felt pleasure like never before, but eventually they winded down.

Rebecca laid back against the margin of that small pond, against the soft earth, her arms and legs around the figure of her savior. Pocahontas let herself be, holding Rebecca for dear life.

The warm water around them cleaned away the proof of their lovemaking.

Rebecca hesitated, not knowing what to do once that pressing need had passed and she looked up at Pocahontas's face, hoping for a clue. Fortunately, the mocha skinned woman didn't share her mortification and poised one hand beneath Rebecca's chin, leaning down to taste the redhead's lips.

The kiss that followed eased Rebecca's doubts and she relaxed in Pocahontas's arms, deciding to forget about everything else for a while and simply enjoy the other woman's warmth.

They made love several times over the following days, in every chance they got. Part of Rebecca was consternated by it – she was worried about her family and wanted to return to them – the time she spent with Pocahontas, while pleasurable, didn't help with that.

Rebecca wanted the other woman very much, but she needed to find a way to return home before focusing on her love life.

Fortunately, a week after she found herself lost in the woods, Rebecca started recognizing the area around her.

The woods were tamer, less wild. The animals around them weren't as numerous and there were felled trees. The signs of civilization were clear as they moved forward and eventually Rebecca recognized the sound of a hammer pounding an anvil.

She looked at her companion – her lover she supposed – with a large smile in her face, seeing another, more contained one spread on the lips of the dark haired woman.

Rebecca started running.

She couldn't help it; the thought she might be near her home and could be moments away from seeing her parents overrode any other concern, so Rebecca ran, her red hair shifting on the wind as she left the woods and entered a small

village.

It didn't take long for her to identify the village that stood a few miles north of her parent's mansion, and Rebecca laughed, feeling her fears fade away, her shoulders relaxing while a couple of tears escaped from her eyes.

"Lady Rebecca?" Someone called out, surprised, and the redhead turned her head to see one of her father's men, looking at her with wonder in his face.

She smiled brightly and nodded, throat too tight to say anything.

As the man shouted out loud in happiness, drawing the attention of everyone around them, Rebecca looked over her shoulder, seeing her lover approach almost hesitantly.

There were a few moments of tension when Pocahontas's presence was noticed, but Rebecca took care of it, making sure the people knew the other woman had saved her life.

For one moment Rebecca felt everything would be alright.

She was saved and would see her family shortly. Then she looked back, saw her savior and remembered everything that happened between them; she noticed how the mocha colored woman nervously moved around Rebecca's people, and the redhead feared things wouldn't be as simple as that.

Chapter 4

“Rebecca,” Anthony shouted as he took her into his arms, embracing his daughter with all of his strength.

The man ran from his house the moment he heard they found his daughter, worried sick for her health. He galloped all the way, running his horse so hard he feared the beast would die.

The young woman only laughed at him, tightening her hold around his body, resting her head on his shoulder. Her father smelled the same he always had, a mix of the fabrics of his clothes and tobacco.

It surprised Rebecca how such a simple thing could reassure her.

Her father leaned back after a few moments, putting his hands on her face and making her look at him. “I was so worried for you ...” He paused for a moment and breathed deeply. “I thought I would never see you again.”

Rebecca smiled, almost sadly. “They never hurt me, I ran and ran and they didn’t catch me.”

“Good.” He answered, reaching forward once again to embrace her.

The redhead let him, unable to deny him after worrying for so long, feeling the same reassurance her father felt from the contact.

Eventually they parted and Anthony’s attention moved toward his daughter’s companion. He felt fury at the sight of her; his men told him she saved his daughter, but her people put Rebecca’s life at risk in the first place.

Rebecca knew him well and she must have realized the way his thoughts turned, because she put one of her hands atop of his and looked at him with soft eyes.

Anthony relaxed without meaning to; he could never deny his daughter and he had to admit he owed the dark haired woman a great debt. Besides, he was never a man to give blame to where there was none.

Rebecca’s father sighed and tried to smile at the native who saved his daughter, hoping to keep his motions as gentle as possible.

Some of his earlier anger must have shone through because the young woman hesitated, but Rebecca moved to her and pulled her forward, not leaving her a chance to escape, and introducing Pocahontas to her father.

Knowing something like a hug wouldn’t be appreciated, Anthony put a hand on the woman’s shoulder and squeezed softly, trying to reassure her. Either the gesture or his smiled worked, because the woman smiled in turn and ducked her head.

Anthony laughed and Rebecca accompanied him.

It didn't take them long to move back towards Rebecca's house and when they arrived the redhead suffered her mother's attentions. She hugged the older woman just as tightly as she had done her father.

Rebecca and her mother – Marie – might not always look eye-to-eye on things, but they loved each other very much.

The older woman took Rebecca into her arms and hugged with all of her strength, not caring if she was hurting the younger woman and unable to hide her tears. Rebecca grimaced a little at her mother's grip but relaxed into the hold, closing her eyes and clutching the other woman.

She had missed her mother terribly.

The two were very similar to one another, with the same build, the same hair and features. Rebecca had her father's eyes, but the rest belonged to her mother.

"You'll never worry me like that again, you hear me young lady?" Marie scolded with a smile of happiness.

"I promise." Rebecca replied, laughing and crying at the same time.

Once again Rebecca's rescuer was introduced to a member of her family and both young women were ushered inside. They were filthy from the time spent on the woods, and Marie insisted taking a bath be the first thing they did.

It took some convincing from Rebecca for her to be bathed with Pocahontas. She explained the other woman couldn't understand their language, and probably had never even seen a bathtub, before her mother relented.

It wasn't the true reason obviously, at least not all of it, but it would allow Rebecca to hide what made Pocahontas different. That it would help the mocha skinned girl relax was a bonus.

Slowly, time went on and weeks passed.

Rebecca spent most of the time with her lover, much to her parents' chagrin. They understood Rebecca felt indebted to Pocahontas, but they didn't like to see their daughter spend so much time with who they believed a savage.

The redhead knew that her lover wasn't one, but she didn't mind her parents thinking so, as long as it kept them mostly away from Pocahontas.

The fact Rebecca's parents couldn't communicate with the native didn't help the image they had of her.

Eventually, Rebecca realized their prejudice would only hinder her in the long term and tried to change their perception, but it wasn't easy. It didn't help she was hiding her affair with Pocahontas, but then, knowing about it would only make things worse.

The redhead was certain her father would take drastic action if he discovered what happened between them, what was still happening.

No matter how much Rebecca might want to deny or oppose it, she *couldn't not* love the beautiful mocha skinned woman that saved her life. Their affair hadn't stopped; they spent most nights in each other's arms and only luck allowed them to pass unnoticed.

Rebecca understood eventually that luck would run out and she would have a big problem in her hands, but she couldn't deny the other woman. When Pocahontas came to her and started running her hands over the redhead's body, Rebecca could only surrender.

Over the weeks Pocahontas learned some English, only small phrases and it was a slow-going process.

Rebecca was frustrated because her lover didn't seem very keen in learning, preferring to pass her time doing other things. More than once their lessons were interrupted when the wandering hands of the dark haired woman chanced upon Rebecca's body and the redhead didn't resist the temptation.

If teaching the other woman her language was hard, trying to teach Pocahontas any skills befit of a lady was an exercise in frustration. The woman didn't like to sew, she ate with her hands, she rode like a man and not sidesaddle as she should and she spent a great deal of time practicing with weapons.

Rebecca knew their inability to instill some kind of civility on the other woman grated at her mother's nerves, but Rebecca didn't feel disappointed.

Pocahontas was a free spirt, belonging to a free people. She wouldn't be caged even by something as subtle as the expectations of society.

Rebecca realized she liked that about the woman.

The redhead knew she made a mistake falling in love with Pocahontas, but it couldn't be helped. There had not been a choice in the matter, her heart was the one who spoke, and now Rebecca could only ride out the storm until the end.

She feared it wouldn't take long.

News of more attacks by the natives came for weeks but then slowly stopped. Rebecca didn't know if that was a good new, or simply the calm before the storm.

For everyone's sake, she hoped it would be the start of a permanent peace between their peoples.

A few days later that seemed closer than ever.

"... You're going to do what?" Rebecca asked deadpan, making her father grimace a little.

"They've asked me to negotiate with the chief of the local tribe." Anthony's voice was hesitant and he looked with dread at his little daughter, knowing she had

gotten her temper from her mother and his wife had already said her piece.

"The same tribe that attacked us?" Rebecca asked in the same tone of voice, not hiding her doubts about what her father was proposing.

The older man grimaced again. "From what the chief said to our envoy, those were unsanctioned attacks. Apparently, some of the younger members of the tribe decided to take justice into their hands and attacked. Once the chief found that out, he stopped them immediately."

Rebecca hesitated. "I don't know, dad."

He came forward and took her hands in his. "Have faith in me, little spitfire. If I do this I might be able to stop many deaths, maybe even get enough recognition to think about running for mayor myself."

The redhead had to admit she preferred seeing her father mayor, than someone like Thomas Calvert, but she worried about him. It was bad enough she had to flee into the forest to escape the natives, even if it led her to meeting Pocahontas. Rebecca didn't want to see her father suffer, or see him fail – he would blame himself for any lives lost in that case.

A look over her shoulder, towards her savior, who was busy inspecting the bookcase in her father's study, made Rebecca hesitate for another reason. Peace with the local tribe might make it easier to tell her parents what was going on between her and Pocahontas.

Not enough to make them accept it, obviously, but easier.

Rebecca sighed, loudly. Her father would do what he wished, no matter her opinion and she wouldn't want to make him worry more than he should about her support. It might distract him at a crucial time.

"Do as you want," She said and realized her words might be a little more harsh than intended. Before he could open his mouth to reply, she raised a hand and stopped him. "I didn't mean it like that. I know you might be able to save lives doing this and I understand it, truly. So go, do as you want, but be careful. I don't want to lose you, ok?"

Her father just nodded and closed the distance between them, putting his arms around her and pulling her tight against him.

Rebecca let herself be held for a few moments and then they parted, the redhead turning on her feet and leaving her father's study, grabbing her lover's hand on the way.

They walked in silence for some long moments, Rebecca leading them towards the gardens, her favorite place in the mansion.

"... Worried?" The dark haired woman asked, her tone displaying her doubts about the correct use of the word.

Rebecca smiled gently. "Yes, I am."

The other woman might not be able to speak English very well, but at least she understood it most of the time. That Pocahontas was an expert in reading Rebecca's body language helped.

"You understood what my father said, didn't you? What he intends to do?"

The native woman nodded. "Talk to ..." She paused then, uncertain and touched her hand against her chest, twice, meaning that Anthony would talk to her people.

Rebecca nodded. Sometime she marveled at the way the two of them now could communicate with barely an effort. The time they spent together, their camaraderie, the nights spent in each other's arms. It all led to a proximity Rebecca hadn't dreamt possible with another person.

She could always tell when the other woman was happy or nervous, when she was sad or when she needed a comforting hand. She was sure Pocahontas could say the same about her.

Rebecca held no secrets for the dark haired woman and they both enjoyed that.

It was that link that lead Pocahontas to take hold of Rebecca's face and kiss the redhead when they reached the gardens, knowing the Englishwoman was worried about her father.

The redhead relaxed almost immediately, losing herself in Pocahontas's soft kiss, shuddering as the woman caressed her face.

Rebecca didn't even worry about the fact someone could see them. Only after they parted did she remember where they were and she looked around, almost frantically, hoping no one was around.

When she confirmed it was so she relaxed again.

Pocahontas raised an eyebrow, knowing Rebecca didn't want anyone to see them, and reached out with her hand.

The redhead gazed at it for a few moments, before looking questionably at her lover, but when the woman didn't say anything, she shrugged and took the offered hand, following the mocha skinned woman.

Pocahontas led them to the woods, past the first trees at the edge of the forest and then turned to Rebecca.

Before the redhead could open her mouth to question her lover, she was kissed, far more harshly than before, her breath being robbed by her lover's enthusiasm.

Rebecca wanted to protest, to resist the other woman's advances, but part of her needed the closeness, the feeling that came from being held and touched in such an intimate manner.

So the redhead kissed the other woman back, embracing her and deepening their kiss. Rebecca might have been inexperienced at first, but the weeks they spent together taught her much, and the redhead knew what she wanted now and how to love.

Rebecca's breath was knocked out of her when her dark haired lover pushed her against a tree, but it didn't stop her. She held onto Pocahontas with all of her strength, only slackening her grip when the native's hands started wandering her body.

When hands fell upon her breasts, Rebecca moaned and their kiss heated up even more.

They parted for breath after a bit. The brunette was the first to recuperate and her hands moved even lower on Rebecca's body, starting to gather the redhead's skirts.

Rebecca breathed deeply. Her desire was so strong, her need so immediate, that she didn't protest, although the part of her that was her mother's daughter wanted to. She was a lady, not some common harlot to be taken against a tree in the woods.

In the end though, desire won out, and Rebecca found herself helping her lover, taking hold of her skirts and pulling them up, while Pocahontas started unlacing her underclothes.

The native glided them down the redhead's body afterwards and Rebecca shuddered as her nether parts became exposed to the open air.

She looked at the other woman and smiled, seeing how her core drew the dark haired woman's gaze.

Pocahontas saw the smile and smirked, and started removing her short skirt, the piece of clothing Rebecca's mother always grumbled about.

Rebecca would never protest about it. She knew perfectly well how easy it was to remove, and she liked how it looked on her lover.

Pocahontas got rid of the garment quickly enough, freeing her hardness.

Rebecca gulped at the sight, unable to understand how she could sheathe the entire thing inside of her as she did so many times. She found herself reaching for it and stopped, only continuing when her lover shot her an expectant look.

The redhead took hold of Pocahontas's member, fingers circling the flesh, gripping tightly.

Rebecca spent a few moments playing with it, before the brunette stepped forward, pressing her body against Rebecca's.

The redhead bit her lips, gazing at Pocahontas's green eyes inches away from her.

The native smiled and played with Rebecca's red curls for a few moments.

Pocahontas's hands moved down Rebecca's body and cupped her buttocks, pulling the redhead against her.

In reply, Rebecca put her legs around the mocha skinned woman, letting herself be held. She was pressed hard against the tree, imprisoned between a kind of rock and a kind of hard place.

Rebecca could feel Pocahontas's hardness against her inner thighs and it made her shudder, especially when the woman poised it against her opening.

It didn't take long for their lovemaking to start. Pocahontas moved back and forth, rocking the two of them, and at first Rebecca was content in remaining still, letting the other woman work. Then she started thrusting back against the native.

Moans of pleasure escaped from the redhead's mouth as she tightened her hold around her lover, keeping them close to each other. She buried her mouth in Pocahontas's shoulder, trying to muffle the sounds her body insisted on releasing.

Pocahontas remain mostly silent throughout it, as was her habit, but her pleasure shone in her eyes, bright as they were looking at Rebecca.

Rebecca moaned as the other woman moved deeper inside her, knowing she couldn't last long.

What started as Pocahontas's attempt to make Rebecca relax, turned into something deeper, as it always was when the two let their passion take control.

Slowly, steadily, they found themselves moving towards an ocean of pleasure and Rebecca tightened around Pocahontas, almost unintendedly, but it was a motion certainly well received by the native, who released a gasp of pleasure.

The sound made Rebecca smile and she repeated the motion, liking the way the other woman's eyes brightened with lust and with the promise of pleasure.

Both women reached their zenith at the same time, and were forced to seek each other's mouths to muffle the sounds they wanted to release.

Their kiss only ended when their pleasure had settled somewhat and Pocahontas had stopped her thrusts.

The native made to retreat, but Rebecca took hold of her and kept them attached for a few more moments, wanting that proximity to last forever. Eventually, she acknowledged it couldn't and let lover escape her hold, both women turning to fixing their clothes before facing each other again.

Pocahontas was the first to reach forward with one hand, and when Rebecca accepted it, the dark haired woman pulled her redhead counterpart forward and kissed her.

It was a soft kiss, tender, their lust sated by their brief encounter, their love not diminished in any way.

“We should get back.” Rebecca said afterwards. Looking down at her clothes and at the disheveled state of her companion, she continued. “We need to take a bath and I have to change clothes before someone figures out what we were doing.”

Pocahontas smiled almost mischievously and Rebecca found herself replying in equal terms without meaning to, before she slapped the other woman’s shoulder and started moving towards the house, hearing the brunette chuckle behind her.

Chapter 5

A week later Rebecca and her family were standing outside their house, waiting for the chief of the local tribe to arrive.

The redhead was nervous and she wanted Pocahontas to be beside her, but her mother had put the dark haired woman further away from them, beside the servants.

Rebecca knew it wasn't something done with bad intention; her mother didn't intend any slight with the gesture, but they didn't know much about native culture, if it would bother the chief to see one of his own people with the Smith's.

They couldn't hide Pocahontas without risking her being found out and instead of possibly facing some awkward questions then, they let her be.

Rebecca hadn't stopped shooting looks at her lover, who was serenely watching the proceedings around her.

Marie caught the direction her daughter's gaze was wandering in and glared at the other redhead, trying to make her stop.

Rebecca saw something more in her mother's gaze, a knowing shine that made her feel the older woman knew the truth of what was happening between her and Pocahontas.

A moment later she shook her head. She had to be mistaken obviously, her mother wouldn't condone any kind of sinful activity under her roof, much less from Rebecca herself.

Nonetheless, the redhead mentally noted she and Pocahontas had to be more careful.

"I've met Chief Powhatan once before." Anthony whispered, approaching his wife and child. "He seems to be a reasonable man, calm and thoughtful. He speaks our language well. The settlers might have to make some concessions, but I'm sure we'll have peace at the end of the day."

It took a few minutes for riders to be seen approaching, and Rebecca felt her nerves settling in. She shouldn't have been so nervous, but she couldn't stop remembering the time she was forced to flee from her home, pursued by native men.

The redhead breathed out, deeply, and started wrangling her hands.

Marie saw the signs of nervousness from her daughter's part and poised one hand on Rebecca's shoulder, leaning against the younger woman.

Rebecca turned to her mother with a smile in her face and saw something soften in the other woman.

In moments, the natives reached the house and stopped a few yards away, looking them up and down.

One slightly older man, tall and strong, got down from his horse and moved towards Rebecca's father.

Anthony smiled and the man replied in kind, the two of them shaking hands. Suddenly, it was as if a weight disappeared from the people's backs and everyone relaxed.

Then, before anyone could even open their mouths, Pocahontas moved forward.

She locked gazes with the chief and after a few moments of silence, he reached forward and embraced her tightly, surprising the non-native people watching.

Their embrace only lasted moments before they parted, the older man taking Pocahontas's face into his hands. He spoke then, in his original language, and Rebecca forced herself to bite her lips and ignore her curiosity.

She didn't know what was happening, what the man told Pocahontas, what she said in reply. For some reason it made Rebecca very nervous.

The chief smiled once again before letting his attention move away from Pocahontas. "This is my daughter." He spoke directly to Rebecca's father, Anthony's eyes widening in surprise.

For one moment, Anthony thanked God he held himself in check back on that first day, when his daughter returned with Pocahontas in tow. He could only imagine what would happen to him and his family if he had done something to the chief's daughter.

"I have had the pleasure to meet your daughter in these last few weeks, honored chief." Anthony replied smoothly, not letting any of his thoughts appear on his countenance. "She saved my daughter when some of your men attacked my home and I have to thank you for that."

Thanking the chief and making him remember the reason why Anthony's daughter was in danger at the same time, Rebecca's mind pointed out. Her father might deny it, but he had all the skills needed to be a good politician and diplomat, especially because he was a better man than most in those positions.

The chief, experienced himself in the ways of diplomacy, only nodded and bowed his head, accepting Anthony's praise and damming without a word.

Rebecca's father smiled, shaking his head. "I had no idea she was your daughter, if I had I would have certainly made more of an effort to get to know her."

The chief cracked a smile. "It might seem surprising to you that I let my daughter wander as she wishes," He started, shooting a fond look at the young woman

beside him. "But she is a free soul, blessed by the spirits. I trust her to make her own way in life."

Surprise had taken hold of Rebecca at first, and then anger, especially as Pocahontas refused to meet her gaze. The dark haired woman must have seen her seeking eye-contact from the corner of her eyes, but she ignored the redhead.

The Englishwoman didn't know what to think. Suddenly there were a thousand emotions warring inside her head, each pushing their way. The first thing bothering her was the fact Pocahontas was the daughter of the local chief and never saw fit to mention it.

A part of Rebecca's mind urged her to think rationally. It wasn't as if the two of them had been able to talk freely to one another, their lack of common language was simply a barrier too large to ignore. Besides, what did it matter if Pocahontas was the chief's daughter; that would simply make the other woman the closest thing to a princess this side of the ocean, Rebecca should be happy about it.

But she wasn't.

It meant the men who attacked her answered directly to Pocahontas's father, and even though Pocahontas had nothing to do with the attack, it bothered Rebecca.

How could she justify sleeping with the daughter of the one indirectly responsible for the attack she suffered? How would she ever to justify it to her parents?

Rebecca felt confused like she hadn't in a long time and that, together with a sudden nausea that came upon her, made her stumble.

Her mother's hand shot out and steadied her and the younger redhead smiled at the woman's worried look, before looking around and realizing she had the attention of everyone centered on her.

"I'm not feeling alright, father." She said, speaking directly to Anthony. From the corner of her eyes, she could see Pocahontas's attention had finally turned to her, but a more vicious part of her brain told her to reply in kind and she ignored the other woman. "May I be excused?"

Anthony looked startled, but nodded after exchanging a look with his wife, granting Rebecca her leave.

Pocahontas watched her lover move away and knew the redhead was angry.

She bit her lower lip, considering. Once she realized her father was going to come to negotiate with Rebecca's, she knew the others would find out who she was and she thought about telling the redhead.

Rebecca hid nothing from her and Pocahontas wanted to reply in kind, but most of the time she lacked the words to explain herself. It was hard; usually she and Rebecca could communicate without effort, with simple glances and touches, but then something would come up, a matter that dealt with other people and there would be no good way to explain things.

In the end, Pocahontas decided to not tell Rebecca anything; it wasn't the most important matter between them after all.

Now the dark haired woman wondered if she had made a big mistake.

Anthony and Chief Powhatan continued with their conversation, looking decidedly upbeat, but Pocahontas's attention wandered away from them, to thoughts of her fiery lover.

The brunette kept shooting looks at the house's entrance, wanting nothing else but to go to Rebecca and confront the other woman.

Eventually, the small group moved towards the building and into Anthony's study. Pocahontas didn't waste the chance and let the other people walk in front of her. Once they were out of sight, she turned and moved towards Rebecca's bedroom.

The door wasn't locked and Pocahontas entered easily, finding the redhead leaning against her window, looking outside.

Rebecca turned at the sound, believing it was her mother coming to check up on her, surprised to find Pocahontas there, after the woman had ignored her.

They looked at one another and Pocahontas smiled, gently, moving forward at the same time. Rebecca felt her anger vanishing against her will.

She was forced to smile when Pocahontas stopped a few inches away and took hold of her hand.

The redhead sighed. She could never stay angry at Pocahontas, not matter how much she might want to. There was something about the mocha skinned woman that soothed her soul, made her feel emotions she never thought possible.

Rebecca loved the other woman and nothing would ever change that.

Pocahontas's touch on Rebecca's face startled the redhead and she looked into the other woman's eyes, finding worry for her and something else, something she had come to know since she met Pocahontas – lust.

"We can't," Rebecca answered the woman's implicit request, shaking her head. "Our parents are downstairs, we can't risk it."

The brunette didn't care, slowly closing the distance between them and leaning forward.

Rebecca closed her eyes before Pocahontas's lips could claim her own.

She needed to deny her lover, make her stop – it was too dangerous – but the truth was that she didn't want to.

The redhead needed to be reassured after what happened downstairs. She didn't know why her moods were changing so suddenly lately and she didn't particularly care. Now she just wanted Pocahontas's arms around her, the woman's naked figure pushing against hers.

Rebecca wanted the pleasure only Pocahontas's touch could bring her and she wanted it as quickly as possible.

Their kiss deepened, Pocahontas's hands wandering over Rebecca's body, the redhead's buried in the native's tresses, pulling Pocahontas's mouth against her own.

Their motions became hurried and without regards for discovery. Slowly they divested each other of clothing, until their naked bodies were pressed against one another.

Rebecca couldn't stop herself from looking down marveling, as always, at the sight of Pocahontas's male member. The native possessed both sexes and Rebecca had her fun with them, without regards for what most would consider proper.

Pocahontas touched Rebecca's chin and pulled her attention back up.

The redhead smiled at her lover, kissing her again and pulling her towards the bed.

They fell atop of one another and smiled as they kissed and as their breasts touched one another's, nipples digging against flesh, Pocahontas's hardness poking against Rebecca's inner thighs.

That was how Rebecca's mother found them.

Marie opened the door to her daughter's bedroom, worried about the younger redhead. Rebecca hadn't been herself in these last few days, always moody; only Pocahontas calmed her down and the older woman feared she knew why that was.

She could only hope she was mistaken.

Unfortunately she wasn't. When Marie opened her daughter's door she found a scene she would never consider possible, both younger women in the bed, lost in the pleasure of each other's touch.

The gasp that escaped Marie's mouth didn't pass unnoticed and both Rebecca and Pocahontas turned to her, their gazes widening, the start of fear appearing in the younger redhead's eyes.

Marie remained silent for a few moments, simply taking in the scene on the bed, almost unbelieving. Then her gaze wandered lower and she saw what lay between Pocahontas's legs.

Later, Marie would come to regret her reaction, knowing the embarrassment it would bring to her daughter, but in that moment, being faced with something she believed impossible, Marie did the only thing that made sense and *screamed*.

Chapter 6

Rebecca sighed and poised her novel on the stand. She couldn't focus on anything, not since she was caught in the act with Pocahontas.

The redhead wondered if her lover was alright, if she faced some kind of punishment imposed by her father, like Rebecca herself was suffering. She doubted it; Chief Powhatan hadn't seem surprised his daughter was Rebecca's lover, quite the opposite really.

The man reacted in mild manner. Only when Anthony's anger made itself known did he act, and then he apologized to Rebecca's father and took off with Pocahontas.

Rebecca hadn't seen her lover since and missed her terribly.

A knock on her door made Rebecca perk up. "Enter." She said, and her mother opened the door, moving almost hesitantly.

Mother and daughter smiled at one another and Marie came to join the younger redhead on the bed.

"How's dad?" Rebecca questioned, worried for her father's health despite it all. The older man hadn't taken things in stride and he spent a couple of days in bed afterwards.

"Better, but he's still disappointed with you." Marie answered, giving her daughter a look that made the younger woman look aside.

"I didn't mean for any of this to happen." Rebecca whispered under her breath.

"I know, my love, I know." Marie wrapped one arm around her daughter, trying to offer the comfort she could. The younger woman clutched at her, hard, and Marie held Rebecca as she cried into her shoulder, running a hand through the redhead's head, caressing her curls.

Once Rebecca settled down, Marie sighed. "Have you felt any nausea today?" The older woman asked, looking directly at Rebecca's face. "Any upsets in your stomach?"

Rebecca nodded. "I don't know what's going on, I never felt anything like it."

The older woman sighed again, more drawn out than before. "It's as I feared." At Rebecca's inquiring look she continued. "Pocahontas is more like a man than we realized. You're with child Rebecca."

The younger woman shook her head. "No, it can't be, that's impossible."

"It appears not." Marie replied and remained silent afterwards, letting the truth of her words convince her daughter.

Rebecca's stupefaction overwhelmed the young woman and she spent minutes lost in thought, wondering how it was possible. Eventually she shook herself out of her trance and looked at her mother, fear like she had never felt before reflected in her eyes.

"What's going to happen now?" She questioned, hoping her mother's wisdom would have some advice for her.

Unfortunately, the older woman was just as clueless. "I don't know."

They waited several days to tell the truth of the pregnancy to Rebecca's father, wanting to confirm the fact before springing it on him.

That day was the first time Anthony visited Rebecca since she was caught with Pocahontas and the man simply looked at her for a few moments, while Rebecca gazed back at him, before he turned and left without a word.

A tear escaped Rebecca's eyes afterwards and she wondered if her relationship with her father would ever be what it had been before.

Things only changed days later, when Chief Powhatan returned with Pocahontas in tow.

Rebecca only found out her lover had returned when her father came to her, and told her the chief wanted to speak with both of them. The redhead followed Anthony into his study, crossing gazes with her lover after passing the door.

Pocahontas looked the same, but there was a heat in her eyes, a desire that had only gotten stronger with her separation from Rebecca.

Rebecca's mother had already been in the room, tending to their guests.

"Well, we are all here, what do you want?" Anthony's voice was cold and his anger was evident, but Chief Powhatan didn't let it affect him.

Negotiations broke down after what happened, but no new attacks occurred. Most of the settlers believed peace was possible, even realizing something important happened between the Smith family and Chief Powhatan.

"I come with a proposal for peace." Chief Powhatan's powerful voice echoed around the room for a few moments, while Anthony gazed at the man.

Eventually, Rebecca's father relaxed minimally and let some of his anger drain away. He might be angry about what Pocahontas did to his daughter, but he wouldn't risk the life of the settlers and a possible war because of it. No matter how much it galled him, he could keep things separate.

"Which is?" He questioned.

"My people will not attack you further and even allow you to mine in our lands, but in exchange you'll give us a cut from the profits and your daughter's hand." Chief Powhatan's proposal drew gasps from both Rebecca and her mother, and a narrowed gaze from Anthony.

"What do you mean 'my daughter's hand'?" The Englishman asked, drawing himself to his full height, which wasn't so impressive compared to Chief Powhatan's.

The native looked at his daughter a little confused, and then to Anthony once again. "Is that not how your people request the union of two people?"

"Well yes, but wait." Anthony replied, getting confused in the wake of the other man's confusion. "What do you meant when you asked for my daughter's hand?"

Powhatan blinked. "I intend for you to let our daughters be with one another."

"They can't marry," Anthony protested, shaking his head and refusing to look at the being that defiled his daughter. "They're women, they can't marry one another."

Powhatan's confusion became even more pronounced. "In our tribe, if two desire each other, they simply live together. Parents might be against the union, but there are ways to settle such things."

"I can't let my daughter live like that." Anthony protested, his voice rising in volume.

"Why not?" Rebecca's whisper broke the silence that followed and the redhead faced her father, smiling openly.

Anthony swallowed. "You can't imagine what they would say of you if this happens. I don't want you to suffer."

"They'll speak nonetheless, dad." Rebecca's smile was bitter and resigned. "I'm pregnant after all, and unmarried. People will talk."

Her declaration made both Pocahontas and her father's eyes widen, and the native woman stepped closer to her lover, only stopping when Rebecca's father's eyes fell on her.

The man turned back to his daughter and shook his head. "I don't want you to suffer." He repeated.

"True suffering will be to be away from her, father." Rebecca's smile brightened when she turned towards Pocahontas and her features softened. "I love her, I want to be by her side and it's not like we have much of a choice, isn't it?"

She turned back to her father. "This is a great deal, which will allow you to throw yourself into a political career and it will bring peace between our peoples."

Her father still shook his head at first, but when Rebecca moved forward and took hold of his hand he relented.

"Are you sure?" He asked, giving up.

"Yes."

"Then so be it." Anthony decided, closing his eyes and hoping his daughter wouldn't be doing the biggest mistake of her life.

Epilogue

"Mommy, mommy," Louise's voice was insistent and Rebecca turned away from the vegetables she was preparing and faced her five-year-old daughter. "Do you think mama is going to take long to come back?"

The redhead laughed at the pout in her daughter's lips. Louise was a beautiful child; her coloring was Pocahontas's both in hair and skin, though her features were more closely related to Rebecca than the girl's other mother.

"Why?" Rebecca questioned, leaning down to put her arms around the child.

Louise shrugged. "It's nothing, I just miss her is all."

The redhead grinned. "Don't worry baby, your mother is going to be home soon."

Pocahontas had left some days before, to help her father with some problems of the tribe.

Rebecca hadn't know it when she came to live with the other woman, but people like Pocahontas, persons with certain sexual characteristics were almost revered by the natives. Their stories said those people were blessed by the spirits and they were respected for it.

Most of the natives loved Powhatan's rule simply because his daughter was so blessed.

Rebecca didn't care about it, only hating the many occasions Pocahontas had to spend time away from her and their daughter.

Their union hadn't been an uneventful one. Most of the settlers, being very deeply religions, couldn't understand why her father allowed it, but he argued it was only due to such union that they found peace with the natives and eventually that narrative, and his silver tongue, turned them around.

Rebecca's father was chosen as mayor some time before Louise's birth, most of the local population recognizing his effort to establish a peace. The fact he gained even more mining rights didn't hurt.

Anthony and Rebecca eventually reconciled fully with one another and the redhead's father came to love his grandchild. Louise spent a great deal of her time with her grandparents and loved them deeply.

A sound came from outside the door and Louise shout out like a bullet, running towards it.

Rebecca smiled and shook her head, used to her daughter's incredibly energy. She wasn't surprised when Pocahontas poked her head inside the room, Louise gathered in her arms.

The child was speaking as quickly as she could to her and Rebecca just smiled, enjoying seeing the two of them interact.

Eventually Pocahontas poised the girl on her feet and sent her on her way, before turning to Rebecca.

The redhead smiled, watching Pocahontas come toward her, lust in the native's eyes.

"I missed you." Rebecca whispered into the other woman's lips.

"Not as much as I did." Pocahontas learned Rebecca's language over the years, but she would never be completely rid of her original accent, not that the redhead minded.

She found it sexy.

Rebecca moaned when Pocahontas kissed her neck and shoulder, the other woman starting to work on unlacing her blouse.

"Wait," She whispered, trying to get some distance between them. "There's something I need to tell you."

"Later," Pocahontas protested, letting her hands wander over her mate's chest, cupping the flesh.

"I'm pregnant." Rebecca said before the other woman could continue and they lost themselves in each other's caresses.

"Are you certain?" Pocahontas questioned, leaning back to look at her lover.

Rebecca nodded. "I didn't want to say anything last time you were here, I wasn't certain, but my mother agrees. I'm waiting another child."

"Good." Pocahontas replied and there was such satisfaction in that word that Rebecca had to shudder.

"Good?" Rebecca questioned, amused.

"Very good." Pocahontas said, nodding eagerly and before the other woman could protest, the native sneaked her arms around Rebecca's figure and pulled the redhead against her, leading her towards their room.

Rebecca let herself be lead away and thought her lover was correct and that life was good, *very good* indeed, and had been since the day they had first met.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



RUMPELSTILTSKIN

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Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales, Volume 12

by

Julie Law

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Rumpelstiltskin

Chapter 1

Isabelle was a beautiful young woman. Everyone told her so, and she could see what they meant every time she looked at her reflection in the water of the nearby lake. Her face was striking, with sharp angles, and no blemishes. Her lips were a dark pink, almost blood-red, and her eyes two sapphires that contrasted with her pale skin. Her best feature was her hair: it was long and curly, and its color was that of gold.

She loved to run her fingers through it and imagine it was as valuable as the metal it resembled. She wouldn't have to live in misery if it was. With her beauty, if she had been born a noblewoman she could aspire to marry a king, or at least a prince. Unfortunately, her father was a miller, or had been. She never met him, and could only trust her grandmother's word on the issue.

Isabelle's body was almost as desirable as her face. The work her grandmother forced on her kept her in shape, and her curves grew full and well-rounded. Whenever Isabelle went to the village she could feel the eyes of the men on her body, and their leers. They desired her and it made her afraid, though it also made her feel powerful.

With a wink or a smile, she could make most young men do whatever she desired, and the promise of something more made the rest fall to their knees in front of her. Despite this, Isabelle didn't consider her beauty a blessing. If she was ugly she wouldn't have suffered so much at her grandmother's hands.

She couldn't understand why her grandmother despised her so. The closest she came to understanding was when her grandmother talked about her mother's mistakes, and of how she had been foolish enough to fall in love with a miller. It was hard for Isabelle to believe that had been enough to turn her grandmother into such a hateful crone, though. Surely she had always been a bitter woman, unloved and uncared, and that was why she couldn't love Isabelle.

One thing the young woman was sure of was her grandmother's greed. Ever since she grew into adulthood, the old crone had been trying to find her a match. Incidentally, and ironically enough, Isabelle's grandmother's greed was what both put the blonde at risk and protected her. The older woman wouldn't settle for just anyone.

Most of the unmarried men in the local villages had asked for Isabelle's hand, but her grandmother didn't accept any of their proposals. She hoped to find a rich merchant, at the very least, to take Isabelle out of her hands.

The young woman wanted to say she couldn't understand her grandmother's greed, but that would be a lie. Isabelle herself was greedy, and desired better in life than being forced to work on a field to sustain herself. She could remember the darker days of her life when she was younger, and food was scarcer. She remembered the hunger that gnawed at

her stomach during those days, and never wanted to suffer like that again.

Nowadays, if the small bit of land she and her grandmother possessed wasn't capable of giving her all the food needed, Isabelle only had to smile at a local hunter, maybe promise him a kiss, and food would find its way into her plate. Even then, there were times when she couldn't eat as much as desired, but she didn't starve.

Isabelle was nineteen when her grandmother died and she found herself free for the first time.

At first, she didn't quite know what to feel. Should she be happy to be rid of the old crone? The other woman had been venomous and unloving, but she did care for Isabelle, raised her and fed her. There had never been any kindness between them though, and Isabelle's grandmother had been trying to sell her off to the highest bidder for a long time.

In that daze of emotions, Isabelle's first days after her grandmother's death passed quickly, and afterwards the young woman's newfound freedom kept her happy and content.

Eventually, though, her life took a turn for the worse. Without her grandmother's presence, the local men turned a little more daring in their proposals. They figured she was a young naïve woman, and that they could fool her however they wanted. When she briskly refused them, they left angry and wouldn't talk to her again.

Jealous tongues and scorned men took care of the rest. Soon, Isabelle realized most of the locals had turned their backs on her, including a great deal of her former helpers. When winter came, she found herself hungry and unable to sate it. The hunters that deigned to speak to her now wanted more than just a smile or a kiss. They wanted her body, they wanted her to do what married women did with their husbands.

Isabelle refused, always, but hunger made her weaker and weaker. She feared she would have to give into their demands.

Isabelle's grandmother had liked her wine. When the drink got to her head, she would turn to Isabelle and sneer. "I should sell you to one of the whorehouses in the city," The crone would ground out through gritted teeth. "Make you use that beauty to fill my purse. It's what your father and mother deserved, to see their child a whore while they rot in hell."

The first time she heard them, Isabelle hadn't understood her grandmother's words, but as she grew older she realized what the other woman meant, and it cemented her dislike of the crone. Now, Isabelle realized that without her grandmother's presence she might have been forced into such a life much earlier.

Despair took hold of the young woman and fear started dominating her thoughts. What would her life be like if she sold her body to feed herself? Would she become the local whore, insulted by every woman and child who crossed her path whenever she went to town? Would she find herself pregnant one day, and raising a child without a father?

Isabelle shook her head. She couldn't let that happen. If it did, she would eventually turn into her grandmother: a being lacking in love and hoping for a better future through her progeny. She would become a crone.

When Isabelle was at her lowest, she heard a rumor that gave her hope. It was during one of her treks to the village, where she hoped to sell some of her grandmother's old knickknacks and buy some vegetables and fruit, that she heard the king was seeking a wife.

"It's true," The merchant that first talked about it told her later, when she met him in the local tavern. Isabelle rarely visited the place, not having the money to spare, but the young man invited her. She knew he was interested in her for her beauty, and hoped for something more than her company, but she wouldn't give it to him. "The king is hoping to find a wife. The daughters of the highest lords already visited him, but he didn't find anyone he liked. Some say he's interested in a foreign princess."

Isabelle sighed, imagining herself as queen for a few moments. It was a foolish dream, but dreaming didn't hurt. She only shook herself out of her daydreaming when the merchant reached out and took hold of her hand.

"If he saw someone like you," The young man spoke tenderly, his eyes shining with something that Isabelle couldn't describe. "He would fall in love the same moment and marry you."

Isabelle giggled in reply, but his words touched her deep down. Not as the man expected though. "Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Then maybe you'll help me meet the king."

The young man laughed, and his laugh made Isabelle's stomach flutter before she shook her head and centered herself. "And how would I do that?"

"Speak of my beauty wherever you go," Isabelle leaned forward and let him have a look at her cleavage. She had learnt how easy it was to manipulate men when they couldn't take their eyes off of her breasts. "Make a song, talk about me to whoever will hear you. If word of my beauty reaches the court surely someone will bring me to the king."

It was the deepest arrogance, but Isabelle really believed she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and no one had ever said anything to convince her otherwise. With the way men fell to their knees for her, most would even agree. And even if the king wouldn't seek her out, some noble might be interested in her beauty and marry her.

The young merchant laughed again. "And what would you give me in exchange for my efforts?" His smile could almost blind the room.

"A kiss." Isabelle promised.

He looked at her for a long time, considering, and then nodded with a sigh. "So be it, for a taste of your lips, I'll spread the tales of your beauty to the four corners of the world. I'll talk of your blue eyes and of the gold you have for hair."

Isabelle smiled at him and reached over the table, poising her lips against his in a caress that lasted only moments. When she leaned back, he had his eyes closed and was breathing hard. She felt a renewed fluttering in her chest.

She could have been happy with such a man, if she forgot about dreams of kings and princes. The merchant was handsome, and kind, and would have been able to make her happy. Isabelle, though, was her grandmother's get and greed took hold of her.

With a smile, she said her goodbyes and turned on her feet, leaving the tavern behind.

Isabelle went on with her life, and days later she had almost forgotten about her scheme. She still hoped something would come out of it, but the more rational part of her mind made her focus on more immediate matters, and the blonde started preparing for the remaining winter.

She needed to gather wood, and couldn't rely on the lumberjacks that provided it in earlier years. In the woods, she could find fruits and even roots that could be eaten, and though she hated to think about it Isabelle could try her hand at hunting. With a few traps she might even catch some rabbits.

One day, when Isabelle was returning from a trip to the village, there were a couple of men waiting at her door. She stopped, and thought about turning away, but they saw her and moved her way. As they approached, she saw their clothes and their bearing, and realized they weren't commoners. They were too well dressed, and moved with confidence.

As the nobles approached, Isabelle remembered her scheme. She smiled when they stopped a few feet away from her. Their eyes were moving up and down her body, and Isabelle had learned how to read the heat in the eyes of men a long time ago. They were lusting after her, and Isabelle breathed a little easier. It seemed nobles weren't immune to her charms.

"Are you the miller's daughter?" The oldest of them asked. Despite his age, he wasn't unhandsome. There was a refined cast to his features, a kind of nobility, though his hair had grayed out.

Isabelle stuttered a little before replying. "... Yes, I am." That was how she was known in the local villages, even though her father died before she was born.

The man bowed at her. "I've been sent here by King Stefan, and hope to bring you before him. Is there anything you wish to pick up before we can follow?" He finished by studying her attire. A blush took hold of her face – she wasn't exactly prepared to visit a king.

Isabelle's mouth opened and closed without a sound leaving. It was all too sudden, and she didn't quite know what to do. Eventually she concentrated. "I'll need to dress myself."

"If that's all, don't bother." He gave her a small smile. "We'll be able to provide you with an attire fit for meeting the king."

Isabelle bit her lip. Now that she was close to getting what she wanted, she hesitated. Nobles were always finicky and the king would be the worst of them. If he didn't like what he saw in her, he might kill her or harm her. Her beauty wouldn't be a shield against him. Even if he liked her, he might not make her his wife. He could take her as his mistress, and for Isabelle that would be the same thing as whoring herself. Not as bad obviously, and not exactly a fate she would abhor, but she wanted more. She *deserved* more.

One look at the waiting men let Isabelle realize she didn't have much of a choice. They were ordered to bring her before the king, and they would do their task with no regard for her wants.

"Let me store the supplies and I'll follow you."

They helped her carry her things, and when everything was in its rightful place, one of them left to gather their horses while the other kept an eye on Isabelle.

When the man returned with the horses, Isabelle climbed into the saddle behind the older noble. It wasn't the first time she rode, but it wasn't something she did frequently. She didn't have the money to maintain such an animal, or the need for it.

Isabelle put her arms around the older man's figure. He smiled at her over his shoulder and the blonde found herself blushing without meaning to. He was handsome enough and, if she wasn't going to meet a king, she might have kept thinking about him and their closeness to one another.

She was going to meet a king, though. That was something that never really left her mind while the horse trotted off and carried her away towards her destination. Fear and hope warred within Isabelle, and she barely paid attention to her surroundings as they approached the capital. It took hours to arrive, but for Isabelle it felt like centuries.

The nobles led her directly towards the palace. "I'll leave you in the company of Miss Monet." The older gentleman told Isabelle after helping her down. He pointed out the woman who came out when the palace guards announced their arrival. "She'll take good care of you, and prepare you to meet his majesty."

Isabelle just nodded, a little too overwhelmed to make sense of everything. His hand on her shoulder called for her attention.

He smiled. "Don't be worried, everything will be alright. You'll see." He tried to inject some cheer into his words, but didn't succeed completely. She saw some kind of warning in his gaze that she couldn't decipher. "You'll be presented to the king after dinner, so ready yourself, ok?"

"I'll do my best." Isabelle promised. When he made to leave she stopped him. She reached forward and gave him a peck on the cheek, and then smiled when he reddened. "Thank you for your protection in this voyage, brave knights." She finished with a nod in his and his companion's direction.

The two men left with smiles in their faces, and Isabelle turned to meet the stern gaze of Miss Monet. She ducked her head, and the other female sighed before ordering Isabelle to follow.

The matron led Isabelle throughout the building, towards one of the rooms in one of the wings of the palace. It was almost as big as Isabelle's entire house. She could only marvel as she turned her head one way and then another, gazing at everything within. The furniture was made of solid wood, there were decorations in shades of gold and silver all over the place, and the bed was the softest thing Isabelle had ever touched.

"You can rest here for some time." Miss Monet's voice shook the blonde out of her stupefaction. "When it's time we'll come for you. You'll need to bathe, and we'll find you something to wear."

Isabelle ducked her head once again and smiled at the other woman, gently. "Thank you."

A sketch of a smile appeared in Monet's lips, but she didn't say anything before leaving the blonde alone. Isabelle laid on the bed and slept

the best sleep of her life, only waking up when someone shook her awake.

The palace maids made sure to prepare her for the king. They bathed her, gave her perfume and took her to a room full of dresses. They spent hours making her try one after another. Isabelle imagined that some would find it boring to spend so much time getting ready, but she didn't particularly care. She was being pampered like a princess – like she had always felt she deserved – and she would enjoy it for as long as she could.

When it ended, and Isabelle wore a deep red dress that called attention to her cleavage, Miss Monet came to get her. The older woman looked the blonde up and down, and then slowly nodded. "This is good enough."

Isabelle smiled and the other woman let her lips turn upwards briefly. Then the head maid abruptly turned her back on the blonde. The younger woman was taken aback, but then shrugged thinking that was simply Miss Monet's way.

Breathing deeply, the blonde tried to relax as she followed the other female. It didn't take them long to arrive at their destination, or at least, it didn't seem to be long. In truth, Isabelle was too distracted by all the shiny and obviously expensive items she saw during the walk. As expected, a king's palace was full of riches and Isabelle lost herself in them.

There were beautiful paintings on the walls; statues and well-crafted suits of armor decorated the corridors, and every person that passed by them was well dressed and obviously well fed – even the servants. Isabelle started imagining what life would be if she had been born in such a place, and she only left those thoughts behind when Monet touched her shoulder and pointed at the door in front of them.

"They are waiting for you, girl." It seemed she wanted to say something else, but held back.

Isabelle studied her for a few moments before nodding, and then advanced without fear. Before she reached the door someone opened it from the other side, and Isabelle had her first glimpse of the court of King Stefan.

The hall that spread in front of her was the biggest room she had seen in her life, and it was almost full to the brink. Hundreds of people must have been there, and the noise they produced was so loud that Isabelle had to wonder why she hadn't been able to hear it through the wooden door. Some of the nobles closer to her position looked at her when it opened, but then ignored her.

The older gentleman that escorted Isabelle to the capital appeared from the throng and smiled at her. She smiled in reply and gave him her arm when he requested it.

"Milady." He greeted, smiling gently. Isabelle blushed, looked down, and his smile turned into a smirk. His amusement seemed to cheer her a little.

"Sir Knight."

"The king is waiting for you, milady." The man offered her a bow. "Will you let me escort you to him?"

Isabelle nodded, too afraid of making a mistake and saying something she shouldn't. The older man led her through the nobles in the room, and Isabelle marveled as she studied them. They were all so well-dressed and

prepared, and there was beauty among them that there wasn't in the villages she spent her life in. And yet, neither of the women she saw were as pretty as her.

The blonde's smile turned vicious. There wasn't anyone who was quite as beautiful as her, and Isabelle was sure the king would fall in love at first sight.

It didn't take them long to reach the man seated on the throne, and Isabelle felt her stomach fluttering. King Stefan was reasonably handsome: with a well cut jaw, a wide mouth and short nose, his face was striking enough for a man. His blue eyes captured hers and entranced her with a look, and the blonde curls that fell down his back made Isabelle remember her own.

The king's lips stretched into a smirk. It seemed as if the light in the room swirled around his figure, giving him an almost divine aura. Isabelle was sure it was an effect crafted by the position of the lamps behind him, but she had to admit it was impressive. The image of purity he presented was rendered apart when he opened his mouth. "Is this the miller's daughter?"

It was as if an iron fist had closed over Isabelle's heart, and she fought not to stumble. There was cruelty in his voice, a cruelty that rivaled and even surpassed the one Isabelle's grandmother had always shown her. The blonde tried to look at the knight that brought her to the capital, hoping he would somehow protect her from the king, but the older man simply confirmed who she was before releasing her arm and stepping away from her.

"Quite a skittish thing, aren't you?" The king asked, but he didn't wait for her answer. "Doesn't matter. Are you the miller's daughter I've heard about, woman?"

Isabelle's words almost got caught in her throat. "I don't know what you've heard, my king."

"There are tales spreading about you throughout my city. Some say you're the most beautiful woman in the land, and that your hair is made of gold. They say the gods smiled down upon you when you were born, and that's why you're blessed with your beauty." The king smiled, but there wasn't a shred of amusement in his countenance. "I can see you're pretty enough, but nothing that should spark such rumors."

Titters came from all over the room at those words, and Isabelle's face burned. She forced back the tears that threatened to flow down her face, and tried to center herself. She was being humiliated as never before, but if she dismissed the king death might follow humiliation.

"There are other tales, however, that interest me far more." Stefan leaned forward in his seat and Isabelle shivered as she saw the naked greed in his gaze. She feared whatever came ahead would change her life forever. "They say you can spin straw into gold."

Isabelle blinked, not quite expecting something so outlandish. "What?" She questioned out loud, and only then realized she had interrupted the king.

His eyes burned with anger, for a few moments, before greed once again took its hold. "Preposterous claims, aren't they? Unfortunately for you, they are the reason why you have been brought before me."

Dread settled in Isabelle's stomach and the blonde realized she wouldn't leave the palace alive. "I have nothing to do with such tales. I have no idea how they spread." Isabelle was lying, she would do anything to survive.

The king's smirk was cruel. "Don't you?" He didn't give her enough time to answer. "No matter. You were brought before me to prove that you can do what those tales say you can. Tomorrow morning I will be either richer than ever, or the whole court will celebrate your execution."

Isabelle took a step back and looked around, hoping for a way to escape, but it was too late. Two of the royal guards advanced and took hold of her arms, imprisoning her.

"Take her away to the room we have prepared." The king's voice grew loud and amused. "And tomorrow we'll see just how good of a spinner she is."

Cheers and laughter followed Isabelle out of the room, and the blonde could only cry as she was dragged to her doom.

Chapter 2

Isabelle was so exhausted she couldn't move. The first thing she had done after being put in the room with the straw and the spindle was try to escape, but no matter how much she hit the door it wouldn't break. Even if she had succeeded, she wouldn't have been able to get past the guards outside. She knew they were there, she heard them talking when she started trying to break down the door, but when she pled for their help they got silent.

Raising her head, the blonde turned to the straw and the spindle in the middle of the room. The windows were barred and, even if they weren't, Isabelle was on the third floor. Trying to escape through one of them would have meant her death.

To live, Isabelle would have to spin the straw into gold, but that was impossible. A few moments later, desperation took hold of her. She couldn't know it until she tried, right? It didn't hurt to spin some straw.

After a few minutes, Isabelle was sobbing and couldn't even look at the spindle without despairing. She was dead – it was only a matter of time until fate made it so. Isabelle cried and cried, big heaving sobs wrecking her frame as she tried to hold back the urge to scream.

Had she done anything that bad to deserve death? She had only tried to find a way to end her misery, to become something more than a poor girl from a poor village. She had always believed her beauty was a sign, and that it meant she deserved a better life than the one she had. Was that ambition so wrong?

Isabelle cried until she didn't have more tears and then she sat on the ground, listless.

Hands fell upon her shoulders and the blonde jumped, whirling around while her heart beat like a drum. The woman she found behind her laughed, loudly and amused, and smiled down at Isabelle.

"Why are you crying, child?"

Isabelle took a couple of steps back from the other woman, suddenly afraid. She hadn't heard the door opening, and when she looked at it she realized it hadn't. Gazing back to the woman, Isabelle knew something wasn't right. She couldn't say what that was, but the hairs on the back of her neck raised in warning.

The woman leaned forward and smiled conspiratorially. "Cat got your tongue?" When Isabelle didn't say anything, she looked around and studied her cell. "Although in these conditions I would guess a spider would be more probable."

"Who are you?" Isabelle asked at last. The woman's appearance wasn't anything special. She was neither tall nor petite, her hair was brown, her face couldn't be called beautiful or ugly – at most it was pretty. And yet, there was something that warned Isabelle and told her the woman was dangerous. If she could, Isabelle would have ran away.

“That is not terribly important right now.” The brunette started circling around Isabelle, getting far too close for the younger woman’s taste. “What really matters is what you’re doing here.”

Isabelle turned her head away.

“Don’t have anything to say?” The woman’s tone was mocking and Isabelle wanted to reply with a scathing remark, but held herself back. It would be foolish, and the blonde felt it could be just as dangerous to mouth out to the strange woman as it would be to King Stefan.

When looking at the woman’s eyes, Isabelle realized the brunette knew the reason for her imprisonment, but wanted to draw it out and have fun. “King Stefan imprisoned me because of a tale.”

“Is that it?” The other asked, seemingly confused. “You made up some tale and he arrests you for it?”

“No. I had nothing to do with those tales...” A hand fell upon Isabelle’s mouth and silenced her.

“I don’t like it when people lie to me. Make sure that doesn’t happen again.” The stranger’s voice turned from amused to furious in a moment, and Isabelle shivered, a sense of dread settling around her.

“I... I helped spread some tales of my beauty around, but I never said anything about being able to create gold.” Isabelle defended herself and felt some of that awful feeling around her retreat.

“Tales sometimes gain a life of their own. They change and evolve, and change again. Sometimes the heroes become villains, and villains become victims. Sometimes a knight fights for honor, another for money or love. Stories are like a child, and can be nurtured in any number of ways. You shouldn’t play with stories.”

Isabelle swallowed. The woman’s voice had become smooth and gentle, almost seductive, but the look in her eyes remained the same. The blonde coughed and looked away before continuing to recount what happened to her. “The king heard the tales that said I could spin straw into gold, and locked me in here. If by morning I don’t turn all of this straw into gold, he will kill me.”

“Then why don’t you do it?” The woman almost skipped as she moved around Isabelle.

“You can’t turn straw into gold.”

“Can’t you?”

Something in that tone of voice, maybe in its sheer smugness, made the blonde hope more than she should. “Can you?”

“If you know how to do it, you can do anything.”

It was a non-answer, and a nonsensical statement besides, but the words rang true within Isabelle. The blonde breathed deeply and tried to remain calm. Obviously, the other woman was more than normal, and for some reason she was wasting her time with Isabelle.

“And would you be able to teach me how to do such a thing?” Isabelle tried not to show just how eagerly she wanted that knowledge, but it was a wasted effort.

“Perhaps, but never in time for you to do what you need with it.”

“Then would you mind doing it for me?”

The brunette laughed, amused. "Why do you think I'm wasting my time here?"

"What do you want?" Isabelle might sometimes be naïve, but she wasn't dumb. The woman wanted something from her, and she didn't have much of a choice in accepting whatever it was. Only death awaited her if she refused the brown haired woman.

The other woman took a while to answer. She walked around Isabelle and gazed at the blonde, studying her. "You have nothing of value with you, and even if you did I could have all the riches I want. What do you have to offer me for your salvation?"

Isabelle didn't answer at first. What had she to give? Nothing. She wasn't rich or special in any way, only her beauty was out of the ordinary. Then she remembered the one thing that might have some value. "My life, I can offer you my servitude."

"Oh, dramatic, but I have no use for a maid." The brunette mocked Isabelle, smiling while the blonde despaired. "I doubt you would be of use to anything else though. Perhaps..."

Her voice trailed off, and Isabelle couldn't help but hope. "Perhaps what?"

"I might have another use for you. A beautiful girl like you could warm any man's bed. I might be able to sell you to some old noble who wants a pretty plaything between his sheets."

Isabelle grimaced and turned her head away. She would prefer anything else, but if that was the price of her freedom and life she would pay it, despite how much it disgusted her.

"You're not saying no, little one." The woman caressed Isabelle's face with one hand, forcing the blonde to meet her gaze. "Are you willing to become someone's plaything in exchange for your life?"

The blonde tried to look away, but the other female didn't let her. Eventually, Isabelle nodded with disgust.

The brunette released her abruptly. "Don't worry, little dove. You won't have to sell your body for my help in this endeavor, or at least not your whole body. Your mouth will suffice."

"What?" Isabelle asked, confused and the other woman sighed.

"I'll spin this straw into gold, and in exchange you'll use your mouth to pleasure me. Do we have a deal?" The strange woman asked. The cheer in her voice had disappeared and only cruelty remained.

The blonde shivered. "You're a woman!"

The sorceress laughed at Isabelle's incredulity. "Does that in any way diminishes your need?" The blonde looked away and the other woman laughed again. She took a step forward and then another, forcing Isabelle to move back until she hit the wall of the room. "But if this form bothers you, I can change it."

Then, in front of Isabelle's eyes, she changed. Her skin seemed to bubble up for a moment and started shifting, and the blonde put her hands in front of her mouth to muffle the scream she wanted to release. It only took a few moments for the whole process to occur, perhaps two seconds at the most, but when the sorceress's skin settled once again she was different.

Or better said, he was different. The man that now stood in front of Isabelle could almost be her twin: his hair was the same shade of hers, his blue eyes hers. His face was more masculine, obviously, and his jaw had a sharp tilt to it, but the resemblance between her and him were incredible. He was a far more handsome man than Stefan.

For one moment, Isabelle was so startled she couldn't think. Was the man in front of her the sorceress that had been tormenting her? Then he spoke, and any doubts Isabelle had were extinguished.

"If I look like this, will you mind pleasuring me?" His, or *hers*, voice was deeper, more soothing and for a few moments Isabelle was unable to come up with a reply. The sorceress had turned into what Isabelle might look like as a male, and that unsettled the blonde deeply.

The beautiful god in front of Isabelle reached out with one hand and caressed her face, making her shiver. When she gazed at his eyes, she saw the cruelty she had seen in the brunette's gaze moments before.

Isabelle looked down. She couldn't deny the other being, not when denying him would mean her death, and certainly *not* when he looked like that.

The other saw her hesitation, and knew she was defeated. His grin was maniac, and he poised his hands on Isabelle's shoulders. "Kneel, and please me, and you'll live to see another day. I'll make sure of it."

The blonde hesitated, but then slowly glided down to her knees. His hands on her shoulders didn't help, gently pushing and making her unable to resist. She didn't truly want to resist though. She wanted to be free and wanted to get on with her life. And Isabelle couldn't deny that part of her was attracted to the witch's new form.

The being in front of her looked like a real hero should look like – the way King Stefan should look like. For someone who had seen the world through a filter of beautiful equal's good and ugly equal's evil, the sorceress's new form was too seductive to resist.

When she truly processed what she was doing, Isabelle was on her knees, hands reaching out for the other's pants. She only hesitated for a moment before continuing with her task. Isabelle wanted above anything to live, and a week before she was even contemplating one day selling her body to survive. It couldn't be such a bad fate, could it? Not when the one seducing her looked like such a handsome man. That it was really the sorceress didn't bother Isabelle as much as it should.

Slowly, Isabelle unfastened the man's pants and then dragged them down that masculine body. She hesitated before reaching for the undergarments, but eventually gained the courage to continue and freed his hardness. It was the first time she gazed at a man's cock, and Isabelle didn't know quite what to think about it.

Isabelle's lack of experience with such matters didn't allow her to say whether it was a big member or not, though she believed it was a well-sized one. Its skin was darker than that surrounding it, but strangely soft, and Isabelle marveled as she touched it. When it twitched, she leaned back and the sorceress-turned-man laughed.

“Don’t be afraid, it’s not going to eat you.” His voice came out rough with lust and something else, and Isabelle shivered. “You could almost say you’re the one who’s going to eat it.”

Isabelle looked aside at the reminder, but a hand on her hair made her turn back. She hesitated before reaching once again with her hand – she didn’t know what to do, had never done anything like it before. After another moment she sighed, and reluctantly looked at the sorceress’s face. “I don’t know what to do.”

His smirk contained all of his arrogance, all of his pride and cruelty, and Isabelle felt her body responding against her wishes. “Then let me teach you.” His hand closed over one of hers and pulled it against his member, making her circle his rod. Slowly, he started pumping himself with Isabelle’s hand.

She marveled as she felt the flesh under her touch harden even further and it started to throb. When she looked at his eyes, she saw that the emotions he had been wearing were being clouded by something and it didn’t take her long to realize it was lust. Isabelle’s mouth dried out.

She didn’t want to, but the sight of him was making her excited. The being in front of her was incredibly powerful, of that she had no doubt, but doing what she was doing was giving her power over him. There was a pressure between her thighs, something she had always felt the need to ignore before, but now realized was perfectly natural. Isabelle pressed her thighs against one another, trying to create some friction on her core and ease some of that pressure.

Hesitantly, the blonde got rid of his grip and started exploring his body by herself. She pumped his rod a few more times, and then focused on the tip of him, rubbing it with her thumb. The moan he released in reply made her aware he enjoyed it, and she became more adventurous.

Isabelle reached out with her other hand and cupped his balls, playing with the rugged skin for a few moments and marveling at its texture. It was quite unlike anything she had ever touched. He groaned and she let a smile take hold of her lips.

She played with him for a minute or two, until he couldn’t hold himself back anymore. “Stop teasing.” He commanded, running his hands through her hair. When she looked at him, confused, he sighed. “Use your mouth as well.”

Isabelle looked down at his cock and back again to his face.

“Lean forward and kiss the tip, gently.” He commanded.

The blonde poised her lips against the head and kissed it. It was barely more than a peck, a brush of her lips against his heated flesh, but he groaned again. Isabelle kissed him once more, liking the sounds he released and let her tongue come out to play.

He groaned again and gripped Isabelle’s hair when she licked the head. Her tongue swirled around the reddened tip, making him wild. It was obvious Isabelle was inexperienced with the motions she was practicing, but she was a quick learner, and soon realized how to make him moan with pleasure.

When he started pulling her hair, Isabelle opened her mouth and let his cock take refuge within. It was something that bothered her at first, but then the heat of his rod and its taste convinced her to continue. She wrapped her lips around him as tightly as she could and started moving back and forth.

Isabelle lost herself in her motions. She had never done anything like it before, but it didn't matter. She forgot the reason why she was sucking him off and just moved back and forth, enjoying the sounds of pleasure he released.

The sorceress-turned-man looked down at the blonde and grinned, letting the pleasure get to his head. The girl might be inexperienced, but what she lacked in knowledge she made up in sheer want. She sucked him as hard as anyone had ever done, and he realized it wouldn't take long until he couldn't hold himself back.

Slowly, without meaning to, the sorceress let her shape-changing spell relax and part of her body returned to normal. She took hold of it at the last moment and stopped her cock from disappearing. Everything above her waist returned to her real form, and so did her upper legs and everything beneath them, but her core and sex remained male.

Isabelle felt something change within her companion, but she had her eyes closed and didn't realize what happened. She was enjoying the sorceress's cock – sucking it like it was a sweet treat, lapping at the rod. When she opened her eyes and looked up, she was faced with the sorceress's covered chest and the woman's brown tresses, but the blonde was so focused on the cock that she didn't let the changes bother her. She just tightened her lips further and sped up.

It was enough to overload the sorceress. With a moan, she gripped Isabelle's hair and came, her cock releasing its seed in the blonde's mouth.

Isabelle's eyes widened as her mouth was flooded with the other female's release, and she swallowed the first gulp without meaning to. The blonde leaned back afterwards with a cough, letting the jerking cock escape from her mouth. It continued releasing its seed and some of it rained upon Isabelle's face and clothes, dirtying her.

The blonde blinked as she watched the other woman's cock exhaust itself, and then marveled as the rod started shrinking and then disappeared completely, turning the sorceress's core into that of a regular woman.

The witch looked down at the blonde, amused and content in the sight of her seed over Isabelle's body. It awakened a dark part within her to have so thoroughly owned someone.

The brunette turned on her feet, ignoring her lack of clothes from the waist down and moved towards the spindle in the middle of the room.

Isabelle watched and didn't say anything. Now that the haze of lust and the fear of death had passed, she could think clearly for the first time since she came to the palace. The blonde watched the sorceress start to spin the straw into gold, and only then remembered there were guards outside. Why hadn't they come in when the sorceress appeared? Hadn't they heard the other woman, or had the witch done something to stop them from hearing what happened inside the room?

Remembering what occurred between them, the blonde blushed and hoped it was the later. Isabelle couldn't imagine the mortification she would feel if the guards outside had heard her sucking off the sorceress's cock.

Over the next hours, Isabelle watched in silence as the other woman turned all the straw into gold, marveling at the entire process. If Isabelle had been able to do anything like that, she wouldn't have been forced to live the life she had. She could only hope one day she could do the same.

When the sorceress got to her feet, Isabelle was on the verge of nodding off. The motion allowed her to shake it off for a bit, but in truth she was tired as she hadn't been in a long time. The sorceress turned to her and Isabelle tried her best to center herself.

"I've fulfilled my end of the bargain," The sorceress's gaze was heated as she looked Isabelle up and down. The blonde wanted to squirm under that look, but she was simply too tired. With a wave of her hand, the sorceress cast some kind of spell over Isabelle and it took the blonde a couple of moments to realize it had cleaned up the dirt and the fluids that had clung to her frame. "If you ever need anything else just call out for my help."

The brunette disappeared into thin air without another word, and Isabelle resisted the urge to complain about it. She didn't know how to call for the sorceress, and before she could do anything about it her cell's door opened and the king strode in.

Isabelle blinked at him, and Stefan's grin froze as he looked around and saw the gold that surrounded the blonde. His eyes widened and he took a step forward before freezing again.

She saw the stupefaction in his face, the incredulity, and smirked. He had never believed the tales and only wanted to amuse himself by making a poor miller's daughter despair before killing her, and now he saw himself confronted with something he couldn't believe, and he didn't know quite how to face it.

"What did you ... How?" He raised his head and met her gaze head on, and then took a step back. After breathing deeply, he straightened and seemed to regain his wits, but she had seen the flash of fear in his eyes.

She could understand it. From his point of view, she had done something impossible and he didn't know what other impossible things she could do. Isabelle felt much the same about the sorceress.

She wouldn't waste the opportunity presented, though. She got to her feet and appeared to brush some of the dirt in her dress. "Is there anything else I can help you with, your majesty?"

Stefan flinched at her words, but took control of himself. "Nothing else for now, milady, though I hope you'll be able to attend the feast I'll throw in your honor this afternoon."

Isabelle made it seem like she was thinking about it, but she would never refuse such an invitation. He believed she was powerful and wouldn't try anything, and so Isabelle could try to do what she intended in the first place, and seduce the young king. After what happened, it might be even easier. "I'll gladly accept your invitation."

He bowed at her. "Then let me escort you to your room. Surely you'll need your rest after such a tiring task."

Isabelle nodded and took hold of his arm when he extended it to her. The blonde let the king lead her throughout the palace, and the two of them talked while they walked. Now that Isabelle didn't have to fear for her life, she found the king much more charming than he had seemed before. She never truly forgot he had been intending to kill her in what amounted to a trap, but she could ignore it if it meant she would get what she truly wanted.

After he left her alone, Isabelle laid down on the bed where she slept the day before, and fell into one of the best sleeps of her life. She dreamt, but couldn't remember what about when she woke up after being shaken by Miss Monet.

The older woman looked at Isabelle with a gentle gaze, and told her she needed to get ready. Then something happened that was reminiscing of what happened the day before. The maids helped Isabelle bathe, and then dressed her as they would have a princess, or perhaps a queen.

Afterwards, Isabelle was led to the palace's dining room. She was expecting to find a scene much like the one the day before, but when she stepped inside she found that everyone was expecting her. What followed were some of the more staggering hours of Isabelle's life.

In that time she met dozens of new people, all of them nobles or rich merchants, though she never truly forgot these were the same people laughing at her the day before. She danced with men until her feet hurt, and only then King Stefan appeared to rescue her. It didn't take long for the blonde to be enchanted by the courteous man. Stefan was cultured and well-educated when he wanted to be, and he desired to have Isabelle for an ally. With that in mind, the blonde could almost forget what he wanted to do to her previously.

It wasn't as if she was completely innocent after all. She had helped spread the tales of her beauty around, hoping to get his attention. Now she had it for another reason, but it could be good enough to get what she wanted out of him.

The two of them spent the next hour together. Isabelle feasted at the king's side, and he made sure to keep her entertained. It was one of Isabelle's happiest moments, though deep down she knew it wasn't real. She could see the greed in Stefan's eyes, not a greed for her body as she was used to seeing in men's gazes, and had been expecting to see in the king, but a greed for money and gold – gold that the king expected her to provide.

Isabelle couldn't help but wonder how the king was so foolish. Didn't he know how she lived before coming to him? Hadn't he wondered why she hadn't been living in a mansion, surrounded by riches? If he had, he might have been suspicious about what had truly happened, though she would admit the truth was more than a little extraordinary.

"Is everything to your taste, milady?" His smile carried his cheer and one attempt at seduction. Isabelle found herself responding to it without really meaning to.

"Yes, my king."

“Please, call me Stefan.” He interrupted, reaching out and poising his hand on top of hers.

A shiver ran down Isabelle’s back, and she smiled hesitantly. She had to admit she was somewhat attracted to him. He wasn’t ugly and, despite what he had tried to do the day before, he was a powerful man – someone Isabelle wanted to conquer. She deserved to live like a queen and only the man in front of her could give her that.

“Stefan,” She paused after that word, savoring it in her mouth. “Everything is just perfect, really.” She waved her hand around the room and the people in it. She wasn’t lying – she could never have imagined one day she would have a king throwing her a feast like the one going out right then. She loved it.

“If you wish, Isabelle,” Her name on his lips made her shiver. “We can have feasts like this one every day of your life.”

“What do you mean?” She knew perfectly well what he meant, but wanted to hear him say it; wanted to have him ask her what she knew he wanted to ask. She was no fool and understood he was only interested in the ability he believed she possessed, but if that got her to be queen she wouldn’t care.

Stefan’s hand moved over her body, barely brushing against her but heating her up all the same. He took hold of her hand and rubbed his thumb against her skin. “We can have all of this, all the time, if you are my wife.”

Isabelle’s breath caught, and he smirked at her. Her motion wasn’t completely faked, but she appeared more dazed than she really was. The hand he wasn’t holding came to rest upon her lips as she gazed at him.

He smiled, thinking he had her where he wanted. “I saw you today at first light and I realized just how beautiful you are, and how quickly my heart started beating.” Isabelle believed his heart sped up, but surely it happened when he gazed upon the gold the sorceress created. “I realized I wanted to be with you for the rest of my life.”

Part of Isabelle couldn’t believe the words that came out of his mouth. Was that how he was hoping to seduce her? Then she realized that despite the scorn she felt, his words were affecting her. He might be a cruel man, but he was handsome and he was the king. He wouldn’t need to work hard to convince any woman in the realm to share his bed. “My lord, I don’t know what to say.” She fluttered her eyelashes at him for good measure.

“I want you for my wife, Isabelle.” He reached out and caressed her face, smiling gently. “Unfortunately, I have to think about my kingdom and my people. No matter how much I love you, I need to marry someone who can help me provide the realm with safety.”

She knew perfectly well what he wanted, but made sure to put up her best doe eyes and lean forward. Her dress showed quite a bit of cleavage, and no matter how greedy he was he was still a man. His eyes quickly gazed down at her breasts before he remembered himself and looked at her face. “I’ll help you however I can, your majesty, and I’ll use my abilities to make sure we have enough gold to guard our kingdom.”

He couldn’t hide the greed in his eyes at her words, not that he tried very hard. “Then I’ll present you with another challenge, milady. I’ll fill last

night's room with as much straw as possible, and on the morning, if all of it is gold, I will marry you."

Chapter 3

Isabelle breathed deeply after the door to her cell closed behind her. She supposed it wasn't a cell any longer – the guards outside had orders to accede to whatever requests she made. Nonetheless, in there she was sure she would have her privacy. She needed to contact the sorceress after all, and negotiate another deal.

Isabelle was certain the other woman would ask more of what she had the previous day, and she was willing to pay the price.

She breathed deeply once more, and thought of how she could call up the sorceress. That had been perhaps the biggest hiccup of her plan, but if it was solved Isabelle would get what she wanted. The blonde was going to open her mouth and call out the other woman when a hand clamped over her lips.

Its owner pressed against Isabelle's back. From the breasts the blonde felt digging against her skin, the only possible responsible was the sorceress.

"Calling for me, were you?" The voice that whispered in Isabelle's ear made her shiver despite herself, and she nodded, quickly, wondering how the other female knew what she had been thinking.

The hand against her lips moved down and came to rest on one of Isabelle's breasts. The blonde glanced down, started to blush, and the woman behind her laughed before releasing her.

Isabelle turned to face her. The sorceress looked the same she had the day before, perhaps her eyes were a little brighter with amusement, or maybe that was simply the fact Isabelle was far more relaxed while she faced the other female. What mattered was that she was there, and the blonde only needed to convince her to help.

"Why have you called for me, pet?" The sorceress was perfectly aware of the reason, but she wanted to play a little.

Isabelle tried to ignore her irritation and need to get on with it. She wanted the other female as an ally after all. "What's your name?" Isabelle asked, surprising even herself. She didn't know why, but she felt she would be more comfortable once she knew who the other was.

The brunette chuckled. "Don't you know?"

Isabelle held back her initial urge to be sarcastic, and thought about the woman's reply. There was something about the sorceress's behavior that made Isabelle remember some of the tales her grandmother told her when she was younger. It was a time when the older woman hadn't been as much of a crone, and sometimes tried to comfort her granddaughter with stories.

There were some tales that were fresher on Isabelle's mind. These had been the ones that her grandmother had told with a kind of underlining anger. They had scared Isabelle at the time, until she realized they were just tales. As she looked at the sorceress, however, she wondered if they had any grain of truth. "It can't be. You're not a dwarf." The blonde blurted out without really thinking about it.

Rumpelstiltskin laughed, loudly, amused. “And you’re not capable of spinning straw into gold, nor is your hair made of such a precious metal. I would have thought you’d learnt the truth about tales, little Belle. They can change from one person to another, they can paint anyone however they want. Why did you think my legend would be any different?”

Isabelle took a step back without really meaning to. Her grandmother’s tales about Rumpelstiltskin were ingrained deep in her psyche. Now that she was an adult, Isabelle realized many of them hadn’t fit together, but what she remembered best was the anger her grandmother felt for the villain.

“Your grandmother knew me,” The sorceress started, stepping closer to Isabelle. The blonde resisted the temptation to step back once again, knowing it would be useless. “She had dealings with me, and she didn’t like how she got the short end of the stick at the end.”

Isabelle shivered when Rumpelstiltskin smirked.

“It was her fault. She tried to trick me, she tried to weasel out of her deals and I made sure she paid for it.” The sorceress’s voice softened. “So long as you don’t try the same, you can be sure I’ll deal with you fair and square.”

The blonde breathed deeply and tried to center herself. It wasn’t as if she was in a position to refuse the other woman. She was quite sure Stefan would be cross with her if she failed to give him what he wanted, and in that case she would be lucky to escape with her life.

Isabelle shook her head. “Let’s not play around – you know what I want.”

Rumpelstiltskin nodded. “I do, and will you be willing to pay the price required for you to get it?”

“What do you want?”

The sorceress smirked. “I want you in full, to possess you as deeply as anyone can possess another.” Isabelle closed her eyes – she had feared something like that. “And I want a child out of it.”

The blonde’s eyes opened in startlement. “What?”

Rumpelstiltskin smirked. “I’ll be willing to spin gold for you whenever you request, but in exchange I require a child. You’ll bare me one. When she’s born I’ll take her away, and you’ll never see any of us again.”

“I...” Isabelle’s voice trailed off. She was in the sorceress’s hands and both of them knew it. She had to accept, but the other woman’s words unsettled her nonetheless.

Isabelle had never met her mother – the woman had died in childbirth. The closest thing to a mother she ever knew was her grandmother, and the old crone wasn’t someone Isabelle could love with all of her heart. A child, though, was something else. Could she give up her child just like that, without thought and consideration for her future? The blonde wasn’t sure.

Rumpelstiltskin went on to the kill. “You know what will happen to you if you don’t accept my deal. Stefan will kill you in a furious rage. If that happens, you can never have any child, while if you deal with me you will eventually bare other children. I don’t think there’s much to think about. Do you?”

Isabelle closed her eyes. What she hated most about the entire situation was that the other woman was right. Nothing would stop Isabelle from continuing with her life as a queen, and nothing would stop her from having other children. Logically, there was no doubt about what she should do, but something stopped her from agreeing immediately. "I won't be able to give you the child like that," Isabelle protested, trying to gain some kind of traction for a denial of the other woman's deal. "The child will be the heir of the king."

"Not if they believe she died in childbirth." Rumpelstiltskin shrugged. "And I can make sure everyone thinks so. Even you, if you don't wish to be confronted by the choice you make."

Isabelle looked away. The other woman leaned forward until they stood inches away, and started caressing the blonde's face. The young woman shivered. "Do I have a choice?"

"Not really." There wasn't any emotion in Rumpelstiltskin's voice, neither glee nor cruelty. It was matter of fact.

Isabelle let a tear escape from her eyes before she nodded, reluctantly sealing her fate. The other woman smiled and gently kissed the blonde, who surprised herself by replying to it.

It wasn't because she was attracted to Rumpelstiltskin, but because she needed to feel anything in that moment. She needed to forget about the deal she had just made and lose herself in something that would overwhelm her emotions. Absently remembering what happened last night, Isabelle figured it would be enough.

Their kiss turned heated in short order, and Isabelle groaned when the other woman's hands found their way into her tresses. Rumpelstiltskin's grip was tight, and would be considered painful hadn't the woman's tongue taken so much of Isabelle's attention. The blonde gasped when the other retreated momentarily, and groaned again when Rumpelstiltskin pushed against her body. She could feel the sorceress's breasts against hers, and one of the woman's hands wandered down her body and only stopped when it reached her bottom.

It became too much for Isabelle and she pushed the other female away, breathing hard. She could never have imagined kissing someone could feel like that. From the chuckle Rumpelstiltskin released, the blonde figured the other woman was just as surprised as she was.

"Well, well, who would have thought?" The sorceress released a breathy chuckle, and then straightened to her full height. Isabelle saw a deep lust in her eyes and couldn't help but shiver.

She had wanted to lose herself in the sorceress, but perhaps it might be a more dangerous task than she imagined.

Rumpelstiltskin turned on her feet and started walking towards the only chair in the room. Her clothes unraveled as she moved, falling down her body as leaves fall down from a tree. Isabelle couldn't stop her eyes from wandering the sorceress's body. The other female might not be as beautiful as she was, but Rumpelstiltskin possessed a curvaceous body and Isabelle was attracted to it.

The brunette sat down on the chair and spread her legs, giving Isabelle a glimpse of her core. She chuckled when the younger woman looked away. From the corner of her eyes, the blonde saw as the sorceress played with her own curls, her finger starting to move up and down over her slit.

“Come here.” Rumpelstiltskin ordered, her voice showing all of her lust.

Isabelle found herself moving towards the other woman even before she had finished speaking. She stopped pretending she wasn’t paying attention to Rumpelstiltskin’s motions, and just watched as the woman touched herself.

The brunette didn’t mind – it seemed to excite her even. The speed at which her hand moved over her sex increased, and she released a moan or two. Isabelle shot a look at the door, but obviously the sorceress had done something to make sure they wouldn’t be interrupted.

“Come here.” The sorceress repeated once again. It was less of an order and more of a plea, and Isabelle couldn’t deny her. She stepped closer even though her legs trembled, and Rumpelstiltskin smiled. “Kneel.”

The blonde froze momentarily before obeying. She knew what the brunette wanted, what the sorceress would ask of her, and Isabelle didn’t know if she wished to obey. Slowly, though, she let herself fall and didn’t stop the other woman from reaching out to her.

Rumpelstiltskin gripped Isabelle’s tresses and played with the golden hair, running her fingers through it before pulling.

The blonde let herself be pulled and leaned down. Isabelle shifted her legs, one against the other, hoping to get some friction on her core. She was surprised by how much she wanted to explore the other woman’s body, to run her fingers over Rumpelstiltskin’s flesh, to play with the woman’s breasts and sink her fingers into that willing body. Without any kind of reluctance, Isabelle reached forward and kissed the sorceress’s knees, trailing up afterwards.

She kissed Rumpelstiltskin’s upper legs, and then moved to her abdominals and the flesh between her breasts. When the brunette moaned, Isabelle shifted and closed her lips around one of the woman’s nipples, tasting her mounds. It was the first time the blonde did anything like it – she hadn’t even dreamt about touching a woman before – but now that she was doing it, Isabelle realized she liked it very much.

Rumpelstiltskin moaned as Isabelle’s lips and tongue pleased her nipple. She ran her hands through the other woman’s hair while it happened, directing the blonde to her other breast when she couldn’t wait anymore.

It was a different kind of lovemaking than the one on the day before. Rumpelstiltskin was a woman and, despite her lack of experience with sex, so was Isabelle. The blonde knew what felt good on her body, how she played with her pussy and breasts and how she imagined she would like other people to play with them. Now she was using those daydreams to pleasure Rumpelstiltskin. She understood not everything she wanted to try would excite the other woman, but Isabelle was certain that by navigating the brunette’s moans she would be capable of pleasing her.

“Don’t tease, little minx.” Rumpelstiltskin breathily put out, caressing Isabelle’s head before pushing her down. “I want to feel your tongue on my cunt.”

Isabelle hesitated, not quite knowing if she would be able to make Rumpelstiltskin enjoy that, but she couldn’t deny she wanted to try. The blonde wanted to taste the other woman, to play with the sorceress’s core and make her come.

When she reached the curls that preceded Rumpelstiltskin’s core, Isabelle hesitated. Then she breathed deeply in anticipation and the other woman’s scent found its way to her. Isabelle’s mouth salivated at the prospect in front of her, and she decided to hold nothing back. She explored the sorceress’s sex with her fingers, running them up and down the brunette’s slit, coating them in the wetness she found. From the woman’s answering cries she didn’t mind.

Isabelle’s excitement grew by leaps and bounds. Her motions gained speed, and she dared to go further. While most of her fingers played with Rumpelstiltskin’s slit, her thumb moved up and brushed against the sorceress’s clit. The other female jumped, and Isabelle repeated the motion.

The brunette moaned and moaned as Isabelle explored her folds. She tried to close her legs and trap the blonde’s hand against her sex, but then remembered that would only make it harder for the other woman to please her. Part of the witch marveled at Isabelle’s daring. The day before, the blonde played the part of a blushing virgin; now she was almost as adventurous as Rumpelstiltskin herself.

Without wasting any time, Isabelle pushed her indicator against the other woman’s opening. She marveled as the flesh parted under her touch and her finger sank into the other female’s body. She became even more amazed when the pussy seemed to draw her in. Isabelle looked up and saw that Rumpelstiltskin had her eyes closed, and that she was trying not to thrust against Isabelle’s motions.

For some reason, Isabelle really wanted to make the other woman lose control. Without having to be prompted, she leaned down and licked the woman’s clit, making the sorceress lurch. Rumpelstiltskin opened her mouth to say something, but Isabelle didn’t give her time. She started moving the finger she had inside the woman back and forth, quickly, gaining speed, and her mouth closed over the sorceress’s clit. Whatever message the brunette wanted to give her was forgotten in the pleasure she experienced.

The two lost themselves in each other. Isabelle in the taste and in the moans that Rumpelstiltskin released, and the sorceress in the pleasure the other woman gave her. Time had no meaning for them, nor did the thoughts of anything else. What mattered was that they kept going and reached the zenith of pleasure.

It didn’t take long. Isabelle started using a second finger, and then teased the entry of the third. That was enough to make Rumpelstiltskin come. The sorceress leaned forward in her orgasm and took hold of Isabelle’s arms, pulling the other woman against her and squishing their bodies together as her orgasm rocked their frames.

Isabelle marveled as she felt the other woman's come in her hands, and breathed deeply, wondering how it would feel to have the same thing she had done to Rumpelstiltskin done to her.

The sorceress breathed deeply and then released the blonde, chuckling for good measure. She looked at her companion and in her eyes there was a heat that couldn't be hidden. "Who would've thought?" She murmured, and then laughed softly.

Isabelle retreated, somewhat embarrassed now that the heat between them had abated, but the other woman's hands stopped her motion. Rumpelstiltskin smirked and her body rippled. When it stopped, the woman looked basically as she had before, the only difference was the addition of the cock she now sported between her thighs.

The blonde found her gaze drawn to it against her will, and she swallowed when it swelled to its full size. The sorceress chuckled in reply, and started running her hand over the rod, slowly pumping it up and down.

Isabelle looked at Rumpelstiltskin's face and the brunette smiled, then leaned forward and poised her lips against Isabelle's in a gentle kiss. It was a soft kiss, almost amorous, and the blonde came out of it breathing harder than if she had been running for her life.

Rumpelstiltskin's smile turned mischievous, maybe a little cruel, and she leaned forward once again, kissing Isabelle far harder. The blonde found herself kissing back desperately, ignoring her own lack of breath, and didn't resist when the sorceress started unlacing her clothes and baring her body.

Isabelle threw her head back and moaned when Rumpelstiltskin leaned down and closed her mouth around one of her nipples. The sorceress teased the other woman's breasts until she couldn't take it anymore, and only moved down when Isabelle begged her to. The blonde didn't quite know what she was asking for, though, and couldn't imagine the pleasure that would follow.

Rumpelstiltskin forced Isabelle to spread her legs, and then put her hands on the woman's buttocks to make sure the blonde would remain upright while she worked. Without mercy, she attacked the other woman's sex, licking and kissing it, then pressing her tongue against Isabelle's entrance and penetrating her.

The blonde moaned as she was devoured, unable to do anything else. Her legs trembled, and if not for Rumpelstiltskin's grip Isabelle would have fallen. With so much stimulation she couldn't last long, and obviously didn't. When the sorceress's tongue reached a little deeper inside of her, Isabelle came with a scream and gripped the other woman's hair in her hands. At the same time, she tried to shift one of her legs and put it atop of the other woman's shoulder, but their position became too unstable, and Isabelle was forced to put both feet on the ground and step back from the magic user.

Both were breathing hard, and Rumpelstiltskin let a smirk appear in her lips. "Enjoyed that?"

Isabelle turned her head away with embarrassment and missed the sorceress's next motion. Before she could comprehend what was happening, Rumpelstiltskin was pressed against her back, kissing her neck and shoulder-blades. The blonde moaned, and didn't resist when the other

woman pushed her down.

Rumpelstiltskin put Isabelle on her hands and knees, and then assumed her position behind the blonde. Isabelle knew what was coming and fear almost made her bolt, but she remembered what was at stake, and was sure that her partner would be able to make her enjoy it.

The sorceress started slow. She touched the blonde's sex and nether parts, caressing her gently, and then ran her hands over Isabelle's buttocks. She kept teasing Isabelle until she begged for more. Only then did Rumpelstiltskin take hold of her cock.

Isabelle jerked at the first touch of Rumpelstiltskin's heated flesh on her core. The woman's cock was hard and strangely smooth against her folds, and she couldn't help but think of how it would feel inside of her. A moment later she didn't have to wonder.

Rumpelstiltskin thrust, gently, and made the head of her cock take refuge within the other woman. The blonde moaned as her flesh was forced apart in a way it had never been before. Soon enough, the pleasure of the motions overwhelmed her, and she could only try to move back into the other woman's hips and increase the tempo of their movements.

The sorceress put her hands on Isabelle's waist and made sure to keep them moving steadily. She wouldn't let the blonde reach for more than she was able to hold and hurt herself. She knew quite well the best sex happened when both participants were enjoying themselves to the fullest.

They moved back and forth, Rumpelstiltskin reaching deeper and deeper into Isabelle's depths. Eventually, she came upon a barrier and they both froze. The sorceress's cock had hit Isabelle's maidenhead. The blonde regained some measure of control then, and realized that what would follow could not be taken back. She couldn't regret it later and hope it would go away. She also knew it was necessary, and without waiting for the sorceress to move, Isabelle thrust back and impaled herself in Rumpelstiltskin's cock.

The sorceress moaned at the pleasure, and started to move once again, gently. She knew only pleasure could wash away the pain that Isabelle now felt, and she would make sure the blonde enjoyed their lovemaking.

When the blonde started moving back, the sorceress sped up, moving faster than before until they were fucking each other with abandon. They both cared only for their immediate pleasure. Isabelle forgot about the king and the gold, about her dreams of being a queen and just focused on the cock within her pussy. Rumpelstiltskin behaved much the same, and the only thing dominating her thoughts was the need to come inside the blonde.

With their furious pace, it couldn't have taken long until they came. Isabelle was the first to reach her orgasm, but the sorceress immediately followed and they came screaming. Rumpelstiltskin's grip around the other female's waist increased to the point it became painful, when her cock jerked and released its seed, but Isabelle didn't mind. The blonde could only focus on the way her pussy wrapped itself around the hard rod, seemingly milking the other woman for all that she was worth.

They came down from their high after a couple of minutes, and then shifted their position until they were laying side-by-side. Isabelle didn't say anything, she didn't know quite what to say in that situation, and just let the

other woman hold her. Without meaning to, she closed her eyes and found herself drifting to sleep.

Epilogue

That first night was the first of many Isabelle spent with Rumpelstiltskin. Even after her marriage to the king, she and the sorceress met to have their trysts. Part of Isabelle almost felt guilty about betraying Stefan, but she soon realized the man was only interested on the gold he thought she could produce. Even the sex between them was stale, and Isabelle felt like a cold fish whenever she had to lay with him.

It was different with Rumpelstiltskin. No matter how much Isabelle wanted to refuse it, the brunette messed with her mind and emotions. She didn't want to let it happen, knowing the other female would leave her after she birthed her a child, but it was like sailing against the wind.

Much to Isabelle's surprise, they didn't stop making love after she discovered she was pregnant. Rumpelstiltskin assured Isabelle the child was hers, but neither of them spoke about what kept happening between them.

The brunette even started teaching Isabelle how to spin straw into gold. At first, the blonde didn't think she could succeed, but bit by bit she saw some progress. Some of the straw became metal, other times it gained a deeper color. That her lessons usually happened while she was naked in Rumpelstiltskin's lap certainly turned them a little more entertaining.

As the months went by, Isabelle's belly swelled with her and Rumpelstiltskin's child. For once, it seemed Stefan was able to show something that wasn't greed, and Isabelle felt a pang as she thought about what would happen when the child was born. Then she remembered what he had intended for her, how what was happening was his fault, and her pity disappeared.

Stefan turned her dream of being a queen into a nightmare. The days she spent on the palace were dull and boring, and the times he joined her in bed unpleasant. Only Rumpelstiltskin's presence kept her entertained, but the dreams Isabelle had about being a queen were completely tarnished by reality.

The day she gave birth to her child was the hardest of her life. The birth was painful, and the thought of what would happen afterwards was worse. Isabelle passed out shortly after her child was born and only woke up hours later, alone in her room. Someone had cleaned her up and put her in bed.

"You're safe." Rumpelstiltskin's voice soothed Isabelle's doubts and she settled down, only then remembering why the other woman was there. When she looked at the sorceress, she found the brunette holding their child.

From what Isabelle could see, her daughter was asleep in her other mother's arms. She drew a breath, raggedly, and extended her arms. For the first time she watched the sorceress hesitate. Eventually, Rumpelstiltskin moved forward and let Isabelle take hold of their child.

The blonde took one look at her daughter and understood what love truly was for the first time in her life. The child was a tiny thing, fragile and defenseless, and Isabelle wanted nothing else but to protect her. She would have given up her life for the child, and when she looked at Rumpelstiltskin she understood she might have to. "You can't take her."

The sorceress's countenance grew angry. "You don't want to renege a deal with me, Isabelle."

Isabelle hesitated, not because she lacked the courage to face the other woman, but because she knew she would lose if it came to that. "You can't force me to give up my daughter, Rumpelstiltskin, please." Her begging had no effect and Isabelle despaired as the other woman gestured and their daughter disappeared and reappeared in the sorceress's hands.

Rumpelstiltskin turned her back on Isabelle, and the blonde knew she would never again see any of the two if she let them leave.

"Take me with you."

The sorceress froze and turned to the blonde.

"Take me with you," Isabelle repeated, knowing she had the brunette's attention. "That won't go against our deal, will it? Please." She hated to beg, but would do anything to keep her child at her side.

"What use would I have for you?" Rumpelstiltskin asked, but her voice trembled as she spoke.

Isabelle laughed. "You can't fool me." She leaned forward and let the sheet slide down her body, revealing her torso. She became sure she would get what she wanted. "You like me, you like to be with me. There's nothing stopping you from taking me along."

The sorceress remained silent, simply looking at Isabelle.

The blonde crawled to her. "We can have more children together."

Rumpelstiltskin shuddered and looked away from the blonde. "Are you really going to be alright with giving up all of this?" She meant the position of queen and the power Isabelle had gained with her marriage.

The blonde looked at her child, love shining in her eyes. "Yes."

"Then so be it."

Isabelle laughed and moved forward to hug the other woman. Rumpelstiltskin turned and they held their daughter between them, smiling down at the child. Isabelle couldn't resist the temptation and kissed the sorceress, gently. It was perhaps the most innocent kiss of her life, the only one she gave without any intent behind it beyond the kiss itself.

When they parted, Isabelle looked down and realized she had made the right choice. It had taken her longer than other people, but she now understood money wasn't everything in life, and that love really played a part. Perhaps Rumpelstiltskin wasn't her best choice for a chance at love, but they would make the best out of it.

So long as she remained with her daughter everything would be alright.

The end.

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



HANSEL AND GRETEL

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Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales, Volume 13

by

Julie Law

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Hansel and Gretel

Chapter 1

Gretel gestured for her brother to advance, but he shook his head and made her go first. She almost complained, then decided it wasn't worth it and moved forward with her rapier in hand ready to skewer anything that tried to attack. Not that she was able to see much past a few steps in front of her, but that wasn't too strange when you were out in the woods in the middle of the night and fog decided to make an appearance.

Hansel was better on the rearguard nonetheless. His prowess with the wheellock was greater than Gretel's, and he used one in each hand, trying to cover every possible angle the witch might use to come at them.

A few more minutes of pointless searching managed to make Gretel's temper singe, and she turned to her brother, eyeing him. "You know this is all your fault, right?"

He raised an eyebrow at her. "How is it my fault exactly?"

"If you had shot her instead of eyeing her chest she wouldn't have been able to flee from us." Gretel's tone was annoyed and it raised in volume.

Hansel smirked. "In my defense it was a really nice chest, and you didn't do much to stop her either."

She growled at him, he shrugged, and then casually fired over her shoulder. She turned almost before the witch had time to screech in pain and advanced with her sword, thrusting at the witch's flank and drawing blood. Hansel shook his head: witches would always attack whenever they thought their opponents were distracted, and he and his sister had learned how to fool them a long time ago.

The witch screamed again, and moved back. She was huge, almost eight feet tall, and nude, though the short fur that covered her skin kept her modest.

She hadn't looked like that when Hansel and Gretel crossed her path earlier, but then she shed her human gaze and attacked them. Or perhaps she really was a pretty blonde who barely reached Hansel's shoulders and simply turned into a wolfwoman when needed - who knew with witches.

The witch looked from brother to sister, moving back, keeping them in her gaze, and then turned tail and fled once more. Gretel groaned, and Hansel sighed. "I hate it when they do that," He complained under his breath, and his sister shot him a look. "What? It's true."

Gretel scowled and followed the path the witch used to flee. "At least now we have a trail." He heard her mutter under her breath.

The siblings were physically similar to one another. Both were tall and fit, but with their lives as witch hunters that wasn't too strange. Both were fairly attractive: they had high cheekbones, and sharp shins; their eyes were a deep blue and their lips wide. Their smiles could light up a room should they want to, or make someone cower in fear, though Gretel used that smile far more often than her brother.

One of the few differences between them was their hair. Hansel's was a dark blond, almost brown, and he wore it short. Gretel's hair was light, almost golden, and she wore it to the middle of her back. Her brother complained often about it, and how a witch could use it against her if his sister wasn't careful, but Gretel never listened. To be fair, he rarely listened to her either.

Though tired they followed the witch's trail for hours, unwilling to let her escape. The several mutilated bodies they had found while searching for her had showed she didn't care for human life, and they wouldn't let her get away with it. Now that they had found her they wouldn't let her escape to kill another day, no matter how exhausted they were. It wouldn't be the first time they spent an entire night hunting something either.

The trail of blood became more pronounced, and they knew they were close. Their weapons were laced with a poison used against witches, even their bullets, and that would keep the witch from healing as quickly as her kind usually did. That would make her weak, and force her to stop eventually.

Gretel shook her head. If the witch wanted to defeat them she should have fought them hours ago. By now the poison was in her system and, while it might not be enough to kill her, it would weaken her in a fight. Granted, she and her brother were weaker now as well, tired, but she doubted the other female was unaffected by exhaustion.

The sun's light started to appear in the horizon, and the siblings glanced at each other. With dawn the witch would lose one of the few advantages she had over them, and the longer she waited to attack the worse it would go for her. They needed to be ready for an attack to come at any moment.

Rustling in the trees above them made them exchange looks, but they didn't glance up. It could be the wind, or it could be their target, and in that case they didn't want to alert her. It wasn't exactly easy to keep going while waiting for their enemy to drop on top of them, but it needed to be done.

With each second that passed they could see better as the darkness vanished bit by bit. It only took Gretel glancing at the horizon for the witch to attack. The wolfwoman thought the siblings distracted and dropped from one of the trees into Gretel's figure, only for the blonde to turn aside and raise her sword at the same time, managing to pierce the witch's side with the tip of it.

It wasn't a big wound but enough to make the witch scream in pain once more, screams that only increased in volume when Hansel shot her again, twice. He discarded his weapons right after, throwing them to the ground, and grabbed a couple of daggers, one in each hand.

The witch screeched in frustration and anger, clutching at her wounds and glaring at the siblings once more. Her figure was a wreck, her wounds were easily visible, and for a moment Gretel feared the other female would try to flee once more. Then the witch let her anger control her and advanced in Hansel's direction, judging him the lesser threat when he was armed with only a couple of daggers. Gretel almost smirked: the witch didn't know what she was going to face.

Hansel retreated a couple of steps, and the look in his face could be called scared, but then he smirked and with a quick twist of his wrist threw a dagger at the witch, forcing another cry of pain out of her mouth when it sank into her upper leg. She stilled and he advanced on her with the confidence of someone who couldn't be defeated, who *had never* been defeated.

The witch watched him come with a surprised expression. He didn't move fast, he didn't rush, and she couldn't understand why he risked facing her directly. She only really understood he was posturing to distract her when Gretel came from behind and pierced the back of one of her knees with her rapier, driving her to her knees.

The witch lashed out with her claws, trying to rake them down Gretel's body, but the blonde was far faster and got away without difficulty, and slipped away from the witch's range before being hit. Hansel used the opportunity to attack and slid his dagger down the witch's other arm, making her draw back almost immediately.

The wolfwoman looked from brother to sister, trying to keep them both in sight, but the siblings moved in turn, keeping the witch between them. Gretel made to attack and the witch turned in her direction, only to be forced to turn back to Hansel when the man approached. The two hunters eventually moved back, but they kept circling the witch, keeping her in sight.

Time was on their side. The new wounds in the witch's body weren't healing thanks to the poison they gave the other woman with every one of their attacks, and the witch was weakening. They knew it, and she knew it as well.

Gretel saw the precise moment the other woman realized there would be no escape. First her face dropped and her eyes started moving around almost desperately, looking for a way out only to find there was none. Then rage filled her gaze: rage at the world, rage at Gretel and Hansel, rage at everything. Then hate.

When the witch's eyes came to rest on her Gretel knew the other woman hated her as no one had ever hated her before. And with that hate came a desire to destroy, to rip her apart and make her suffer for everything she had ever done. Before Gretel could even try to brace herself the witch leaped towards her.

Gretel's sword being thrust through her chest barely slowed the transformed witch, and only the blonde's hand against her wolf's muzzle stopped her from sinking her teeth into Gretel's throat. The human struggled against the monster atop of her and would have lost, even with the wounds the other suffered and the poison running through her veins, if her brother didn't arrive at her side and pressed his dagger against the witch's throat, slicing it and making the witch's growls of rage become whines of pain.

The two held onto the witch as she struggled her last, Gretel wincing as the other's claws successfully raked down her sides, managing to wound her even through her leather armor. Eventually the witch's struggles ceased, and they pushed her aside. Gretel stayed where she was, breathing deeply and trying to clear some of the witch's blood that fell on her face, while Hansel

moved to make sure the witch was truly dead. Once he did so he breathed deeply and helped his sister move to her feet.

Gretel winced when she straightened, studying the wounds the witch inflicted on her and breathing harshly.

“Should we head back?” Hansel asked when he realized his sister was alright. Now that their task was finished he couldn’t ignore his tiredness anymore, and he just wanted to sleep, but the sooner they returned with the witch’s body the sooner they could leave the region.

Gretel winced again as she touched her side. “Later perhaps.” She met her brother’s eyes after a few moments, smiling tiredly. “I fear I need to dress this wound before anything, and we need to rest anyways.” One glance at the witch’s body had her frowning. “I suppose we only need her head to prove her death, and should do something about the body.”

Hansel frowned. “I’ll take care of that. I think I hear water, there must be some kind of stream around here. Go and clean yourself and dress your wounds. Then we’ll rest and set out.”

Gretel smiled at him and did as he said, and Hansel turned with a grimace to the witch’s body.

It took Gretel about ten minutes to find the stream, and then she sat down and started removing her armor. Even the act of unlacing the front of it pained her, but she did her best to ignore that pain. Slowly, she removed everything from her waist up and then cupped her hands in the water, bringing them up and releasing the liquid on her side. It stung, and she gritted her teeth and did it again and again, cleaning her wound, then pressing a bit of cloth against it.

She dressed it quickly enough, then relaxed for some moments, trying to regain her strength. After, she cleaned her hands and dressed herself once more, moving out in search of her brother. She found him where she left him.

Hansel was finishing the burial of the witch’s corpse. There was a burlap sack filled with what must have been her head resting against one of the trees, and Gretel looked away from it quickly enough. Witches needed to be killed – there was no doubt there – but Gretel hated the more squeaky parts of the job, and Hansel usually took care of them. In turn she would be the one to cook while on the wild. It wasn’t that she liked to cook all that much, but if she left it to Hansel they would starve in short order.

They finished together and found a place to spend the night, to rest before gathering themselves and returning to the village elder that hired them to stop the witch.

“Do you think we’ll ever stop?” Gretel asked later, laying atop of her bedroll, looking at the sun above through the trees. She sighed and closed her eyes.

“What do you mean?” Hansel asked.

She waved a hand at the forest around them. “I mean this. How long will we continue to hunt witches? When will we settle down and just relax?”

Hansel took a few moments to answer. He straightened and got to his feet, and then sat down beside Gretel. She felt him, and she knew he was there, but she didn’t want to open her eyes, she didn’t want to face him right

then. "You know what witches do and what they'll keep doing. You know what they did to us when we were little." Though his words might indicate he was angry, his tone was placid and unconcerned. "We've promised to stop them."

"We've stopped enough of them." Gretel's voice was so soft that Hansel wouldn't have heard it if he wasn't right beside her.

The blond looked down at his sister, pondering, then sighed. "If that's what you believe we'll do it. We'll stop and find a farm or an inn and spend the rest of our lives in boredom." Gretel opened her eyes and glanced at him, and he smiled down at her, prompting her to give him a small smile in turn. He sighed again. "Who knows? Maybe I'll grow to like it."

Chapter 2

“Are you certain about this?” Hansel’s voice was a little doubtful, and Gretel wasn’t able to meet his gaze, but she nodded.

“Yes. I know I said I wanted to get out, to stop living this life, but we need to do this.” Granted that the main reason why she wanted to help was the desperation she saw in Mikel’s eyes when he talked to them, but she would feel like a monster if she didn’t help.

After they killed the wolf witch they returned to the village of Oosterstadt to receive their prize. They did so without difficulty, but there was someone waiting for them, someone hoping to hire their services. Mikel was a man in his early thirties, broad shouldered and somewhat handsome, and if not for the despair and fear in his eyes Gretel would think him desirable. Unfortunately, he was desperate and begged them to help.

The town of Stockheim was being haunted by something that was kidnapping its people. Young men and women had disappeared, amongst them Mikel’s bride, which was why he was so desperate to get her back.

He begged and begged, and though Hansel was reluctant due to his promise to his sister, Gretel couldn’t resist the man’s plead and agreed to help.

“You know this won’t stop, right?” Hansel’s tone got a little lower, trying to be as comforting as possible. “People will always come to us for help if we don’t learn to say no to them, and we’ll always get dragged in.”

Gretel shook her head. “This is the last time. I can’t keep doing it, I want more. But I would feel really bad if I didn’t help him.” She nodded in Mikel’s direction.

Hansel looked at his sister’s face for some moments and then shrugged. “So long as you’re sure of it.”

Gretel nodded, though she tightened her hold on the horse’s reins at the same time. She wasn’t sure of anything.

After a few minutes, Mikel spurred his horse forward, gaining some distance on the siblings and stopping as they left the forest and entered a plain. “There,” The redheaded man pointed at a town beside a river on the distance. “Stockheim. Come, lets us arrive as early as we can.” Without another word the man spurred his horse even faster and rushed ahead, and the siblings exchanged looks before following him at a more sedate pace.

Hansel let his eyes move over the town as he approached. Stockheim was bigger than he expected, though he had heard of it before. The walls around the city were high and sturdy, and made entirely of stone which not all towns managed. The gate at the entrance of the city was a monstrosity of dark iron, and the guards beside its raised figure were alarmed and armed.

Eyes moved over him and his sister as they passed, but he detected a hint of relief in the men’s postures, and he realized they suspected who they were. Hansel nodded at one, and the man nodded back and gestured to one of the cobblestone streets in front of them.

Following the path, it didn't take long for the siblings to reach Mikel's side. The man was already on his feet, his horse nowhere in sight, and he was talking to an old man. He pointed out at Hansel and Gretel when they approached.

"Greetings." Gretel's voice was grave and understanding, knowing anything else would feel callous to people who were grieving, and the two in front of her were grieving even if no bodies had been found yet. Perhaps that had been part of the reason why she had accepted this last job, she knew how hard it was to see a loved one lose their life. "I'm Gretel and this is Hansel." She gestured with one hand at her brother.

The blond only nodded at the two men, starting to get down from his horse.

Mikel turned and called for someone. "Henrik, come here and take their horses, boy." A ten, eleven year old child came out from the door beside Mikel and moved to the siblings, grabbing the reins of Hansel's horse and then Gretel's when the woman descended. She smiled at him, and the child smiled back with a couple of gaps in his teeth before pulling the horses away.

Mikel stepped forward and gestured at the man beside him. "This is Olaf, the mayor of our town, and Irina's grandfather."

Irina was Mikel's bride, and the reason he had set out to acquire Hansel's and Gretel's services. That he had been allowed to do so when they were so expensive became clear. Gretel didn't care about any of that however, and smiled gently at the old man beside Mikel, reaching forward and grasping his hand when he offered it.

"I can't put into words how much your presence reassures me, hunters." Despite his age, Olaf's voice was strong, certain, and the look in his eyes showed no hesitation. He was a grieving man, but that didn't mean he would let grief destroy or slow him down, and he would do his best to find his granddaughter and stop whoever was behind the disappearances.

"We'll do our best to help." Hansel spoke out for the first time.

"I hope you can." Olaf replied, shaking his head afterwards and trying to center his thoughts. "Come inside my office," He gestured at the door from where Henrik had come out. "And I'll explain the situation as best as I can."

They did as he said. The mayor's office was simple, and not too big. Certainly it wasn't as grandstanding as some mayor's offices Gretel and Hansel had seen before, even though Stockheim seemed to be a very successful town. Or perhaps that explained the lack of opulence: maybe Olaf cared more about his town than his own comfort.

Hansel and Gretel sat on a couple of chairs in front of the mayor's desk, while Mikel remained standing by the door and the mayor took his place. The older man seemed to hesitate for a few moments, entwining his fingers and looking from one sibling to another, wondering how to start.

"There's not much I can tell you about what's happening. Truth is so far no one has seen anything suspicious, and if it had been one or two people disappearing we would probably believe they simply left, but now there's almost thirty people missing, and most of them had no reason to abandon

their lives like this.” Olaf’s voice broke slightly at the end, but he cleared his throat and seemed to regain his strength. “I know my granddaughter was ecstatic with her upcoming marriage and couldn’t stop talking about it. She wouldn’t flee.”

“No one has seen anything strange?” Hansel questioned, looking from Olaf to Mikel near the door and back again. “Signs of a struggle, anything?”

Both men shook their heads. “Nothing. Sometimes people disappear in the middle of the night and aren’t seen again. At times in the middle of the day: they say they’re going to do something and don’t come back. Irina was going to the market before disappearing, and no one has seen her again. I just know she never reached the stalls.”

The siblings exchanged looks, wondering.

“I don’t know what is going on, and I won’t pretend I do.” Olaf started after seeing their silent communication. “But my granddaughter is gone as are many other young people of this town, and everyone is panicked. I have people that are barricading themselves inside their homes with fear of their loved ones disappearing, and the terror hovering over the town is suffocating.”

Hansel shrugged. “You’re not giving us much to work with here.” He met the mayor’s eyes and tried to reassure him. “But we’ll do our best to solve the situation.”

“Do you,” Mikel started then cleared his throat and tried to regain his courage. “Do you think those that disappeared are alive?”

Gretel pursed her lips and resisted the urge to look at her brother before answering. “They might, and they might not. I couldn’t possibly tell you that with certainty, so let’s hope for the best.”

Mikel nodded, but her words didn’t reassure him all that much.

Olaf’s head dropped for some moments, but then he seemed to regain his confidence and looked up, meeting the sibling’s gazes. “Let’s hope so. Mikel will bring you to the captain of the guard, Erik, and he’ll be at your disposition. Whatever you need for the investigation he’ll provide. We just ask that you find whoever is causing the disappearances and get rid of them.”

The siblings nodded at the old mayor, and got to their feet, following after Mikel. The redhead took them through the small cobblestone streets, further into the center of town, and the siblings had to ignore most of the looks the people that passed graced them with. They were afraid, and if Mikel wasn’t with them something might have happened. As it was, some seemed to have an idea of who they were, and the almost gratefulness Gretel saw in their eyes bothered her.

There weren’t as many people around as one would expect from a town of Stockheim’s size, but fear of disappearing would keep most hidden away in their homes. Gretel was so distracted thinking about it that her brother’s hand on her shoulder almost made her jump.

“You ok?” He asked and she nodded, trying to reassure her galloping heart. “What do you think about this?”

It took her a while to realize he meant the disappearances. “It’s not good.” Her voice got a little lower as she thought about it, and they let Mikel

gain some distance between them before continuing. "Making people disappear like that is hard. Either whatever attacked them did so without anyone managing to put up a struggle, or they made sure there wouldn't be a struggle."

That would be worse, and Hansel knew it. He sighed. "I doubt it's the first, not with this many people vanishing."

"But if those disappearing aren't making a struggle it's because they're enthralled and that means a witch, a powerful one." Gretel finished for him and then shook her head. "We couldn't have an easy hunt at the end, uh?"

Hansel nodded absently. "What do you think the witch wants with the people she captured?" He seemed to think of something and shuddered. "If she's using them as sacrifices we might be in trouble. Who knows what she could summon with the energy of that many lives."

Gretel swallowed. She could only hope that wasn't it. "I hope not, though we can never be too sure. I don't think a witch this powerful would be stupid enough to summon something too dangerous or she might end up being eaten by it. She's probably using the people for something else."

"But what, exactly?" Hansel questioned, though it was more rhetorical than anything. Gretel shrugged. The two sped up and caught up to Mikel, who was so distracted that he didn't even notice they had stayed behind.

It didn't take them long to arrive at the guard's barracks. Mikel talked with the guard at the entrance and then gestured for them to come. They followed in and the guard came with them, leading them into an office at the back of the barracks.

Mikel knocked at the wooden door. "Erik. I've brought the hunters with me." The man inside the room ordered them in and Mikel opened the door without delay, once more gesturing for Hansel and Gretel to follow.

Gretel almost stopped in surprise when she entered, looking from Erik to Mikel and back again. They looked like one another, far too similar for it to be a coincidence. Mikel saw her gaze and smiled sadly. "Erik is my older brother." He whispered under his breath, and she nodded.

Erik's gaze couldn't be more different from his brother's. He seemed cold, and he certainly didn't want them there. Gretel could understand that. It wouldn't be the first time she and her brother had problems with the guard. Most guardsmen didn't like relying on others to keep their people safe, and witches were certainly something most town guards were unable to keep their people safe from.

"I'm going to be honest with you." Hansel and Gretel exchanged glances. Rarely something good followed those words. "I was against hiring you to investigate this problem, I thought it unnecessary." He paused and breathed deeply, and glanced once at his younger brother. "But I know when I'm out of my depth, and what matters is getting our people back without deaths."

"Do you believe your people are alive?" Hansel's words made the other men uncomfortable, and they exchanged glances once more. Gretel's brother saw it and smiled, gently, trying to appear innocuous. "Don't take me wrong, I can't say one way or the other yet, I just want to know if there's anything you've found that might indicate they're still alive."

Erik pursed his lips. "Not exactly, but you could call it a gut feeling." He shook his head and tried to explain. "It doesn't make sense to go to all this trouble to get our people out of town simply to kill them. Why not kill them in place, if that was the objective of whoever is behind this? Why go to all the trouble and theatrics?"

"Theatrics?"

The guard's captain looked at the female hunter. "What would you call how these kidnappings have been done? Someone is trying to spread fear and misery around, at least that's what I believe."

Hansel and Gretel exchanged looks once more. He might not be wrong. From what they've heard the cause behind the disappearances was probably a witch of some kind, and certainly most of these would be all too happy to create chaos and anarchy around them. It helped with some spells, eased the summoning of some beings, and if the witch was truly intending on casting some dangerous dark spell it would help. Dark called to dark, and there were few emotions darker than fear, grief and despair.

"That could be true." Hansel admitted. They didn't need to work against the other man, not if he was truly willing to help. "There are some spells that can be enhanced by an ambient of dark emotions. It might mean we're seeing the work of a witch."

The captain's hands tightened slightly into fists before he could control himself. "Are you sure?"

Hansel shrugged. "We can never be truly certain about anything of the dark, but from what we've seen so far we would probably bet it's a witch of some kind." Gretel nodded beside him, and the man in front of them seemed to breathe a little harder. Hansel smiled when he saw how nervous the other man was. "Witches are some of the most powerful dark creatures around because they're so varied. They aren't like vampires or orcs who behave mostly the same and have the same abilities."

"Witches can be very different from one another, both in behavior and abilities." Gretel continued from where her brother stopped, making sure the men in front of them understood the danger, and just how hard it might be to defeat their foe if a witch was indeed behind the disappearances.

"Before we came here we fought a witch that could turn into a wolf monster, kind of like a werewolf but weaker. We didn't have much trouble defeating that one, but it isn't always that easy."

The captain nodded. "I can't say I understand much of the business of killing witches, but I'm aware of how dangerous they can be. I'm not going to underestimate any of them. If one is behind the disappearances we'll let you take command, and me and my men will do everything to help you." He met Gretel's gaze, then Hansel's. "I want whoever is behind this found and killed. I want to save our people and bring my brother's bride back – you can be sure of it."

"Good." Hansel's tone was satisfied, and Gretel almost shot him a look. "Then we'll need to talk with the families of the missing, try to find out if they were acting strange before their disappearances."

"Already done, but you can talk to them again if you like. None noticed anything out of the ordinary going on, their relatives simply vanished."

“No signs of struggle, no indication where they were taken to?” Gretel asked.

The captain shrugged. “No signs of struggle, no, but we found a suspicious amount of tracks directed towards the forest. We combed the place though and didn’t find anything out of the ordinary, so that could be nothing. I fear that if there’s something there we won’t find it easily.”

“We might take a look, but perhaps it’s better to exhaust all the possibilities inside the town. We wouldn’t gain anything by losing time searching the wrong place.”

The captain nodded at Hansel’s words. “You’re the expert. If you want I can lead you to some of the homes of the missing persons and you can talk to their relatives.”

Hansel and Gretel looked at one another. “Very well. We should also talk to the people who arrived in town just before the disappearances started.”

Erik winced at that, rising from his seat slowly. “That might not be as easy as it sounds. Stockholm isn’t exactly small and people arrive every day. We’ll do our best though.”

The next hours were spent talking to the relatives of those who disappeared and some of the people that arrived at the city. Gretel wasn’t expecting to find anything that would solve their case immediately, but the lack of any useful information was still disheartening. No one had seen or heard anything, none of the people who arrived in town at the time were in any way suspicious.

It was irritating and aggravating, but she calmed herself down. It wouldn’t be the first time they had to spend weeks investigating something, and unless something changed quickly it would take a long time to solve the entire issue.

That night, after an entire day of walking around and interrogating people, Hansel and Gretel retreated to the inn where they would spend their time in Stockholm. It was a cozy place, and the warmth as they entered was the first thing the blonde noticed. With one look at her side she saw her brother closing his eyes and enjoying the warmth as well. Winter was almost upon them, and soon the horizon would be filled with snow in every direction. The nights were already cold.

There were plenty of people inside the inn, drinking and talking loudly, and Hansel and Gretel exchanged looks. Most people seemed afraid to venter out of their homes, but the inn was full. Mikel smiled when Gretel asked him about it.

“We can be a stubborn lot,” He answered. “Most of us know we would be safer at home, but don’t want to appear afraid or weak. It’s stupid, but reassuring somewhat.”

Gretel couldn’t see exactly what was reassuring about risking your life for a pint of mead, but she didn’t say anything. It wasn’t her place. If someone wanted to risk their lives simply to get drunk they could.

The siblings got a room from the innkeeper and put their things away, moving down and finding a table afterwards, wanting to relax a little. At the corner of the room a drunken bard was trying to play a lute but he failed

more often than not though the act itself was amusing in some way. Men and women drank, others laughed at bawdy jokes, some let their tempers get the better of them and fights almost broke out.

All in all, it was something Gretel had seen before in plenty of taverns and inns, and for one moment she almost forgot the city was being besieged by some creature that preyed on its inhabitants.

A barmaid reached their table, and Gretel's thoughts fled her mind. She had seen her fair share of beauties in her life: her brother and she had saved princesses and queens before, as well as noble and warrior women. Even some of the witches she had fought could honestly be called beautiful, though most had some tint of something monstrous in their figure. The redhead that smiled down at her and her brother was more striking than any of them.

She was tall and long haired, with a mane of curls falling down her figure. The color of her hair was that of blood, a deep red that almost seemed something darker at times. Her face was heart shaped, with high cheekbones and a small chin. Her lips were a lighter red than her hair, almost pink, and full. They turned upwards into a smirk at the gazes from the siblings.

Gretel looked down, and had to pay attention to the barmaid's body. There was no way she could deny the other woman was curvaceous, not when the redhead's breasts were barely constrained by her corset. The female hunter spent an inordinate amount of time gazing at that area before realizing what she was doing and looking away.

"What can I do for you, handsome?" The barmaid asked Hansel, then turned her gaze to Gretel. "Beautiful?"

Hansel smirked and opened his mouth, and Gretel had to resist the temptation to reach out and slap him in the back of his head. He always flirted with every woman who paid him even the slightest bit of attention, and most of the times Gretel didn't care about it, but it irritated her now. They had just arrived and their task wouldn't be easy; why couldn't Hansel behave like his age would suggest?

"There are so many things you can do for me I don't believe I can name them all." Hansel's voice was smooth, suave, but his words didn't quite have the effect he wanted. The barmaid's lips twitched in something like amusement, and she leaned over their table, giving them a glimpse of her cleavage.

Gretel would forever deny it attracted her attention. Hansel wouldn't be able to however. He eyed the barmaid's chest and his eyes grew wide, and then the redhead laughed, loudly, her chest heaving, and she leaned back, leaving a couple of blushing siblings behind.

Despite her embarrassment, Gretel knew her brother was feeling worse than she did, and decided to get back at him. "I'm sorry for my brother," Gretel started, and she didn't even notice that her voice had gained an edge of softness that was particularly rare, sounding almost like Hansel's voice before. "Sometimes he can't keep it in his pants."

Hansel shot her a betrayed look, but the barmaid laughed again, amused, and the smile she gave Gretel made her smile in turn. "It's nothing

I'm unused to, beautiful." Those words were followed by a smirk that made Gretel shift in place, and cough to clear her throat.

"What can we call you?"

"I'm Katya." The redhead smiled at Gretel once more, and then sighed, seemingly remembering her task. "What can I get the two of you?"

They ended up following most of the other patrons and drank mead, and then let the sounds of revelry around the room wash over them. Gretel barely paid attention to the other patrons. She couldn't help but follow Katya through the room with her eyes, always paying attention to what the barmaid was doing. More than once the redhead caught her, but she would only smile as Gretel turned her head away as if she hadn't been staring.

Eventually time went on and the siblings got to their feet and returned to their room, but not before Gretel exchanged a last glance with Katya.

Chapter 3

The following week didn't bring anything to solve their mystery despite another person disappearing in the meanwhile. A young man who had barely arrived in town, but who was fit and somewhat handsome. That was perhaps the only common link between those who disappeared: they were all healthy, and beautiful. Hansel and Gretel didn't know why that mattered to the witch, what benefit she could get from it, but it was a clue.

It made Gretel fear for Katya. She knew her brother was also worried about the barmaid, but his interest on the redhead was not as broad as Gretel's. She didn't know why the sight of the other woman affected her so, and why she felt so shy around her. It irritated her, and her state of mind wasn't helped by the lack of progress they were facing in their investigations.

They had no suspects, and no clear motive either. People disappeared from all over town, and they couldn't find why they were chosen besides their physical characteristics. It was maddening in a way.

"I fear we don't have a choice but to try the forest once more." Hansel said at the end of the seventh day since they were in town when the siblings met with Erik and his guards. "There's nothing to be found here or that we'll be able to find if we continue as we have so far."

Erik nodded slightly. "I have to agree. If we continue like this we might not find our people before something permanent happens." His tone of voice let Gretel understand he feared it was already too late for that, but hoped it wasn't.

She sighed and closed her eyes, and when she opened them again she was resolute. "Then warn your men, tell them to prepare and tomorrow at dawn we'll set out for the woods."

They nodded and the siblings returned to the inn, worried about what the next day would bring them. Gretel exchanged a smile with Katya before moving to her room, but it wasn't as lively as it used to be.

Later that night she was alone in her room when someone knocked at the door. With a furrowed brow, and picking up one of her brother's daggers on the way, Gretel moved to the door and opened it. Katya's visage almost made her drop her weapon: the redhead smiled at her, brightly, and showed a bottle of mead and a pair of cups. Gretel swallowed without even thinking about it.

"Aren't you supposed to be serving the tables?" The blonde asked as she moved aside and silently gave Katya entrance into the room.

The redhead shrugged, sending curls flying around her figure. Her smirk was positively devious. "Maybe, but no one will blame me for slipping out for a few minutes to visit my favorite guest."

"Your favorite?" Gretel smiled somewhat arrogantly, but then her brother had been flirting with Katya since the day they arrived in town, trying to get into her pants, and he hadn't succeeded. She didn't know why, but that made her feel better, especially when Katya clearly showed she preferred her company.

Katya just nodded, then moved and sat on Gretel's bed, starting to pour mead into the cups. She offered one to Gretel who drank a bit, finding herself uncommonly thirsty.

The two talked for what felt like hours to the blonde, but ended up being perhaps half-an-hour or less. She couldn't help herself when she was with Katya. Her eyes stubbornly roved over the other woman's figure, and she loved to hear the redhead's voice. She wanted to know everything there was to know about the other woman, but in the end she was the one who ended up divulging her past.

Gretel told Katya things she had never told anyone before, some not even to her brother, and she couldn't explain why. It wasn't the mead – she hadn't drunk enough of it to loosen her tongue quite so much – it was something about Katya herself. There was something about her that seemed to reassure Gretel, and she felt safe. So safe she even told the other woman about her mother and how she died, and about how she and Hansel were raised by a witch who intended to kill them in time and eat them.

They ended up killing that witch, and what they learned under her tutelage made them effective hunters, but she had never told anyone about it before.

Katya heard her tale with a marveled gaze and did her best to comfort Gretel when it was needed, putting one arm around Gretel's shoulder, reassuring her and convincing the blonde to reveal more and more of her life.

"That doesn't matter any longer," Gretel said eventually, once she had gotten rid of the weight in her heart. It felt freeing to let go of the many fears and doubts she still held in her chest. She turned to Katya and smiled, gaining a smile in turn. "Thank you for this."

Katya shrugged, and Gretel couldn't help the glimpse she threw at the other woman's cleavage. "I'm here for you whenever you need it."

"That might not last much longer." She didn't mean to say it quite like that, and rushed to explain when Katya tilted her head. "Tomorrow we'll set out to the forest and hopefully find whoever's behind the kidnappings. If it works we won't spend much longer in town."

"Interesting." There was something almost dark in Katya's tone, but when Gretel met her eyes she didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

They talked for a little while longer, but then Katya said her goodbyes. She needed to return to her job, and Gretel needed to rest for the next day. Shortly after Katya left the room Hansel returned, and the siblings laid down to sleep.

They were woken sometime before dawn by an excited guard telling them that one of the missing persons had returned. The siblings exchanged glances, dressed themselves and followed the guard all the way to the barracks. Erik was already waiting for them, and he gestured for them to follow.

"Irina is back," He started with something that could only be called relief. His little brother's bride was back. "She doesn't remember much and she wasn't exactly coherent when I left her, but I hope she'll improve with a little rest."

They found her asleep with her head atop of Erik's desk, and they decided to let her rest. Mikel appeared and took his bride home, and the ones left behind plotted together.

"Do we comb through the forest or not?" Erik asked the siblings, letting them make the decision.

Hansel and Gretel exchanged glances. "We should leave it for tomorrow at least. Let's see if Irina has anything to say about what happened. Disorientation is normal when someone is freed from being enthralled."

What none of them talked about was how convenient it was that someone escaped just as they were about to search the woods. It was as if the witch knew what they were going to do and decided to anticipate them. Neither of the siblings said anything about it to Erik. The man didn't wonder about the timing, but they feared someone on the guard was working with the witch, and suddenly they didn't know who to trust.

They waited until later that day, knowing they couldn't completely believe in whatever Irina would tell them, and that the woman might still remain under the witch's control.

"I don't know what caught me," Irina told them that afternoon. The woman was seated in her bed with her covers pulled as far up as they would go. She looked from Mikel to her grandfather and then to Hansel and Gretel. "And I don't remember how I was taken out of the city, but I was held in the woods."

Erik, Hansel and Gretel exchanged looks then prompted the young woman to continue and she did so with some difficulty.

"I spent my days as if in a daze, and I don't remember much of what followed, but in the middle of the night I woke up as myself and I had to escape. So I did. I could barely think, and I was exhausted, but I walked and walked until I reached the gates, and then the guards saved me."

Gretel pursed her lips. She couldn't find a hole in the story, and what Irina described was what someone who had just broken a witch's thrall would feel, but she still believed the entire situation too convenient. A glance exchanged with her brother showed Hansel thought just like her.

Still, they had an opportunity there. Even if Irina was a trap it meant they must have been inconveniencing the witch in some way for her to act differently. They could always spring the trap and see where that took them. It wouldn't be the safest path, but they had done it successfully before.

"Do you think you would be able to take us back to where you were captive?" Hansel's voice made everyone turn to him. Irina's grandfather grew angry at the hunter, and Mikel wasn't far behind. Gretel saw as Erik grimaced but didn't say anything. He understood where her brother was coming from, and how they might be able to save those who disappeared if Irina could lead them to the location.

"I can." Irina's soft voice broke the tension and her grandfather, and promised, turned to her, but she didn't pay them much attention. Her gaze seemed lost far away, and then she shuddered and looked directly into Hansel's eyes. "I'll lead you to *her*."

Those words, more than anything, convinced Gretel Irina was still enthralled. There was a sliver of awe when she talked about the witch that was unnatural. Hansel looked her way and Gretel nodded. It was a trap, and they were going to spring it.

They tried to get more information out of Irina, but soon stopped and let her rest. When the siblings started to move out they gestured for Erik to come with them. "Irina might not be aware of it, but this can be a trap. The witch might have released her to force us to go to her." Gretel didn't say anything about how she believed Irina was still under the witch's control: Erik was Irina's friend, and more often than not friends reacted badly to accusations like those.

He cursed, and then nodded in understanding. "I'll tell my men to be ready for anything, and I'll bring as many of them as I can."

Gretel smiled and Hansel nodded, and then they turned on their feet and left. "We'll have to get ready ourselves, won't we?" Hansel's voice was completely relaxed and for a moment Gretel almost shook her head. She wasn't looking forward to the fight, but he almost seemed to.

They spent the next hours making their preparations, being careful not to let anyone see just how worried they really were. More than ever they were sure the witch had spies in town, or at least a way to acquire information she shouldn't possess, and they wouldn't take any unnecessary risk.

Eventually the day passed, and night fell over Stockheim.

"Look at what the weather dragged in." Gretel momentarily glared at Katya for the pun, but the redhead only chuckled, letting her eyes move over both hunters.

It annoyed Gretel. She didn't mind Katya eyeing her like that one bit, but she hated how the other woman would then gaze at her brother. She wanted to be the only one Katya watched and appreciated, and though part of her knew why she refused to acknowledge it.

"Milady." Hansel's tone turned soft and his eyes brightened at Katya's presence, and Gretel had to look away. She wanted to hit him, and yet this was something he had done a thousand times before with plenty of women. Why should it bother her?

Katya just smiled as Hansel grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips, and then smirked in Gretel's direction. That made the blonde scoff and walk past the other two, and she didn't look back when Hansel called for her. She was tired and hungry and irritated, and for the moment she just wanted to be alone.

Gretel went to the room she shared with her brother and laid down on the bed for a bit, poising her weapons beside her on the floor and trying to relax. She must have slept for a while because when she noticed night had fallen completely, and she got to her feet, intending to take a bath.

She searched for Katya but didn't find her and asked one of the other barmaids to heat some water, then relaxed into the tub and closed her eyes, letting the warmth of the water ease away the aches in her body, letting it wash her worries away. Gretel left the tub with a smile in her lips, and cleaned herself with a towel. When she finished she picked up her clothes

and dressed herself, and then started on the trek back to her bedroom.

It was as she was passing by Katya's room that she heard it: a giggle, and then a rough voice. Before Gretel could move away the door opened and her brother and Katya stumbled out of it, their arms around one another. She froze, and then had to swallow past a sudden knot in her throat, trying to make her legs move, trying to move away before they saw her, but it was not to be.

Katya was the first one to notice her presence. She leaned back from Hansel with a guilty look. It was enough to break the hold the situation had on Gretel and she started walking without another word, ignoring the murmuring and calls from the two behind her. Once she was out of their sight she sped up and ran to her bed and laid down, pulling the covers as high up as they could go, hiding herself from the world. Safe in her fortress of cloth, Gretel let the tears she tried to hold back run down her face and wept.

She fell asleep in short order.

Chapter 4

“Are you going to give me the silent treatment the entire day?”

Gretel ignored her brother’s voice and kept moving, looking one way and the other, trying to keep as much of the forest in sight as she could. She was pissed, furious, and yet she couldn’t admit why that was, not even to herself. It wasn’t the first time she had caught Hansel with a woman, and in some of the previous times it had been in worse situations – like walking in on him when he was between a woman’s legs.

It hadn’t been with Katya though. One of her eyes stubbornly ached and Gretel rubbed her fist against it, refusing to admit she almost let a tear fall once again. She started moving faster, unwilling to let Hansel see her reaction.

He released his breath in a loud sigh but said nothing and just followed, one hand on top of a wheellock pistol ready for trouble.

Gretel could barely understand herself either. She barely knew Katya, so why should she be so pissed that Hansel involved himself with the redhead? Why was she so hurt? Was it that she wanted to be the one with the barmaid? She shook her head, barely able to believe it. Erik’s words cut through her thoughts.

“Irina says we’re close.” The captain was standing beside the young woman, one arm around her shoulders, trying to both support her and keep her upright. Irina’s eyes moved around in a rush, and she seemed disoriented, but Erik’s grip steadied her.

Hansel and Gretel exchanged looks, their previous animosity forgotten momentarily. They needed to be careful: whatever the witch intended to do would soon come. They weren’t the only ones feeling a sudden rise of tension. The guards that came with them also started looking around, fear coloring their motions, trying to see if the witch was close.

There was nothing out of the ordinary near, and they all looked once more to Irina. She simply nodded forward, silently telling them where to go. Hansel grabbed a wheellock in each hand and took point, advancing in front of the others. Erik picked a wheellock as well, and a couple of guards had muskets with them, but the rest had brought spears and swords and that was what they used.

Gretel took her rapier out of its sheathe and breathed deeply, trying to prepare herself for what would come. Nothing could have done so.

Bodies started appearing from the woods, and in the dim lighting she almost believed them to be zombies at first, but then one of the guard spoke out. “That’s Rory, and that’s Nyssa.” The people that were coming out of the woods were alive, but they weren’t acting of their own volition. Gretel could see it in their blank eyes, and in how they moved. The witch was controlling all of them at once, and for the first time Gretel realized it might not be a fight they could win.

Against their people, especially once they realized they were still alive, the guards didn’t dare attack, but that ended up playing into the witch’s

hands. "We need to do something." Gretel spoke out loud to everyone on her side. Ever since they recognized the ones coming at them as the missing people they started retreating, but they were still catching up.

"But what? We can't just attack our own people." Erik protested.

Gretel was about to remind him that his people didn't seem to mind hurting him, but she was too late. In a move that no one was expecting, Irina reached out and grabbed a knife from the belt around Erik's waist and then thrust it into his belly.

The stillness that fell over the group for a moment didn't last. One of the guards almost advanced on Irina, even as Erik fell to the ground and tried to crawl away, but another guard stopped him, and a sudden shiver crawled up Gretel's spine. That sense of wrongness just increased as other guards turned on their companions and friends and attacked them, and Gretel realized they couldn't win. Not then. The witch's trap was too well thought out, and she could only trust her brother.

Fortunately, the witch's thralls seemed to be trying to incapacitate the guards instead of killing them outright. When one came for Gretel she thrust her rapier through one of his arms, forcing him to drop his weapon, and then kicked him between his legs. It wasn't something honorable, but it would keep him down for a bit.

"We need to escape." She talked to Hansel, who was looking at the fight around them in confusion. She grabbed his shoulder and shook him. "Follow me, we need to go."

She turned and started running deeper into the forest, and after a bit Hansel followed after her. They ran and ran, for minutes, and Gretel only stopped when the sounds of fighting had vanished completely. She was breathing hard with her hands braced on her knees when she heard a sound coming from her brother's direction.

A glance at Hansel showed him coughing, and then clenching his hands as hard as he could, and Gretel went to him. She wasn't expecting the punch he gave her when she reached near, and she fell, realizing at once what happened and trying to protect herself, but it was not to be. With her on the ground Hansel had no trouble up following his attack and he kicked her, again and again, until Gretel felt something break in her arm and screamed. The last thing she remembered before losing consciousness was the hit to the back of her head.

She didn't know how much time had passed when she woke. She found herself on a bed of leaves in what seemed to be a cavern illuminated by torches, and she looked around, trying to seek out her brother or the one who controlled him, but she found nothing.

A moment later she touched her arm where Hansel had broken it, but found nothing out of the ordinary. It didn't pain her, and she wasn't hurt, and she wondered if she hadn't imagined the whole ordeal. Then she looked around and knew she hadn't.

"I healed you." Katya's voice sent a shiver racing down Gretel's back as the woman appeared from the shadows. Somehow she wasn't surprised at seeing the redhead, not after realizing the witch had gotten to her brother. Sex was something many witches used to get close to their targets, and

Gretel supposed she was lucky enough to have avoided that fate with the redhead. "I need you healthy for my plans to succeed."

"And what plans are those?" Gretel kept her voice soft, unworried. She was unarmed, and there was no way she could defeat a witch as powerful as Katya without a weapon of some kind, but she was still alive and in control of herself, which meant the other woman needed her for something.

She would have a chance to get back at her.

"Aren't you surprised about who I am?" The redhead seemed genuinely curious, but Gretel didn't care. She just shrugged and let Katya come up with her own justifications for her lack of surprise.

With a little bit of luck she might even make the other woman believe she knew who she was all along and this was some kind of trap. Only not really. Not when Katya had control of Hansel.

"Well then, I'm not going to waste any time." Katya's lips stretched into a smirk and part of Gretel wanted to shrink back. Before, when she looked at Katya, the redhead invoked a sense of peace in her, made her want to smile and laugh and be happy. Now she made her shiver in something like fear and she hated it. "I have a proposition for you, beautiful, and if you accept I'll release the people I captured. Your brother included, of course, and all of those that came with you to the forest."

"And why would you need my cooperation?" Gretel had a pretty good idea why, but she wanted to make sure. There were certain spells that could only be cast with the target's approval, or they would do nothing. "Why not control my mind and force me to do whatever you want?"

Katya shrugged. "Call me old fashioned but I prefer to get someone willing into my bed."

Gretel just blinked. "What?" Then she processed the words. "Are you mad? I'll never sleep with you."

"Are you certain?" The redhead leaned forward, and Gretel hated how her eyes moved of their own volition to gaze at the cleavage displayed. She fumed a little when she was caught, and her cheeks pinked, but she did her best not to let Katya's smirk bother her. "Because I've seen how you watch me, and I recognized the jealousy in your face when you saw your brother come out of my room. You can't lie to me, beautiful."

"Whatever interest I felt for you vanished the moment I found out you were a witch."

"So, about two minutes ago?" Katya leaned forward once more with a smile, and Gretel found herself scooting back in her bed of leaves. The redhead's smile widened and she moved forward, kneeling next to the blonde.

Gretel wanted to lash out at the other woman, kick her away, put her hands around Katya's throat and squeeze until the woman couldn't breathe any longer, but she doubted she would succeed. Most witches were behind the ability of a normal human to defeat, and though she had a lot of experience hunting witches she had always had her brother's presence at her side and her trusty weapon.

The redhead reached with her hand, quicker than Gretel imagined possible, and poised it against the blonde's cheek. Gretel's eyes grew wide

and then she stilled completely, starting to understand just how out of her depth she really was.

“Do you know why I’ve come to this place?” Katya started softly, tilting her head one way or the other as she talked to Gretel. Suddenly her mannerisms were off, inhuman, and whatever shred of normality she clung to disappeared. The one in front of her would have never been able to fool Gretel, but it seemed Katya was a great actor when she wanted to. “I want a progeny. I’m old, little Gretel, I’ve seen centuries pass by me, and I’m tired. I want to rest.”

Something like hope started shining in Gretel’s eyes, but the other woman chuckled and made sure to quell it quickly.

“I’m not suicidal, girl. I’m thinking of doing like the bears in winter and sleep a long sleep, let more centuries pass by me and awaken in a new era.” Her touch became firm, harder, and her smirk was devious. “But I want to leave something of myself behind. There should be someone to remember my name, an heir of sorts. I want you to be its mother.”

“You’re mad.” Gretel said through gritted teeth, unable to look away from Katya’s eyes. They were changing in front of her, becoming slightly bigger, sharper somehow, and turning a golden yellow.

“My state of mind in nothing influences this decision. And I’m not mad, just evil.” Katya pressed a kiss against Gretel’s cheek, making the blonde scramble back, at least until she hit the cavern’s wall and couldn’t flee anymore. “It’s not that great of a sacrifice, is it? You’ve desired me from the moment you’ve seen me.”

“You can go fuck...” Gretel’s words caught in her throat because in that moment her brother appeared and stepped forward, stopping close to them. His eyes were blank, and he had her rapier in hand. Before she could do anything, Katya had gotten to her feet and stopped beside him, picking up Gretel’s weapon.

“I can what?” The point of Gretel’s rapier stopped at various points over her brother’s body, and she trembled. The threat implicit on the motion was clear, and Gretel shut up. Katya smiled. “I’m being very generous with my proposition, beautiful. You accept my proposal and I’ll be able to cast a fertility spell on you that will guarantee you’ll get pregnant.” As she said it, Katya snapped her fingers and Hansel stepped back, poising his hands against her body and starting to unlace her dress.

Gretel didn’t say anything, but she couldn’t stop herself from following the reveal of Katya’s curves, marveling at how soft the witch’s skin seemed. She looked away when she realized she was doing it, and only looked back when she heard a metallic sound. Katya had dropped her sword in the ground, and for a moment Gretel almost lunged for it, but she stopped when she saw her brother kissing the witch with abandon, lost in desire.

She watched them kiss with tongue, and then shuddered when her brother moved away and revealed Katya in all her glory. It wasn’t the redhead’s magnificent breasts that left Gretel’s breathless, though they might have been able to at any other time; it wasn’t the many curves that made Katya’s body. It was the cock she sported between her legs, a large and sinuous appendage that made Gretel swallow despite herself.

“Or I can kill those under my thrall, your brother included, and spend the next weeks and months making sure you’ll carry my child anyway. It’s your choice.”

It wasn’t a choice at all, and Gretel only didn’t accept it readily because she didn’t know how much she could trust the other’s word. She wouldn’t sacrifice her brother’s life, and there wasn’t much she could do to fight the other woman.

She looked at Katya and glared. Part of her wanted to strangle her, wanted to make the witch pay, but there was another that was attracted to the other female much to her consternation. The redhead was a monster, and a villain, but Gretel couldn’t help how she felt.

Gretel took one last glimpse around, trying to see if there was anything besides her sword she could use against Katya, a weapon, *something*. She wasn’t lucky. “How can I trust you?” She asked eventually, meeting Katya’s gaze. “You’re a witch, you’re evil, there’s no reason for me to trust you.”

Katya smirked. “It seems you’ll have to take a leap of faith.” She took a couple of steps towards Gretel, and the blonde eyed her member swaying from side to side, swallowing in something she couldn’t quite describe. “Do you accept my proposition or not?” Her tone became curt.

Gretel looked aside before answering. “Yes.”

“Good.” Katya smiled once more, happiness in her face. “Then crawl to me and give me a kiss.”

The manner in which she curled her hand around her cock showed where she wanted that kiss, but Gretel’s pride made her fight against the witch’s will. She shook her head and remained still.

“If you don’t I can always get your brother to prepare me for fucking you.” Without any word or gesture from Katya’s part Hansel moved and knelt in front of her, and then Gretel’s brother reached out with one hand, grasping the cock.

“Stop.” Gretel screamed immediately. She couldn’t let Hansel do such a thing, even if he was being mind-controlled. Her brother would hate it, and he would never forget it. He had spent his entire life protecting her, the least she could do now was protect him. “I’ll do it, but please don’t force him.”

“Very well.” At Katya’s words Hansel got to his feet and moved aside, and Gretel slowly started moving forward.

She shot a glance at her brother and turned to Katya. “I don’t want him here. Send him away, don’t make him watch.” For a moment she feared Katya would insist, but the redhead looked at her, and then gestured with her head and Gretel’s brother left the area without a word.

Gretel sighed, and took a couple of steps forward, stopping in front of Katya. She looked at the woman’s face for some moments, then down at her member, and with reluctance she fell to her knees. She stayed still at first, and looked away from Katya’s sex, but a caress on her hair made her turn. She had no choice, and so she faced the challenge ahead of her.

Katya’s cock was a wrinkled little thing, much like that of any man when they weren’t hard, though hers didn’t have a scrotum and balls underneath. With hesitation, Gretel reached out and touched it, and marveled at the texture of the skin, at its softness, and at how it seemed to

jump at her touch. It started swelling quickly enough, especially once Gretel circled it and started to pump.

It grew hard and big, and pre-cum gathered at its tip. Without quite meaning to, Gretel brushed the tip of it and started spreading the lubricant all over the rod, and Katya chuckled. "It's not that I'm not appreciating your hand, beautiful, but if you don't start using your mouth I'm going to tell your brother to come back here."

Gretel glared at her, but there was no way she could win. She closed her eyes for a second, then opened them and moved forward, pressing her lips against the tip.

It wasn't the first time she did something like that. Though she couldn't say she had much experience, she had lain with some men before, and learned a few tricks. She never expected to use them on a witch however.

She brushed her lips against Katya's cock, laying a kiss on the tip, then another on the rod itself, moving down to the base. There she found Katya's female sex, resting between engorged nether lips, and Gretel paused for a moment just to gaze at it. Then she blinked and continued, returning once again to the head of Katya's cock.

She had no time to waste, and nothing to gain from taking longer than needed, and so she opened her mouth and let Katya's cock take refuge within, pressing her lips against the other woman's rod. The tightness was enough to make Katya groan, and she threaded her fingers through Gretel's hair, caressing.

The blonde started lapping at the rod and shifted in place, feeling a pressure between her legs. The shame that followed that realization colored her cheeks, but she couldn't avoid it. The taste of Katya's rod, the warmth of it, and the cries the other woman released warmed Gretel all over and she started sucking harder.

Katya's cock disappeared into her mouth again and again. Gretel's tongue stroked it continually, and the blonde started to bob her head over it.

Katya just watched and groaned, and when she couldn't hold back anymore she gripped her hands into fists and forced Gretel to stop. "Hold back your eagerness, beautiful. If you continue like that I'm going to spend myself in your mouth." Gretel leaned back with a look between a grimace and a blush, and the redhead smirked. "Not that I wouldn't enjoy it, but there's somewhere else where I want to put my seed."

She didn't let Gretel say anything. She reached down and grabbed the other woman's arms and pulled, forcing the blonde to her feet. Her lips crashed against Gretel's and she forced her tongue into the other woman's warm mouth.

Katya smirked. She had Gretel's permission to cast the spell, and so she did. There was no word, no need to chant for it to activate – she just needed to will it. Runes and symbols glowed over Gretel's body for a bit, visible even through her clothes, and the blonde almost panicked, trying to pat herself and see what was happening.

"It's just my spell." The witch whispered in Gretel's ear, enjoying how she froze in something like fear. "You agreed to it remember."

Gretel would have protested if she suddenly hadn't difficulty breathing. Lust fogged her mind and colored her actions, and without quite meaning to she moaned. Katya smirked and pressed a kiss against Gretel's throat, then one on her collarbone. Her hands pulled at Gretel's dress and the blonde didn't stop her, needing to be free of her constraints, needing to feel her skin bared.

Katya pulled and Gretel's clothes ripped, spilling her breasts free, and the redhead didn't waste any time in appreciating them. Her hands closed over the orbs, foundling the flesh, making Gretel gasp when Katya pressed her thumbs against the nipples. Whatever other sounds of pleasure would be released were smothered by Katya's mouth as she leaned forward and kissed the blonde, thrusting her tongue inside Gretel.

Gretel moaned again and poised her hands on Katya's shoulders, almost clutching at the witch. She couldn't help it. She couldn't think past the lust and desire in her mind, and the other female's touch certainly wasn't helping.

She was kissed and touched, and she could barely vocalize her enjoyment of the motions. She could seek them out though, and she did, arching her back, offering herself and her body. Katya received her offering gladly.

The redhead pushed Gretel back, laid her down on the bed of leaves, and then started trailing down her body. She kissed Gretel's throat and collarbone once more, then her breasts and nipples, pausing to swirl her tongue around the little buds for some moments. She kept moving down afterwards, and the blonde tensed in anticipation, wanting the other's touch as she had never wanted anything in her life, knowing just how wrong it was at the same time.

Whatever doubts Gretel possessed disappeared from her mind when Katya pressed a kiss against her lower belly. Anticipation took hold of her and she shuddered, and Katya unlaced her pants and pulled them down, baring her. Her underwear soon followed the same path, and Gretel shivered as she felt the coldness of the cave on her sex, but she soon warmed when Katya put her hands against her knees.

The witch trailed up slowly, laying kiss after kiss on Gretel's legs, letting her hands run up and down the blonde's skin. She kept doing the same motions again and again until Gretel started begging, and even then she ignored the blonde's requests. Only when Gretel spread her legs as widely as she could and offered herself did Katya deign to have mercy.

She pressed her mouth against the center of Gretel's sex in a kiss, making the blonde arch, and then moved up and pressed one against the curls. The blonde released a sob of need.

Then Katya returned her attentions to Gretel's sex, pressing another kiss on it, nuzzling her, starting to trace the labia with her tongue. Gretel despaired with want and moaned, she arched in desire and reached down to try and grab Katya's head to press the woman fully against her, but the witch was tricky and escaped her grasp.

Gretel was forced to fist her hands in her own hair to keep them busy, to keep from forcing the other woman to her sex. Not that Katya needed to

be prompted.

The redhead used her tongue to tease Gretel's nether lips apart, and the whimpers that escaped from Gretel's mouth did nothing to deter her. Soon she grew bored from that and buried her tongue inside of Gretel, swirling it around, pushing it as far as it could go, and Gretel realized Katya's tongue could go up further than any human tongue should be able to.

The witch didn't care for Gretel's trashing around, she just watched with amusement as the hunter twitched and cried out, and she loved how Gretel arched when she pressed a finger against her clit.

With that much stimulation it wasn't surprising that Gretel couldn't hold, and she came with a scream, closing her eyes and shaking, her hips jerking with small thrusts in Katya's direction, trying to fuck her sex against the witch's face.

When she regained her senses, perhaps minutes past, she looked down to see Katya still pressed against her sex and the witch's eyes glued on hers. Katya waited until she had the blonde's attention on her and only then retreated, letting Gretel see as inch after inch of her tongue escaped from the blonde's confines. Gretel shuddered in part disgust and want, and looked away from the witch.

The redhead chuckled out loud. "I think it's time for the main course, isn't it?" Her voice grew teasing, and wicked, and part of Gretel wanted to blush at it but she didn't. After what happened how could she justify blushing anymore?

She did look away when Katya advanced on her, but the redhead poised a hand on her chin and made her look. Gretel gazed down and swallowed. Katya's cock seemed bigger than before, not by much, but enough to make the witch the more well-endowed person she had ever gotten to intimately know, and it scared her just a little.

"Don't be frightened, beautiful. I'll fit." She chuckled, leaning forward and pressing her lips against Gretel's, smirking when she felt the other woman reply to the kiss.

She advanced on the blonde, forcing the other woman down, and then pushing her legs apart. When she leaned back and looked she found Gretel's cheeks red from her embarrassment, and she smirked again. Katya took hold of her cock and pumped twice before pressing the tip of it against Gretel's opening.

Gretel shuddered in anticipation, and she hated that Katya started moving her rod up and down, teasing her nether lips. She wanted to get on with it and stop the farce, she wanted Katya to fuck her. Soon the redhead did.

Katya thrust slowly at first and watched as inch after inch of her flesh disappeared inside Gretel, until the other woman couldn't take anymore of her. Then she moved back and forward, slowly teasing more of her length in, widening the blonde's walls until she could bury herself fully.

Gretel cried out in pleasure and pain when that happened, but the pain vanished soon after and only the pleasure remained. Katya thrust with abandon and took hold of Gretel's breasts, tightening her hands around

them and making the other woman gasp.

They moved against one another, trying to seek out more and more pleasure. Gretel arched her back and hips against Katya, and the witch did her best to bury her entire length inside of Gretel when she thrust.

It didn't take them long to reach their pleasure. With a thrust that was harder than most Katya buried herself inside of Gretel and pushed the blonde past the brink and into orgasm. The pleasure that inundated the blonde's body made her tighten in response, and that in turn allowed Katya to come.

Katya moved back after a minute of spending herself completely when her strength returned to her legs. Gretel watched her, but then the redhead smirked and leaned back down again, grabbing Gretel's arms and pulling her up.

Gretel tried to fight back against the other woman at first, fearing she would try to hurt her, but all Katya wanted was to see her on her hands and knees, and once Gretel understood that she stopped fighting. When the redhead took her again she did so from behind, and Gretel was so out of it she allowed it without a fight or a protest.

They fucked each other in every position they could think of, and only stopped when Gretel became so exhausted she could barely think.

Katya kissed her one last time before leaving, and Gretel did nothing, just enjoyed it and closed her eyes then slept on her bed of leaves. She would wake up the next morning with her brother hovering over her, and Katya nowhere to be found.

Epilogue

"I never thought having a farm would be so exhausting." Hansel straightened, trying to get rid of a kink in his back. It didn't work, but it seemed to ease the pain for a bit.

Gretel shook her head at her brother. He might complain, but he enjoyed his new life, and he had stopped talking about hunting more than a year ago. She had to admit at first even she had found the transition somewhat strange, but she got used to it, and now she wouldn't want to live her life in any other way. Not that she could have continued to live her hunting life.

"Mommy, mommy." The small child that ran to her had a smile on her lips, and without even having to think about it Gretel smiled back. Layla was undoubtedly her daughter: their faces had the same traces and features, their eyes were the same, and they even smiled similarly.

The only thing that pointed out at who conceived the child with Gretel was the color of her hair, a deep red that sometimes resembled blood.

Before Layla could reach Gretel's side Hansel swooped in and grabbed her, and the shrill sound of pleasure the child released made Gretel laugh, and her daughter followed her, resisting her uncle's attempts to tickling her and begging with him to let her go. He did so after she kissed his face, and Layla moved to her mother, giving her the flowers she had caught.

"Where did you get those?" Gretel asked, kneeling down.

"Caught them in the forest." Layla replied with a shrug. Hansel and Gretel exchanged a look.

"We've already said you can't go to the forest without us." Hansel also bent down beside Layla, and poked her with a finger. She thrust her tongue at him, and he smiled, but then became serious once more. "It's dangerous. There are wild animals in there."

"They won't harm me. They're scared."

Layla's words made Gretel shiver. She loved her daughter as she had never loved anything in the world, but sometimes Layla would do something that made her remember she was the daughter of a witch, a very powerful one, and she couldn't be considered normal in any way.

"Maybe that's true." Hansel continued when he saw Gretel wouldn't say anything. "But we worry, ok? Wait for us next time."

Layla nodded, chastised, and moved away after kissing her mother's cheek, running after a butterfly.

"I worry sometimes." Gretel sighed, and looked away from her daughter, turning to her brother. "I fear for her future."

He put one hand on her shoulder and squeezed, softly. "Don't worry. We won't let anything happen to her."

"I fear we won't have a choice."

"We will." Hansel sounded so confident Gretel couldn't help but believe him. "We'll always be there for her, Gretel. Nothing will happen to your little girl."

The blonde could only smile at her brother and hope he was right, even as she turned to gaze at her daughter. She would do everything to see Layla safe no matter what. Layla was her life, her happiness, and anyone who messed with that would pay.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



**THE FROG
PRINCESS**

THE FROG PRINCESS

Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales, Volume 14

by

Julie Law

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The Frog Princess

Chapter 1

“Will that be all?” Victoria’s voice echoed inside the throne room, and her seneschal hurried to nod.

“Yes, your majesty. For today at least.” He fidgeted momentarily, and she let him squirm for a bit. Williams was a greedy and ambitious man, but he wasn’t stupid. He understood loyalty to her, and good work, would keep him in a very comfortable position for a very long time, and he knew she was a popular monarch. He was loyal to her, even if that loyalty was because he understood that was better for him.

She gave him a nod and silently sent him on his way, and he bowed at her before turning on his feet. The woman waited until she was alone in the throne room to sigh and relax against the throne. Another sigh escaped her mouth when she actually did so. If there was a perk to being queen was that she got all the best things.

It didn’t compensate the worries and the demands of the job, however. Or the losses she suffered to get it. A pang it her heart momentarily, but she closed her eyes and tried to ignore it, tried to let it go. She was a queen, a beautiful queen, but she was only queen because her family died. Her older brother perished when he fell from his horse, her mother died a few years after giving birth to her, and her father fell sick after her brother’s death and his heart failed.

Victoria had been queen for two years and she hated it. The constant pressure on her shoulders, the vying for her attention by everyone at court. She was tired, and she couldn’t continue like this for long.

The pressure some of the more powerful nobles were exerting in trying to make her marry wasn’t helping. Most hoped she would pick one of their sons as a husband, but that was the furthest thing in her mind. She was only twenty-three, there was plenty of time to worry about marriage later, and no matter how much they complained they couldn’t force her into anything. The people loved her, and she had their complete support. That could change with time though, and she couldn’t completely alienate her nobles.

She stayed like that for some time, completely sprayed out over her throne, but eventually gathered herself and got to her feet. No one could see her like that or rumors would start, and so she blanked her face, hid every emotion she was feeling and let her queenly mask take over her features.

The guards outside the throne room straightened when she passed by them, and she acknowledged them with a nod, but went on her way without a word. They weren’t the guards that she had known since she was a child; age and time took them from her. Most were alive and well, but they had retired, and now she had shiny new guards she didn’t know, and didn’t know how to get to know them. As a child it was easy, even ignoring she had always been a very outgoing girl; now every time she interacted with someone she had to take into account what they might want to get out of her friendship.

Everywhere she looked, Victoria would see men and women she recognized but didn’t really *know*. Their faces were familiar, they had been around her for years, but they weren’t those persons she would have called friends when she was

young.

It tugged at her heart.

It hurt. She was lonely as she had never been, and she feared the future wouldn't be very different.

Without really thinking about it she let her feet take her towards the gardens. Her people knew not to bother her when she visited, and so the couple of gardeners tending to the roses and the orchids turned on their feet and left with barely a nod, leaving the young queen to her solitude. Victoria paused to smell one of the roses and a smile took hold of her lips. At least these were the same they had always been. The gardeners might change, but the garden remained the same.

It was built on her mother's orders, and though its construction was before Victoria's birth it was one of the only places she felt close to the other woman. She had one or two memories of her mother carrying her while they walked through this garden, and she used those memories to connect with her. Her mother died when she was five, and she could barely remember her, but she felt warm every time she thought about her.

Her father and brother had loved to talk about her mother, and she was always fascinated by the stories, and how adventurous she had been. That many of the flowers that now grew on the garden were planted by her only made Victoria more passionate about the place.

She always came here when she was feeling melancholic, when she tried to lose herself in memories of the past; the garden stood as it had always been, and she hoped to go back in time for a bit. Maybe if she did she wouldn't feel so out of everything.

Victoria couldn't say how long she walked between the flowers and the trees, she just let her feet take her away, and then stopped beside one of the fountains. She sat down and let her hand trail down to the water, flinching back at how cold it was at first, then getting used to it and repeating the gesture.

She only turned away when she heard a sound. She blinked at first, not understanding where it came from, and then heard it again and recognized it as a croak of some kind. She gazed around and found a frog looking back at her.

She blinked again when all it did was blink back at her, and she hesitated. She wasn't like plenty of other noblewomen who would shout and scream for help at the sight of a spider or a rat, but she didn't exactly enjoy playing around with little critters. She made a shooing motion at it, hoping it would go away, but it just blinked again and remained still.

Her lips pursed. She couldn't say she was used to playing around with animals of any kind, she didn't even care that much for horse riding, but the frog seemed to be behaving in a strange manner. When it continued looking at her she reached out with a foot, trying to push it away.

The moment she touched it a shock ran up her leg and she yelped, taking back a couple of steps. She blushed and looked around, hoping no one had seen her look like a fool, and when no one approached she breathed out and turned to the frog.

"Stop that."

Victoria blinked, and her mouth fell open. She closed it and opened it again, trying to let out the words that wanted to get out of her throat, but all she managed was a single word. "What?"

The frog seemed to tilt its head at her. “You’ve heard that?” The voice was squeaky, and barely audible, but Victoria heard the incredulity in it. Not that she could blame the frog: she couldn’t believe it was talking to her either.

She turned on her feet and made to leave before anyone saw her and realized she was insane, but the frog jumped into her path and made her stop.

“Don’t go.” Only the amount of emotion she heard in its voice, the sheer desperation, made her still. Part of her still hadn’t fully understood what was happening, but another went with the flow and took control of her body and of her motions, and turned to the frog.

She let her eyes move over it. It was a tiny thing, light green with almost glowing yellow eyes. It wasn’t different from any frog she had ever seen or heard of before, but something about it was obviously special. Victoria opened her mouth and closed it again without saying anything. There wasn’t anything she could even think of saying in that moment, not when she was faced with something completely impossible.

The frog moved forward, hesitant, its eyes obviously looking up at Victoria’s. She looked back at it in silence. “Speak something else!”

“What do you want me to say, exactly?” She questioned, sarcastically. She still had trouble believing it was happening, but part of her moved on nonetheless, and faced the problem head on.

A quick look around showed she was alone, and that was enough to reassure her momentarily. At least no one would know she was talking to a frog and hearing it answer. Sure, she was insane, but if no one else knew about it she could continue with her life as it was.

“You do understand me.” The frog jumped and came to rest on where it had started, and its voice grew even more squeaky, obviously excited. “How? No one has ever understood me before, I think.” It paused and grew hesitant. “I can’t remember the past very well.”

“And are there many talking frogs like you?” Victoria’s voice was amused, though still incredulous. She rocked back on her feet when the frog continued to approach, fearing another shock like the one before.

“No, none like me.”

She didn’t react to the emotion she heard in that voice, but part of her wanted to. The loneliness and despair she heard in it called to the same emotions within her, and without quite meaning to she leaned down and looked better at the frog, letting it approach even more. When it stopped half-a-foot in front of her, she reached with one hand and touched its skin.

For a moment, she almost wanted to say it started to purr, if a frog was even capable of a comparable sound, but then she remembered *it was talking to her*, and she decided to put any other oddity about it aside. What that told her about her life, Victoria couldn’t help but wonder. She was comforting a talking frog in her gardens, a frog that seemed just as lonely as she.

She shook her head and tried to get rid of such thoughts. She needed to focus on what was happening right then in front of her, and she needed to use her head. The more she thought about it, the less insane she believed herself to be. Sure, talking to a frog didn’t make *any* sense, but she felt fine, and it wasn’t as if there weren’t plenty of mysterious events in their world.

Victoria never cared much about tales of magic, witches and special abilities, but she knew plenty of people believed in them. There were so many tales being told that some of them might have some value to it. That didn't explain what the talking frog was doing there, in her garden, talking to her.

"Who are you?" She asked eventually, resisting the urge to use the word *what*, after a couple of minutes of petting it. It was a little disgusting, she could admit to herself, but nothing she couldn't ignore in order to comfort another sentient being.

"I ... " It started, then paused, and the manner in which its head cocked showed hesitation. "I'm not sure. My head's fuzzy."

She opened her mouth and closed it without saying anything, hoping the frog would be able to answer her, thinking about what she could do to jog its memory. It seemed to be trying to remember, almost humming under its breath and tilting its head one way and the other, and she loathed to interrupt its efforts.

The queen gazed better at it, trying to find anything that made it different from other animals, a clue that indicated its origin. Its voice was very squeaky, and Victoria was almost tempted to say it was a female one, but it wasn't as if she was an expert in frog's voices. She doubted one of those existed.

It seemed to raise its head and look around. At first, Victoria believed it was studying her garden, but it was focusing on the palace's walls and windows, gazing intently at them. "I lived in a place like this." It started, slowly, walking around Victoria and studying its surroundings.

"You lived in a palace?" Victoria was confused and it showed, but then her eyes narrowed. A certain suspicion nagged at the back of her head. "You mean you weren't always a frog?"

It paused, startled, and turned to her. "No, I wasn't." Its voice was marveled, as if only now realizing that fact. It turned excited quickly enough, and it jumped, and Victoria couldn't help but chuckle. The sudden happiness and cheer it displayed was quite unlike its previous behavior, and it amused her. "I remember something from before. I lived in a place like this; I was like you."

"A queen?" She asked, amused.

"No ... a prince." Its voice was awed. Perhaps it was because it was remembering its past, or better said *his past*, perhaps it was amazed at the position he occupied before. Victoria wasn't certain, and sincerely she wasn't too worried about it. Part of her wondered if the frog was lying, or at least embellishing his tale a little.

Then she shrugged. She didn't need to actually be afraid of the frog or any lies it told her, after all she would never tell anyone a frog ever talked to her. She could let it have its delusions, if they were truly delusions.

What she was thinking about truly hit her then, and she paused. If the frog had truly been a person she needed to do what she could to rescue him, even if the man-turned-frog was a simple servant. No one deserved to have their humanity taken away from them like that, and she could try to do something about it. She was queen after all, and could turn her entire court to work on the problem if need be.

"How did that happen?" She leaned down once again, kneeling in the ground beside the frog, letting it climb atop her lap and settle there. She started petting its back at the same time, and didn't quite know if she was doing it to comfort him or herself.

“I’m not sure, I remember a woman, and I remember she was angry.” It, he, paused and seemed to draw into himself. “I know it hurt, but I couldn’t tell you more than that. Wait ...”

She kept petting him as he tried to remember, hoping to help him jog his memory. Maybe she was insane, maybe this was some kind of strange dream she couldn’t wake up from, but she wouldn’t let it stop her from doing the right thing.

“There were words, a *curse*.” His voice grew heavy on the last word, but it soon turned squeaky. “She did this to me, and told me only a kiss would free me.”

Victoria’s eyebrow rose, and for one moment she wondered if the frog was playing her, if it was telling her that simply to get a kiss, but she shook her head. She doubted a talking frog would have elaborated such a ruse simply to have her kiss, and it didn’t really make sense. If nothing else, it seemed fate put him on her path.

“If a kiss is what you need I can provide it for you.” She was partially joking, but when it looked at her with widened eyes she couldn’t help but smile and lean down. The young queen hesitated just before her lips met the frog’s skin, but she continued and laid a chaste kiss on its body.

Nothing seemed to happen when she leaned back, and she saw the look of crushing disappointment on its face, wondering when exactly she had learned to read the features of a frog, but then it jumped aside and started to squirm. The first pained cry that escaped its mouth scared Victoria for its intensity, and she reached for him, wanting to comfort him, but the frog started growing and she leaned back, scared.

The being that stood in front of Victoria started glowing, and then growing and she could only still, with her mouth agape, watching the spectacle. When the light faded away she blinked, then rubbed her eyes and looked again, trying to make sure she wasn’t seeing wrong. When the frog said it was a prince she believed it, but surely what it meant was *princess*.

The woman in front of her was gorgeous: blonde and long haired, with soft features and rosy lips. Those lips were upturned in a wicked smirk, and she laughed, loudly and happily. That made her chest heave, and Victoria noticed her bare breasts and swallowed. Those fleshy orbs were enormous, the biggest she had ever seen up close, and her hand twitched with the need to move forward and make sure they were real.

She controlled herself and let her eyes trail down, and then blinked again. She opened her mouth and closed it, then started blushing, but she couldn’t look away from the thing between the other woman’s legs. Eventually, she raised a hand and pointed towards it, and her voice shook. “What is that?”

The woman had been exploring her hands, looking at them and smiling. When Victoria spoke, she turned to her and grinned, and almost advanced towards her, but the young queen took a step back. That was when the former frog noticed the weight on her chest and looked down, and then blinked. “I have breasts?” She reached down and poked them, then grasped them and started kneading the flesh.

Victoria’s mouth fell open as she watched her, and she swallowed when the member between the other woman’s legs hardened.

The stranger noticed it. “That one I had before, but this breasts thing is new.”

The queen could only gape, and wonder why exactly this had to happen to her.

Chapter 2

“Stop that!” Victoria was sure that if there was a god he hated her. She had to slap away the other woman’s hands and stop her from playing with her own breasts. The blonde pouted, and for a moment the queen was tempted to let her do as she wished, but then she shook her head and gathered herself. “We can’t let anyone see you like this.”

She couldn’t exactly explain where the other woman had come from. She could always stop people from asking questions, she was queen after all, but there would be rumors and more, especially if they found the other woman naked beside her. *Especially* if they realized she wasn’t quite a woman, not if they looked at the apex of her thighs and saw what she had there.

The blonde pouted again and looked hurt, but brightened soon enough. Victoria didn’t know her story, she didn’t even know her name, but she imagined becoming a human once again after being turned into a frog would make her capable of smiling for days, no matter what.

She looked back at the former frog, and studied her face as she marveled at the garden around them. The woman was beautiful, her skin like porcelain, her eyes blue like the skies. Her form was curvaceous and attractive, and Victoria couldn’t help but feel a little jealous about it. She was beautiful, and plenty of men desired her, but there was something about the woman at her side that drew one’s gaze. And she couldn’t deny that the rod between her legs had something to do with it.

The young queen looked away when the other woman caught her gaze and smirked, and she blushed once more. “What’s your name?” The question was an attempt to divert her thoughts more than anything, but it worked, and the other woman stopped smirking.

“Julian. My name is Julian.”

“That’s not a female name.” Victoria pointed out, then remembered how the other had said she was a prince.

“It isn’t, and neither was I until I got turned into a frog.” That might explain how the woman was so comfortable being totally naked in front of Victoria, though perhaps her time as a frog had something to do with it.

“You were a man?”

“I am a man.” The other woman said proudly, straightening. That her breasts bounced happily at that only made the scene more surreal, and Victoria swallowed, not quite knowing how to argue.

She turned away. “I can deal with that later.” She muttered under her breath, starting to walk forward. Julian followed, and she bade her to stop. When the blonde obeyed, Victoria stepped out of the garden and entered the palace, soon finding a guard and ordering him to bring some blankets and clothes.

He didn’t say anything, just nodded and obeyed. Most guards knew better than to question royalty. When he returned, Victoria thanked him and entered the garden once again, seeking Julian. She found the other woman where she left her, playing with her breasts once more.

The young queen swallowed and slowed down, appreciating the sight before the other noticed she was there, and then coughed loudly when it appeared Julian wouldn’t get tired of what she, he ... she – it was confusing – was doing.

“Here, dress this.” She ordered, passing a pair of old pants and some kind of shirt to the other woman. Julian obeyed almost immediately, then Victoria gave her the blanket and ordered her to put it around herself. The blonde seemed like she wanted to protest at first, but obeyed much to Victoria’s relief. The shirt had been too tight around the other woman’s breasts, and it became almost indecent.

The guards looked curiously at the two of them when they entered the palace, but didn’t say anything, and Victoria pulled the other woman to her bedroom, closing the door behind her and sighing. She studied Julian once more and decided there were more pertinent matters to take care of than the blonde’s manners.

In a short time, she had called for a bath, and a tailor to make Julian new clothes. There was a flurry of activity coming and going from her bedroom, and Victoria knew soon rumors would be going around the palace about her guest, but there was nothing she could do about it.

It didn’t take long for the man Victoria wanted to see to come to her, sniffing after any secret. Her seneschal liked to be well-informed. “Williams, just the man I wanted to see.” She knew her smile and words unsettled him, but he composed himself quickly enough and bowed.

“Your majesty, how can I help you?” His eyes quickly moved around her quarters, probably trying to find her guest, but Julian was in the bath being tended by a couple of maids. Victoria had to order her to hide her ... rod, telling her to stay in the water and only get out when the maids left her alone.

“I’ll need you to prepare quarters for my guest, preferably some near to my own.” Something told her she would need to make sure Julian behaved, and the only way to do so was if she was near the other woman.

He opened his mouth, and Victoria knew his curiousness had overwhelmed him and he was going to question her, but her glare made him still and nod as quickly as he could. “Very well, your majesty. It will be done.” He didn’t see the smile on her lips as he turned around and fled.

Victoria’s amusement vanished quite quickly after he left, however. She knew he wasn’t the only one curious, she knew others would try to pry into Julian’s past and figure out who she was, and she understood she could never tell the truth if she wanted to be taken seriously.

The following weeks only proved her right. Every noble and court intriguer tried to find out who Julian was, where she had come from, and what was her relationship with the queen, but no one was able to learn anything she didn’t desire. Victoria couldn’t deny she savored seeing her courtiers scrambling about, trying to find more about the other woman, or listening to the more preposterous rumors, but she understood sooner or later she would need to create some kind of cover for the woman.

Julian was also amused about it, and proved herself quite adapt at playing with the courtiers that tried to probe her for information. It was something that supported her assertion of being a prince before turning into a frog, but Victoria wasn’t completely sure she could believe the woman about that.

It was a very lofty tale. She hadn’t tried to question her very deeply yet, and more than once Julian argued she couldn’t remember her past very well, but sooner or later they would need to have a real conversation, and she would need to find out about the other’s past.

It wasn't hard to create a cover for Julian. When Victoria deigned to speak about it, she said the other was a childhood friend with whom she exchanged correspondence, from one of their farther allies. Some people surely knew the truth, and that Victoria had never kept correspondence with anyone in other kingdoms, not continually at least, but those that knew would remain quiet and silent on the matter, aware it would be foolish to defy her.

One day, Victoria came upon Julian being harassed by one of the male courtiers. Harassed might have been a too strong a word, and seeing the smile in the woman's lips she wasn't worried, but something bothered her about the scene. Perhaps it was the way the man reached for Julian's hand and kissed it, perhaps it was the fake giggle the other woman released – and she knew it was fake.

Victoria pursed her lips and stepped forward, and she barely noticed her hands had tightened into fists. The courtier saw her first and paled, then scrambled back from Julian with barely a word, and the blonde watched him move away with a smirk in her lips before turning to the queen.

She let her eyes move over the other woman's figure. Victoria was tall and beautiful. Her hair was deep red and curly, reaching the middle of her back; her skin was a porcelain-pale, and her eyes green. She had a few freckles on her face, but that only seemed to make her even more desirable. Anger only made her features more attractive, and Julian suspected she knew why Victoria was angry.

The woman would never tell her, but she was pretty sure the queen was sporting a crush. A twitch from the rod between her legs let Julian realize just how much she liked that idea, but she controlled herself. *She*. It was still hard for her to think of herself as a woman, but she couldn't deny the facts. They were there every time she looked down and saw her own bust, even if most women didn't have what she did between their legs, but more and more she thought of herself as a *her* instead of a him. That had to change; she had to find a way to change back.

She smiled at Victoria when the other woman got near, and felt a sense of pleasure when the queen slowed down and almost looked away. There was a blush on her cheeks, and Julian couldn't deny she was tempted to reach out and touch it, to get to know how it felt against her skin, and to see the redhead's reaction, but she held back.

It would only inflame some of the rumors going around about her and the queen, and no matter how much part of her would be amused by it all she couldn't risk the other woman throwing her away.

Julian had nothing: no home, no riches, and no titles. She depended on Victoria's goodwill to survive and thrive, and couldn't risk upsetting that. She was tempted though.

Victoria cleared her throat and gazed at Julian's face for a few moments before reaching out, grabbing her hand and dragging her away. Julian let herself be led towards the garden where she met Victoria, where her torment as a frog finished. There were a couple of persons walking around when they arrived, but once they saw the queen they scrambled out of it, unwilling to bother her.

She didn't even notice them leaving, too busy with her gaze on the ground, thinking. Eventually she sighed and raised her head, meeting Julian's gaze head on.

"I know you've been lying to me," Victoria's voice was hesitant, quite unlike her. "You remember more of your past than you let on."

Julian looked away. The woman wasn't wrong, but she didn't exactly want to think about the past. It was too painful, too dark. A shudder ran along her skin when she remembered the time she spent as a frog, and she held herself for a few moments, trying to get warm. Victoria stepped closer and it almost seemed like she would hug the other woman, but held back.

"It hurts." The blonde started eventually, shaking her head. "And I wasn't lying exactly. There are some blanks in my memory, especially of the time I spent as a frog, but I wasn't telling the full truth either. I do remember part of my past." It had been much harder to do so as a frog, most of her memories had been hazy then, but as a human it was easy. She remembered her parents, she remembered most of her family and friends, even if it seemed like she had last seen them a long time ago.

Julian remembered being a prince, playing the court game and spending time with her friends seducing women. She remembered meeting one of the most beautiful women she had ever seen and falling in love with her, and all that came from it do to misunderstandings and her father unwillingness to let her love who she wished.

She shook her head and tried to banish those memories, but it was hard, and she understood Victoria wanted to know her story. And in a way the woman deserved to know it. Without her, she would still be a frog, wandering the world in search of someone who could save her, someone who could listen to her. She tried speaking to other people plenty of times before, but never succeeded. For some reason, Victoria was special and understood her, and that was the only reason she was free.

She looked at the redhead and smiled, softly, silently giving her the go ahead to ask her questions. Victoria hesitated, she saw it happen, and she noticed the moment the queen decided to let her go, to stifle her own curiosity, and it seemed wrong. Julian grasped Victoria's hand, liking the way the redhead reddened, and smiled again. "Ask your questions, and I'll answer them as I can."

Victoria breathed deeply and seemed to gather herself. "Who are you? I mean, really. You said you're a prince, or you were before turning into a frog, but who?"

The blonde straightened and bowed with grace, reaching for Victoria's hand and laying a kiss on it. "Julian De la Roche, your majesty. At your service." The manner in which she moved, the flair of her words and even her poise: all indicated a princely manner, and Victoria found herself swallowing.

She had never cared for princes and knights, no matter how many times they tried to woo her, but there was something different about Julian, something that made her more attractive to Victoria despite looking like a woman. That she knew different didn't matter; that Julian hadn't been a woman before didn't matter, even if she wasn't completely like a normal woman now.

If Julian noticed her reaction she didn't do anything to indicate it, though there was a spark of something in her eyes that might have been amusement. Victoria ignored it. "I know of no prince by that name."

Her words seemed to make Julian's visage darken. "I feared something like that might happen." The other smiled sadly, shrugging when Victoria blinked. "I don't know how long I spent as a frog, it's very hard to think like that, or how far I traveled, but it seemed like an eternity ago."

"You fear enough time has passed that you've been lost to it?"

Julian closed her eyes and nodded, and this time Victoria couldn't resist the urge to comfort her. Without a word she closed the distance between them and hugged the other woman, grabbing tight and holding on. It was comfortable, and far more soothing than any hug she had received in years, though those were rare.

When the other woman shifted, she noticed their breasts were pressed against one another's and blushed, but didn't move back immediately. She waited until Julian gave a sign she was alright and only then moved, smiling gently.

"I think so." The blonde answered eventually, obviously hesitant. "I can't find any reference to my kingdom amongst the books in your library, none the maps I've seen here are close to those that existed in my homeland." She let her breath out in something like a sigh. "Maybe I'm simply too far away, but I can't imagine how a frog would be able to travel such a distance in a short time."

"Can't you remember if you moved a lot or no?"

Julian shook her head. "My memories of being a frog are very hazy. Some things I remember with clarity, like our meeting, or some occasions when I had to run away from predators. Other's not so much. I can't tell you enough about it."

It bothered her.

Victoria licked her lips. Part of her wanted to stop the questioning and make it so that Julian wouldn't have to think about that past, another was too curious and hoped that by talking the other woman would feel better about it all.

The choice was taken out of her hands when the other woman continued. "I do remember what happened before I was turned into a frog."

"And what happened, exactly?" Victoria followed the other's cue, figuring that was something Julian wanted to talk about.

Julian hesitated slightly before starting. "I was quite a charming prince, I dare say." Her roguish smirk when she turned to Victoria made the other woman huff, but she did color slightly. She could imagine how easily the other would seduce someone back when she was a prince. Julian was beautiful even now, and smart, smooth. Being a prince on top of that would only make it easier to seduce anyone she wished. "And I wasn't always careful with the women I took to bed."

The young queen couldn't deny hearing that made her a little uncomfortable. She never liked those nobles that tried to climb between a woman's legs at all costs, or those that used their position to charm a woman and then abandon her, and unfortunately that seemed to be the kind of prince Julian had been.

The blonde noticed how unsettled Victoria became, and smiled sadly, understanding what was bothering her. "I regret it, obviously. I regretted it even before I was turned into a frog, when I met the woman I thought would be my wife."

Victoria's heart ached at those words, and she didn't know if it was pity or jealousy that provoked it. "Something happened to her?"

"It's complicated." For a moment it seemed Julian wouldn't continue, but eventually she sighed and did so, looking up and meeting Victoria's eyes first. "And I don't know what happened to her exactly. I do know what she did to me." There was hurt in that voice, and maybe something like regret. "She was a witch."

Victoria blinked. "Seriously?"

Julian nodded. "I didn't know when I met her, I thought she was a commoner then, and she was, but there was more about her."

"You tried to seduce her, I suppose." Victoria couldn't hide her frown.

The other woman laughed. "I did, but she wanted nothing with me. That was perhaps what made me want her so much at the time." She explained herself better when Victoria tilted her head. "She wasn't the first person to spurn my advances, but some of the others were simply doing it as an attempt to make me more interested in them. Bianca was different, she really had no interest in me."

"And that intrigued you?"

"Yes." Julian nodded. "I mean, I'm not stupid and I knew plenty of the women I seduced only let themselves be seduced because of my position. I didn't really care at the time. I was a prince though, and Bianca a poor woman, living in a cabin in the woods. I couldn't fathom the reason why she wouldn't want me."

"You wanted a challenge." Victoria's words were filled with disgust, and she wanted to look away, but the blonde shook her head almost immediately.

"No, that wasn't it." Julian vehemently denied. "It amused me that she wasn't interested, I suppose, but that wasn't the reason I pursued her. She was beautiful and kind, I saw that kindness many times when she interacted with other people. She didn't care for money or my position, and it was as if the sunlight was always lighting her path."

"You fell in love with her."

Victoria didn't know what to think about it. Part of her was happy that Julian had found someone to love, another was jealous both for him and of him. She was alone in the world and wanted to love someone as it seemed Julian had learned to love, and she couldn't deny she would like to have a prince woo her.

Not that many princes hadn't tried before, but none was anything close to charming. In her opinion at least. Many other women in court had fallen for the foreign princes that tried to woo their queen, but Victoria never felt a spark for any of them, and in some cases was actually disgusted.

More than once she had thought the problem was with her, and maybe it was, but that didn't change how she felt, and it wouldn't force her to settle for someone she didn't or couldn't love. Some of her hopefuls had been good men, but they didn't move her. And she was queen, no one could force her to do anything against her will.

If Julian noticed how melancholic Victoria sounded she didn't say. She just smiled almost sheepishly. "I did, and after a bit convinced her that I truly liked her. For a good while we were happy."

"But something happened." Victoria was certain. Something must have happened to make them part, and something must have made Bianca turn the prince into a frog. That was obviously where the tale was leading to, and seeing Julian's features darken again only confirmed her suspicions.

"I asked her to marry me." Julian's eyes were lost on the past, and pain showed in her features. "And it was great, at first. She was overjoyed and we made love during the entire afternoon, and I left her side with a smile in my lips. That cheer lasted until I told my father I wanted to marry a poor commoner. He tried to forbid me from meeting her, but I was nothing if not stubborn, and didn't care for his words. I kept seeing Bianca, kept meeting with her against his will."

She paused then, and Victoria noticed her hands had tightened into fists.

"He took it badly and announced I would marry a foreign noble. All the people in the realm believed him, but I managed to convince Bianca it was his ploy, and that I would convince him eventually. When he realized he couldn't make me

give her up, he decided to ruin her image of me.”

“How?”

“He invited her to the palace and then paraded a group of my former conquests in front of her.” Julian’s lips twitched into a sad smile. “He was a charismatic man, I think I got that from him, and he convinced her I was just using her, told her I had promised to marry many different women before. The joke was on him though; he didn’t know she was a witch. He realized it when her powers flared out and his windows broke, but by then she was already leaving.”

“Were witches that common in your kingdom?” Victoria had heard many tales about them, and rumors, but nowadays most people believed witches didn’t exist, and she couldn’t exactly disagree with them. Only her experience with Julian showed her differently, but that didn’t change the fact no known witch existed in her country.

“Not exactly common, but not unheard of. And if there was something you never did was anger a witch.” Julian’s lips twitched again. “My father begged me to go away for a time, until Bianca calmed down, but I refused to hear him. He tried to sabotage me and my relationship, and I was cross with him. I believed I could convince Bianca of the truth, and make her marry me, but I was proven wrong.”

Victoria didn’t have to think hard to realize what happened afterwards. “She cursed you.”

“Barely let me get a word as she angrily shouted at me.” Despite her words and what happened, she had a smile on her lips as she thought of her beloved. “And then she used her magic on me. Cursed me to be as ugly outside as I was inside, she said, and to wander the Earth until I found someone in need of me, someone who could show me what true love really was.”

She met Victoria’s eyes, and the young queen had to resist the urge to look away at the sheer emotion in those orbs. There was such sadness hovering over Julian, a sadness that had kept itself hidden from sight during the days the blonde had lived in the palace; a sadness that she hadn’t seen before.

“Even after she turned me into a frog all I wanted was to tell her she was wrong. I had already met the one who showed me what love was, and all I wanted was to spend my time with her, but she shooed me away, and I fled scared for my life.”

They fell in silence. It wasn’t comfortable, nor unsettling, but Victoria didn’t know what to say, and Julian seemed not to care. Eventually, Victoria reached for the other woman and pulled her into a hug, and she wasn’t surprised that Julian didn’t resist it.

After they parted the queen smiled. “We should return to the palace before anyone says anything about us, Juliana.” The name slipped out of her lips without her meaning to, but it was what the court was calling the other woman, and she didn’t seem very bothered by it.

The blonde smirked, always ready to flirt despite her emotional state. “We couldn’t have them think their queen is trying to seduce me, could we?” She winked and turned around, not giving Victoria a chance to answer, leaving her gaping.

After a moment the queen recomposed herself, fumed, and started walking after Juliana, willing and ready to make her pay for her words.

Chapter 3

Things changed a little between the two of them after that day. Despite the irritation that Juliana's attitude sometimes brought to Victoria, she couldn't deny there was something more between them. Maybe it was trust: the other woman finally trusted her and told her about her past.

Victoria suspected there was more to it though. She liked the other woman as she had never liked anyone before, she laughed more in Juliana's company than she had laughed in years, she was happy. When she realized it, she stopped still and cast her mind back, trying to remember the last time she had been so happy. Life hadn't exactly been kind to her in the last years, but happiness like what she now felt was something of her childhood memories.

Eventually the young queen decided to open herself to the other woman, as Juliana had done to her. She told her of her family, their deaths, and the burden of ruling. The blonde had been aware of some of it, it wasn't exactly a state secret, but Victoria had never told anyone before how she felt, how her fate weighted on her mind, and it was a very important step for her to take.

That little confession only made them closer for a bit, and though the rumors about the two of them grew in volume and frequency, Victoria didn't care. She didn't have to care about what her courtiers thought, she was queen after all. If the rumors bothered Juliana it didn't show, and the woman seemed to gain some pleasure from them, and did what she could to help them along, always talking innuendo to the queen where some could hear them.

The first time it happened, the guards hovering behind Victoria exchanged looks, waiting for their queen to explode, only to be surprised by her laugh and her cheer. That she was unbothered by Juliana's behavior only made them seem closer, and the rumors spread more quickly.

It took a long time for Victoria to realize that maybe Juliana wasn't playing around. At first, she thought the other woman was setting the scene for an audience, that she was trying to fool her courtiers into believing them lovers, but when Juliana kept her pretense even when they were alone Victoria recognized what was happening.

The blonde was trying to seduce her, and it was working.

Victoria had never cared for anyone in that manner, never been able to answer the desire of those knights and princes that tried to woo her, but somehow Juliana got past her barriers and reached her heart. She couldn't understand why.

The other woman wasn't different from some that tried to seduce her before, she wasn't a saint nor a devil. She was funny and amusing, and adventurous; and Victoria had saved her from a fate worse than death. Was that the reason? The young queen wondered more than once that maybe she felt responsible for Juliana in some way, but that didn't really explain it all.

It didn't explain the ache in her heart when Juliana talked about getting back to normal, back to her male body. The other seemed to be so comfortable as a woman that Victoria didn't understand why she wanted to change back, even when the queen silently acknowledged that any kind of relationship between them would be easier with Julian the prince, instead of Juliana the queen's childhood's friend.

Victoria wasn't the only one noticing the changes in their interactions. Julian saw the lust and desire grow in the queen's eyes whenever they interacted, and she saw something else grow as well – something she had only seen once before, in Bianca's eyes.

That gave her pause for a day or two, but she couldn't deny her own attraction to the queen, her own desire. She never possessed much self-control, and sincerely she didn't want to have self-control with Victoria. The other woman was beautiful, gentle and kind, and above else she needed to be loved.

Juliana could see the cloud of unhappiness that hovered over Victoria's head, the despair that clung to her. She doubted anyone who saw her couldn't. So she decided to do everything she could to make it vanish, she made the other woman laugh and dream, she made the other woman want, and she decided to make the other woman love. Victoria deserved to be loved, to be treated as a goddess.

Which was why she asked Williams's help to prepare a surprise for Victoria, days before the queen's birthday, exactly three months after they met. The man helped her with gusto, him and the guards and servants of the palace, knowing she was trying to make their queen happy.

"Where are you taking me?" Victoria's voice showed she was trying to seem angry, but the amusement underneath couldn't be hidden, and Juliana laughed.

"You'll see." She looked back at the queen, feeling her heart burst at the trust the other was putting on her. Victoria had a piece of cloth around her head, keeping her from seeing, and only Juliana's hand guided her.

It didn't take them long to reach their destination, the place where they had met for the first time: the garden Victoria spent so much time in. When they arrived, Juliana moved behind the other woman and pressed against her for some moments, enjoying the sudden inhalation Victoria took, and then gently releasing the cloth and letting the blonde see what was in front of them.

Victoria gasped at the table filled with foods, and then turned to Juliana with a question in her eyes. The blonde smiled. "I asked for a little help to prepare this surprise. I know it's still a little early to celebrate your birthday, but you'll be very busy in the next days, and I wanted to celebrate alone with you."

Victoria's eyes softened and she smiled before studying the table once again. "Who helped you?" Her voice was low, soft and wondering, and Juliana reached forward and poised a hand on her shoulder.

"Williams and the remaining servants of the palace." Victoria couldn't hide her surprise and Juliana chuckled, stepping forward once again and almost invading the other woman's personal space. "They do care about you, you know that, don't you?" The way she looked aside seemed to indicate she didn't, but Juliana's hand against her cheek made her turn back. "Your people love you. Even your courtiers love you, though some would prefer you involved yourself more in the daily court life."

Victoria didn't seem to know what to say about that, and only after a moment did Juliana realize what she was doing and stopped caressing the queen's face. The other seemed disappointed about that, but that disappointment was replaced by amusement when Juliana pulled a chair and gestured for her to sit. The queen did so demurely, smiling back at Juliana when the other smiled.

They ate and drank with gusto, and laughed with cheer as the hours went on. For the first time in her life Victoria got a little tipsy, but she was still in control of

herself. She just felt she needed the courage for what she suspected would happen later, for what *she wanted* to happen later between the two of them.

It surprised her how easily she accepted it. Victoria couldn't say she ever had a lover before, or was even tempted to have one, and there she was, considering spending the night in Juliana's arms. At that thought, a memory from when the frog turned into woman came, and Victoria blushed at the remembrance of the other's curves, and of the oddities of her body. She couldn't help how her eyes smoldered, and she hated that Juliana noticed.

And she noticed it. Victoria saw her smirk growing wider, and heard her voice becoming more and more seductive, even if she wasn't exactly paying attention to the words.

There was no more need for words, and Juliana got to her feet and moved towards the other woman, stopping beside her and extending her hand. Victoria swallowed before accepting, and was pulled to her feet when she did. She inhaled sharply when her front pressed against the blonde's, and swallowed, waiting for the moment Juliana would close the distance between them and kiss her, but the other was cruel.

The former prince remained there, still as a statue, letting her eyes rove over Victoria's face until the queen couldn't resist the temptation and reached forward.

The kiss was soft and fleeting, their lips barely brushed against one another's, and it was enough to make Victoria's heart still. Her breath escaped her in a rush once they parted, and she barely inhaled once more before kissing the other again. The second kiss was still soft, but the third and the fourth were anything but.

The queen was inexperienced, and Juliana let her take control at first, let her get to make her own pace, but the moment the other woman tried to sneak her tongue into her mouth was the moment Juliana lost control of her own urges. She put her hands on Victoria's hair and grasped tight, not enough to hurt, but enough for the other woman to be unable to escape from her, and then she tilted her head and deepened the kiss.

If the moan Victoria released when that happened was any indication, she liked it very much.

They didn't linger around very long. No matter how much Juliana might want to push the other woman into the table and take her right there, she couldn't justify allowing Victoria's first time to be so uncouth. The other was a queen, a paragon of a woman, and a beauty of the highest order. She deserved to be loved like a goddess, and Juliana would make sure she got everything she deserved.

There were no guards on their path to Victoria's quarters, and for a moment Juliana wondered if Williams was responsible for that. Maybe the man wasn't exactly expecting the two of them to spend the night together, and simply hoped to avoid anyone seeing their queen drunk out of her mind, in case she drank too much. Whatever the reason it only helped them, and it allowed Juliana to do something she wanted since she grasped Victoria's hand after dining.

The queen looked questionably at Juliana when she turned, and her eyes widened when the blonde's smirk became more pronounced. The shriek she released when Juliana grabbed her bridal-style was surely heard far, but none interrupted them, and the former prince could carry the queen into her bedroom, and into her bed afterwards.

Victoria looked so vulnerable then, looking up at her with something indescribable in her eyes, that Juliana paused in doubt. There was a purity about the other woman that she feared would be lost if she touched her in an inappropriate way, and that was the last thing Juliana desired.

She stayed still for so long that Victoria reached for her, grasping one of her hands and softly holding it. Juliana inhaled sharply when the other woman pulled that hand, pressed it against her face and leaned her cheek against it. She couldn't resist; she would dare argue no one could have resisted Victoria in that moment, and so she leaned down and pressed her lips against the queen's once more. The kiss started soft and turned fiery, and when Juliana came to herself she was beside the other woman on the bed, and desire clawed at her heart.

Despite their lust, they were gentle, at first. Juliana took the first step to advance their actions and gently unlaced part of her dress, letting it sag in front of her chest. The sight attracted Victoria, as it had attracted her more than once before, but this time the queen didn't hold back. Without a hint of shame, she reached for the front of Juliana's dress and grabbed it, ripping before the other woman could do anything, baring the underclothes beneath.

Juliana swallowed at the lust in the other's eyes. The truth was that, despite being more experienced than Victoria, it had been a long time since she had anyone, since she was touched by another. She spent countless years as a frog, and now that she had her body back it was different. She was more woman than man now, and being with another would be a new experience.

Their eyes met and for one moment they understood each other completely. Victoria saw Juliana's hesitation and doubts, and the blonde saw hers.

They smiled and kissed again, softly. Piece by piece they rid themselves of their clothes, baring each other completely. Juliana swallowed as she saw the light of the candles reflected on Victoria's skin, and she hesitantly reached forward, touching it, hearing the queen gasp in surprise as she ran the back of her hand over that pale skin. She smirked when that skin broke into goosebumps, regaining some of her earlier confidence.

Victoria was a woman; a distinguished one: beautiful, perfect, gentle, a queen, but a woman nonetheless, and Juliana had long learned how to please women.

She liked to see Victoria's green orbs widen when she leaned down and pressed her lips against her wrist, then her elbow and collarbone, then her throat. The queen moaned and tightened her hands on her sheets, but didn't move, either because she was hesitant, or because she figured it was better to let Juliana do as she pleased.

Juliana wanted Victoria to touch her back, but she understood it would take a while for the other woman to take that step, and so she amused herself by tasting every inch of Victoria's skin, caressing her completely, except the areas Victoria truly wanted her to caress.

She knew that the pressure was mounting inside the other woman, and sooner or later she would blow up. She would make sure that happened.

She couldn't resist making sure that happened sooner than later when the other woman begged. "Please!" Victoria's voice sent a shudder running down Juliana's spine and she stopped fighting against her instincts, against her wants, and poised her hands against Victoria's chest, gentle, kneading that soft flesh and making her moan louder than before.

The young queen could only shiver as she was touched like that for the first time, and she almost reached for the other woman, wanting to pay her back in kind, but hesitation made her stop. She didn't know what to do, she didn't know how to please Juliana and she didn't want to disappoint the other woman. She didn't resist the urge to grab Juliana's hands and pressed them tighter against her own chest however.

The former prince used the opportunity for all its worth and grasped that flesh, tight, flicking her thumbs against the little peaks, and making something similar to a squeal escape from Victoria's mouth. She chuckled when that happened, and the other woman looked at her with an offended gaze, but a kiss took care of that.

Victoria hesitated again as Juliana laid her out on the bed, but that hesitation was replaced by something else when the other woman leaned down and licked one of her nipples. Juliana teased her relentlessly for a long time, or at least it seemed so, and Victoria begged and pleaded, asking for something she didn't quite understand.

Juliana couldn't help but shudder when she looked at the woman beneath her. Victoria was more beautiful than ever, vulnerable as she was in that moment, and Juliana's cock was harder than she could remember it ever being. She had loved Bianca with all her heart, but she cared for Victoria as well, and the queen's beauty surpassed that of her former love by a great deal.

The hard rod touched Victoria's leg when the other woman leaned down, and she flinched in surprise, then looked at it. It was warm and hard, and she couldn't resist the temptation to reach out and touch it. Only then did she process what she was doing and almost released it, but Juliana moaned, loud and eager, and Victoria found herself exploring that appendage, wanting to hear a moan like that once more.

The queen focused on her actions and let everything else vanish from her focus. There was only Juliana and her body, her cock, and she played with it, caressing the head with her thumb, then tightening her hand around it when the other woman told her to. The blonde put her own hand around Victoria's and started moving up and down, showing the other woman how to pump the rod.

Victoria marveled at the moans that escaped Juliana's mouth, and shifted in place, pressing one leg against the other to try and alleviate the need between her thighs. Eventually Juliana reached her limit and forced Victoria to stop before she came.

She didn't want to achieve her pleasure like that. She wanted to release her seed inside Victoria, to claim her as none had ever claimed her before. Without hesitation, without doubt, she grabbed Victoria's head and pulled her up, kissing her again.

It was a harsh kiss, though gentle in a way. Their tongues dueled with one another's, and their hands grasped at each other's bodies. Juliana moved down Victoria's body once more, much to the other's protests, but that complaining faded away when Juliana kissed her tummy, and then her belly-button.

Victoria stilled when Juliana kissed her waist and the flesh above her pubes, not quite knowing what would follow, imagining it would feel good, but a little afraid. Juliana noticed the hesitation, there was no way she couldn't have, and she slowed down for a few moments, wondering if Victoria wanted her to stop, but the other woman gave no such sign. She decided to be as gentle as possible.

She pushed lightly against Victoria's leg and made the woman turn it aside, giving her better access to her core. When she looked up, she found that Victoria's face was red as a tomato, but there was something resolute in her eyes, a will to continue that Juliana didn't doubt.

The blonde smiled gently before focusing on Victoria's core, kissing her inner thighs and the flesh beside her sex. The queen whimpered in need, not quite understanding what she wanted exactly, only knowing she needed Juliana to release some of the pressure within her.

She arched from the bed when Juliana's fingers fell upon her opening, and again when it was the woman's tongue to touch her.

Juliana could almost feel the tension running through Victoria's body, her need for release. There were no words to describe the other's flavor, or how nice it was to feel Victoria's body tremble beneath hers.

She ran her hands up and down Victoria's legs in a last attempt to tease her, but lost herself within the other's folds soon enough. It started with her mouth, licking up and down over Victoria's entrance, then sideways until the other woman squirmed and trashed. When Victoria crowed, Juliana lost her composure and any thought of gentleness she might have possessed.

She focused her attention on Victoria's clit, closing her lips around it and suckling lightly, chuckling when the other woman arched from the bed. With a finger, she teased Victoria's nether lips, slowly, tenderly, until the other woman spread her legs, and they parted easily for Juliana's digits.

The young queen was tight, and Juliana made sure to be as careful as she needed to be. She caressed her slowly, and only then moved her finger deeper. She didn't let it go too far before moving back, and repeating the whole motion once again, letting Victoria slowly get used to her.

Victoria was in heaven. She never imagined being loved could feel like this, and she wanted nothing else but to spend the rest of her life with the woman at her side. At the same time, there was a need building up inside of her, a tension needing to be released, and only Juliana's motions could bring it about. A moment after that, Juliana suckled, letting her tongue swirl around that precious little nub, and she came.

There were no words Victoria could use to explain how that felt. Her body shook and she screamed in pleasure, her eyes rolled back and she almost lost herself completely. She was aware of Juliana beside her, coaxing more and more pleasure into her body, but at the same time her mind was elsewhere, in a realm where only enjoyment mattered, and Victoria trashed and enjoyed.

When she truly regained her senses, Juliana pressed against her side, the blonde's beautiful eyes gazing into hers, that firm, warm body pressed into hers. Part of Victoria wanted to color, especially when she noticed the firm rod against her leg, but they were past that, weren't they? What they had just done was more intimate than anything she had ever experienced. What was there more to do than that?

As if Juliana knew what she was thinking, she chuckled and kissed Victoria once more, and the queen hesitated, remembering just how inexperienced she really was. The wickedness in Juliana's smirk wasn't making her feel terribly safe, and her heart started galloping in anticipation.

Their kisses became harsher, and Victoria moaned when the other's hands fell upon her body, brushing against her skin and making her shiver. She repaid the motion in kind, caressing Juliana, daring to cup the other's rear. The blonde arched, and a smile formed in Victoria's lips, but it was soon replaced by a gaping mouth when Juliana leaned down and licked one of her nipples.

When she parted Victoria's legs once more, she was less gentle than before, but the queen didn't mind one bit, and eagerly spread herself open, displaying her core. Juliana paused to appreciate the sight, then sighed and reached out with one hand, caressing Victoria's sex.

The queen moaned, and pleaded with her body, her mouth strangely silent. Juliana couldn't resist.

With a smile on her lips, she positioned herself atop the other woman, and leaned down to kiss Victoria. At the same time, she pressed her body fully against the one beneath hers, then grabbed her rod and steadied it before pressing against Victoria's entrance. She hesitated then, even when the other woman tried to move against her. Victoria didn't quite understand what she was trying to do, and how it could hurt her, and Juliana needed to be twice as careful.

The first few inches of her flesh entered easily, but she didn't risk hurting the other woman and pulled back, only to push in again after a few seconds. Victoria moaned and grasped Juliana's body, trying to pull the other woman against her, trying to force her to go deeper, but the blonde resisted. She resisted her instincts and her lover's pleading, and moved in a glacial pace, making sure it wouldn't hurt.

Victoria was unsatisfied by that pace, and tried to incite the other woman to move faster, but Juliana only did so when she noticed that Victoria was ready for it.

They held each other close as the blonde started speeding up, and their lovemaking became something else. They were rutting against one another, pleasure pure and simple was what moved them.

Juliana only stopped when she reached the barrier inside Victoria. They stilled, and exchanged glances, and she smiled before kissing her beloved once more, gently. Some of the lust disappeared from Victoria's eyes, and she realized what was going to happen, but nodded, silently ordering Juliana to get on with it.

The blonde only hesitated for an instant before doing as commanded, and thrusting.

Victoria winced and closed her eyes, pained, and Juliana kissed her eyelids, caressing her face with soft hands and tender kisses. She murmured sweet nothings in her ears, and Victoria had to struggle to understand what her lover was saying, only for her heart to stop when she did. "I love you, I love you, I love you."

The queen's throat got tight and she had difficulty breathing, but that didn't stop her from reaching up and holding unto the woman above her, to hug Juliana with all of her heart. Maybe the other woman was telling the truth, maybe she was simply saying she loved her to reassure her; it didn't matter. Victoria enjoyed those words as she enjoyed the pleasure Juliana had given her minutes earlier, and she longed to hear them for the rest of her life.

When the pain started fading away, she hooked her legs around Juliana's waist and used that grip to pull the other woman, making her move.

The blonde couldn't withstand such temptation. It had been so hard to hold back from moving and sinking the rest of her into Victoria, but she didn't want to hurt the woman. Now that Victoria was the one forcing her to move she didn't even

try to fight against her instincts.

It hurt, a little at least, but Victoria didn't care, and when Juliana didn't move fast enough for her liking, she started thrusting back, slowly and steadily taking them to the next level of pleasure. The pressure built and built, and Victoria started moaning, louder than before, almost loud enough people outside the room could hear her, but she didn't care, not then.

She wanted Juliana, she wanted her release, her seed. She needed to feel the other woman spill herself inside of her, to belong to the blonde. Fortunately Juliana felt like her, and it didn't take them long to reach their zenith.

The former prince leaned down and kissed Victoria just before her release, knowing it was coming, and wanting to taste those beautiful lips once more. The instant their mouths parted, Juliana thrust one more time and closed her eyes, feeling her rod jerking suddenly and releasing its seed.

The obvious pleasure in Juliana's features, and the feel of her rod moving in new and exciting ways was enough to clue in Victoria to what was happening, and she reddened in embarrassment and reached her own release. She tightened around Juliana and came, making the pleasure the other was feeling increase, making her own pleasure get sharper.

When they came down from their highs they held each other, tightly, smiling at one another when their eyes met. Victoria blushed and almost looked away, but after what happened between them that didn't make sense, and she just enjoyed Juliana's warmth against hers.

"I never thought I would find someone to love." She whispered eventually, and reddened even further under Juliana's stare. Her heart started galloping again, nerves took hold of her and she started letting tears fall down her eyes. The other woman held her tight, but Victoria couldn't stop, and suddenly she was sobbing into Juliana's shoulder, completely out of control.

Juliana tried to shush her, tried to offer what comfort she could, and eventually it worked because Victoria regained control of herself and settled down, content in holding Juliana.

"I'm sorry." She said eventually, now embarrassed because of her fit. "I don't know what came over me."

"I do." Juliana answered softly, caressing her face. Victoria looked up at her. "You lost those you loved before, and you've been alone for a long time. But I'm not going to abandon you, Victoria. I'll be beside you."

"That will make them talk even more." The queen giggled, imagining some of the rumors her courtiers would create about them. Strangely enough, they probably wouldn't fall far from the mark. "Now they'll truly be convinced I'll never marry anyone."

Juliana chuckled, but her heart didn't seem to be in it. "That will change when I get back to my body." Her words stunned Victoria, who only looked back at her. "When I do, I'll marry you and make you mine in front of everyone."

Victoria swallowed. Juliana wanting to marry her sent a tingle racing down her body, and made her heart gallop, but the thought of the woman recovering her former body put a dampener on it. She didn't understand it, and it confused her. Her confusion must have shown, or perhaps something else, because Juliana frowned and held her chin, peering into her eyes. "What?"

“Nothing.” Victoria answered too quickly and tried to look away, and her lover wasn’t fooled.

“There must be something.” Juliana’s voice gained a pained edge. “Unless you don’t want to marry me. I can understand that, after all I can’t give you what you deserve; I’m a prince no longer.”

This time it was Victoria who took hold of Juliana’s face. “That has nothing to do with it. I don’t care about that.” She leaned forward and kissed the blonde, pouring all that she felt into the kiss. “It’s just that...” She hesitated.

“You can tell me whatever you want. I won’t judge you.”

Victoria met Juliana’s eyes and saw her seriousness, and only then dared to continue. “The thought of you changing, of you becoming a man once again, bothers me. I can’t explain it.” She rushed to continue when Juliana opened her mouth. “I’m fine with you like this, even with that.” She gestured towards Juliana’s crotch. “But you as a man ... I can’t explain.”

Juliana’s mouth formed a perfect o when she realized what was bothering Victoria, and then she smirked. “You like women.”

“What?” Victoria was confused.

“You’re attracted to women; it’s kind of obvious.”

“No, I’m not.” The queen denied immediately, then paused. “I think?” Whatever certainty she possessed disappeared, and she looked at Juliana, hoping the other would have an answer for her.

The blonde smiled gently. “I suppose that explains why you’ve never let any of those knights and princes seduce you, my queen.” She moved closer, and her voice grew heady with something. Before Victoria could answer, her lips were taken in a kiss, and the moments that followed almost made her forget what they were talking about. “You would have preferred their sisters to do it.”

“No, that’s ... no.” Victoria was confused and it showed, and Juliana took pity on her.

“It wasn’t rare in my land. There were men and women that preferred to keep to their own sex. I understand that’s far rarer in yours, Victoria, but don’t try to deny yourself and be unhappy.”

The queen was shaken, but she didn’t quite know what to think. It would have explained many things about her and some interactions she had with men in the past, but it wasn’t something she had considered, and confusion reigned in her thoughts.

Juliana could imagine how that affected Victoria, and decided to take mercy on her, kissing her once more. “Maybe you won’t have to worry about that.” The words came out of her mouth with some indecision, and she shocked herself with them. She couldn’t say she hadn’t been thinking about it for a while now, but she hadn’t decided anything yet. “It’s going to be pretty hard for me to find some way to become a normal man once more, and I’ve grown to actually like this body.” She ran a hand down her skin as she said it, and Victoria’s eyes followed it eagerly. “I might decide to stay like this.”

The queen’s eyes brightened at her words, and Juliana knew she had done the right thing. The kiss that followed and the night of pleasure they shared together only reaffirmed her opinion.

Epilogue

In the end Juliana never had to make a choice. No solution to return her to her previous body appeared, and it wasn't as if she sought one very hard.

Her new body felt great; not to say her previous one hadn't, but being a woman fit her somehow, especially after her experience as a frog. Part of her could even admit male her hadn't been such a great person: oh, sure, she had improved after meeting Bianca and falling in love, but sometimes, in the back of her head, Juliana couldn't help but think she deserved to be turned into a frog. And her new body had a perk her old one would make her lose: Victoria.

The queen loved her, and was loved by her in turn, but Juliana was afraid she would stop attracting the queen's desire if she turned into a man. She couldn't deal with that, and didn't want to dare fate, so she would content herself with the new body.

Eventually, as they knew it would happen, they became unable to hide their relationship from the others at court. There had been rumors, obviously, and afterwards there were some comments and unrest, but Victoria was queen and none wanted to defy her. And many were happy for her, that after all she suffered she managed to find happiness, even if it was in the arms of another woman.

There were some complications, when after a year of their relationship Victoria became pregnant, but those were resolved when they told the tale behind Juliana's appearance and her origin. Some didn't believe them, but others did when it was proved how different the blonde was from other women, and for the most part any grumblings about their relationship disappeared. The royal line would continue, and that was the only thing many of them cared about.

Victoria and Juliana lived a long and happy life together, without regrets.

The end

FUTANARI EROTICA FAIRY TALES



**THE EMPRESS'S
NEW ... ROD**

THE EMPRESS'S NEW ... ROD

Futanari Erotica Fairy Tales, Volume 15

by

Julie Law

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The Empress's New ... Rod

Prologue

Once upon a time, there was a powerful empire ruled by an alluring empress. Most men desired her, and even some women, but none drew her gaze. She had riches untold after all, beauty that made her seem blessed by the gods, and the adoration of her people.

She desired for nothing except one thing: a child.

The empress was lonely, and had long given up on finding someone to love her, someone she could learn to love back. She desired a child very much, however, and looked past her misgivings and laid with the most beautiful men in her country, hoping one of them would be able to grant her wish. None was able to do so, and she stopped trying for a while, very much aware of her failure.

It didn't take her long to try again, but she did things differently this time. Magic was alive and well in her kingdom, and surely some of the great wizards or witches that lived in it would be able to do something about her problem.

Unfortunately, she discovered most of these great magicians were frauds. Well, maybe not frauds exactly, they had power and she saw it with her own eyes, but they were great at making fireworks and fireballs, and horrid at anything else. There were two or three supposed great healers, but all they managed to do was tell her she would have difficulty conceiving, which wasn't what she was hoping to hear at all.

And then, one of the most famous witches in the empire was brought to her, and everything changed.

Chapter 1

“Are you certain this is her?” Isolde glanced warily at the supposed witch moving around her throne room, who was seemingly impressed with every shinny bauble in her sight. She couldn’t imagine how the blonde was a witch, but she doubted her advisors would be foolish enough to bring her the wrong woman.

Her seneschal coughed before answering. “It seems she had an accident of some kind a few years ago, your majesty, and since then has been like this...” He gestured at the witch, and Isolde found herself gazing at the woman once more.

She didn’t quite know what to think. The blonde seemed to have vapor inside her head. Isolde was used to being respected by everyone who met her; most were afraid of the power she wielded, and perfectly aware of what she could do to those that displeased her, but the witch in front of her had barely paid her any attention before starting to wander around the throne room.

It galled her, though she couldn’t deny it was amusing. It had been a long time since anyone behaved strangely in front of her. She couldn’t deny it worried her though, that this witch was the one most said would be the one to help her. She wasn’t certain she could trust their word.

“Witch.” She called out, and had to repeat it a couple of times to be heard.

The witch looked at her and then away, continuing her inspection of the throne room, and ignoring the empress.

Isolde grit her teeth very hard.

Fortunately for the blonde, the seneschal knew the look in the empress’s face, and moved before she could act. He approached the witch and grabbed her arm, and then pulled her until they stood before the empress.

The blonde let herself be pulled, just looked at the seneschal and let him lead her, and then glanced at the empress when she started speaking.

“What’s your name, witch?” Isolde tried to contain her mounting anger. It wouldn’t do to punish the only one that could help her before actually doing so. Maybe afterwards, depending on how pleased she was with the solution the witch presented, she would forgive the blonde and let her go.

The other woman grinned, and waved in the empress’s direction. “I’m Daisy.”

Isolde just turned and glared at her seneschal, and he swallowed loudly. She closed her eyes and tried to breathe, deeply, before opening them again and facing the witch. She almost jumped out of her throne when she did so and found the witch’s face inches away from hers.

The seneschal tried to drag the witch back, but she wouldn’t be moved from her study of the empress, and let her eyes move over the woman’s face.

Isolde froze, momentarily. That was a first. She couldn’t remember anyone ever getting in her face, not since she was a child and didn’t command the respect she did nowadays. She opened her mouth to speak, but a finger poking against her cheek made her close it, and her glare became more scathing.

The witch, Daisy, didn’t seem to notice it, however. She kept poking the empress, and mumbling under her breath, almost giving the seneschal a heart attack.

He made to move and stop the witch once more, but Isolde raised a hand and stopped him. She could take a little prodding and touching if the witch came with a solution to help her, no matter how much she didn’t like it. She used the proximity

to study the witch.

She was blonde, and pale, her skin light and fair, displaying her origin from one of the northern kingdoms. Isolde almost put one arm beside the witch's, simply to see how her light mocha skin would compare with the other woman's, but held back at the last moment, not wanting to encourage the witch's antics.

She couldn't deny the witch's looks made her quite exotic, there weren't many of her coloring in their lands. The curves the other woman possessed did nothing to detract from her beauty, quite the opposite, they made her seem quite enticing in a way, even if they made her even more exotic. Shani women were slim and athletic, and very few had curves so generous as the ones that adorned the witch.

Isolde was one of those few, though not as voluptuous as the witch, but maybe it wasn't as strange. In the end, what made her more curvaceous than other women from her empire was the same thing that made sure her skin was a lighter mocha than the one that adorned most of the Shani. Her mother had been from one of the northern kingdoms, a woman her father had fallen for and taken as a wife.

She tried to ignore the knowledge that her mother's family didn't have much of a choice in the matter, and that her father had taken her as tribute not to attack her original kingdom, and focused on the witch.

In a way, that made her even more curious about the other woman. Why was she in Shani? Their lands were rich, yes, but so were many others. What would make someone powerful in magic come to her land? And she had no doubt the woman in front of her was powerful, her advisors wouldn't have brought her forward if she wasn't.

Isolde bared Daisy's poking, and her muttering, perfectly aware of her advisor getting more and more frustrated as they went on, but he wouldn't do anything without her permission, not after she blocked his last attempt. She wasn't sure if the other woman was already working on her problem after all, doing some kind of examination.

Daisy leaned back and smiled. "You're pretty."

Or perhaps the witch was simply addled. Isolde's hands tightened around her throne, but she retained her composure. It wouldn't do for her anger to destroy one of the few possibilities to have what she desired.

"Will you be able to grant me what I want?" She spoke out slowly, as if talking to a child, which she figured wasn't far from the truth. She knew enough to realize Daisy's behavior wasn't exactly normal, but if what she was told was correct she hadn't always been like this. So long as her skills hadn't been affected, Isolde could ignore the blonde's attitude.

Daisy blinked, then looked around as if making sure the empress was talking to her. "And what do you want?" She seemed nervous all of a sudden.

Isolde breathed deeply and tried to retain her composure, but she wasn't sure she was completely successful. "I need your help in conceiving a child, witch. Will you be able to help me?"

The blonde's eyes brightened in understanding. "Oh, that. Sure, I can."

Her smile could almost be described as blinding, but for some reason that did nothing to abate the sudden dread Isolde felt. There should be no reason to feel like that, the other woman had just promised to help her, but the empress had learned to trust her instincts over the years, and she was sure Daisy's help wouldn't be as

helpful as she might have wished it to.

Chapter 2

Three weeks after the witch started to *'help'* her, and Isolde was ready to give up on the whole thing. And take vengeance for the time she lost against the witch's skin. Three weeks of being forced to follow ridiculous instructions, of having to drink the foulest potions, and having to listen to the inane chatter that escaped the blonde's mouth, and no progress to be seen.

Not that she expected progress in such short a time, but she also hadn't expected to be tortured by the witch's presence, or her words and potions. In most occasions, the blonde only wasted her time, and Isolde was starting to get quite angry about it.

She was empress, she ruled the empire and all of those within it. She wasn't some experiment to be played with, like Daisy seemed to insist in doing. It was only the other woman's seemingly innocence, the fact she didn't actually realize how she was treating the empress, that allowed Isolde to let it pass. She didn't want to, exactly, she would have punished anyone else that behaved with her as Daisy did, but she needed the witch's help.

She could always punish the other woman later, if she was dissatisfied with the results.

"Are you certain this will help?" Isolde glared at the concoction in her hand, wincing slightly when she breathed through her nose and smelled it. Was it her, or were the potions getting fouler and fouler with each day that passed?

She glanced at the witch. If it had been anyone else, she would have accused them of trying to poison her, but she doubted the witch would be able to do that, at least purposely. She couldn't rule out it could happen accidentally.

Scrunching her face, Isolde opened her mouth and drank the potion, and struggled not to throw it out almost immediately. "Oh, goddess. What is this?" She wiped her lips, trying to get rid of the last remaining drops still staining them, shaking her head from one side to the other, hoping it would help her get rid of the taste.

It seemed figurative speech was lost on Daisy. "It's a potion to increase your health and sexual appetite."

Isolde glared. "You gave me an aphrodisiac?" She didn't even try to ask how exactly the blonde expected that to help her problem, questioning the witch in such matters only made her end her day with a headache.

"The only manner to conceive a child is by having sex." The witch said it matter-of-fact, and looked at Isolde as if she was making a great revelation.

The empress had difficulty in not glaring at the other woman. "I know that, and I've tried. I have a perfectly healthy sexual drive, I don't need any help in that matter." She ignored how her cheeks burned as she spoke, as she spoke so frankly on the matter. She didn't keep partners for long, no, but in her search for a child she had made an effort to ignore the faults in her partners and enjoy their activities together. It hadn't helped, obviously, and she remained childless.

Daisy blinked, as if processing the words, and shrugged. "Well, this will help you nonetheless, make you healthier. You should feel its effects over the following days."

Oh, Isolde felt the effects alright, even if most of the time she would prefer not to. After a couple of days, she couldn't remain still without shifting her legs and trying to provide some friction on her sex. She barely managed to focus on her duty, and spent the hours daydreaming.

Her advisors, and the servants of the palace, noticed it, there was no way they couldn't have, but fortunately they didn't know the cause behind her lack of focus. In the end, she decided to call one of the strongest guards in the palace into her quarters and rode him until she was spent. It helped, and during the next day all returned to normal, but soon after she started feeling the same burning need once more.

Sating her lust was nowhere near as easy the second time, nor the third, and after a while even sex didn't do much to ease the pressure between her legs, the need that dominated her thoughts.

Isolde tried to ignore it for as long as she could, but eventually the lust grew to be too much, and she had to seek out the witch. She didn't want to, and didn't trust Daisy to be able to solve the problem, not after putting her in such a position, but there wasn't much she could do otherwise.

And if the witch failed to cure her, she would make sure the other woman would never forget her punishment.

Fortunately, no one interrupted her in her way to the witch, and she could enter the laboratory where the other woman had settled herself without any problem. "What have you done?" Was the first thing out of her mouth.

Daisy only blinked at her. "What do you mean?" She blinked again, seemingly confused. She stood beside a cauldron, working on some kind of potion. It was turquoise, and smelled far better than any of those she had forced down Isolde's throat.

Isolde hated that the confusion was real.

She shook her head and gathered herself, stepping forward. Daisy must have seen something that intimidated her, because she started moving back, retreating from the mocha-skinned woman without really thinking about it. "Your last potion..." Isolde started, then stopped, not quite willing to put into words what the potion was doing to her, hoping Daisy would get the hint.

Unfortunately, the blonde could be quite dense at times. She just looked at Isolde with wide eyes, further angering the empress.

Isolde breathed deeply and strode forward with fury in her eyes, closing the last few inches of empty space between them and pressing against the witch, resisting the urge to throttle her. "Your damned potion is making me mad with lust. Fix it."

Those words were almost screeched in Daisy's ears, and the blonde froze for a few moments, before gathering enough focus to move away from the empress, retreating further into the room. Isolde glared at her during the whole time, and Daisy swallowed, starting to realize the precarious position she found herself in.

"I have something that should stop that." She let out eventually, not quite wanting to turn and take her eyes off Isolde, knowing she would have to, if she wanted to find the potion that would ease the empress's need. She walked towards the cabinet where she had most of her potions, and started looking for the one she wanted, all the while looking over her shoulder towards the impatient monarch.

That her fear and need of reassurance only made her slower didn't seem to have entered the blonde's thoughts, and the empress's fury grew. She was about to step forward and shake the witch, but the woman released a sound of success and turned to her, extending her a potion.

Isolde looked from the green liquid in the bottle to the witch and back again, and hesitated. With how clumsy the witch was most of the time, she didn't know if she could trust the woman, but she figured even Daisy wouldn't be that careless. In the blonde's eyes, Isolde could see the understanding of what might happen if she failed, and figured fear would have made the other woman focus.

Fortunately, the potion was easier to swallow this time, its flavor far milder than the last potion the witch had given her. Unfortunately, it didn't seem to do anything to her lust.

She breathed deeply. She needed to give it time, after all the potion that increased her lust had also taken a few days to take hold. She didn't know what she would do if the cure needed days to settle as well, but at least she could look forward to when it happened.

"Feeling better yet?" Daisy's hesitant voice intruded on Isolde's thoughts, and made the empress focus on the blonde. "It should have started to act by now."

Those words made Isolde glare. "I'm not feeling anything."

Daisy blinked, then started fidgeting, obviously nervous. Isolde narrowed her eyes even further. If the witch failed her once more...

A sudden heat came upon Isolde and made her breathe deeply, and she almost smiled, thinking she was safe, but then a pulse of something made her heart beat loud in her chest, and she froze.

Daisy mumbled under her breath, loud enough that Isolde could hear her without difficulties. "Hmm, it should have worked already, I don't know why it's taking so long. Unless..." She looked at the bottle Isolde still had in her hands, then back to the cabinet where the potion had been and back again, and dread started mounting in her face.

Isolde saw the emotion, she also saw the guilty look Daisy threw her way, but she could do nothing to react, not then. Her blood was pumping through her veins with a strength she had never felt before, her heartbeat was so loud she imagined the witch could hear it, and the tingle between her thighs became unbearable.

After a couple of moments, she gasped loudly and regained control of her motor functions, stumbling back until she could prep herself in the table beside the cauldron, trying to breathe deeply and resist the sheer amount of desire that was inundating her body. She didn't know what Daisy had done, but whatever it was had increased her lust twofold.

"Oh, no, no, no."

Daisy's words barely penetrated Isolde's mind, and she struggled to focus on them, and to ask. "What did you do?" A part of her amusedly remarked that that must have been the phrase she had repeated more since meeting the witch.

"Nothing I can't fix." Daisy replied quickly, turning back to her cabinet and her potions, leaving the struggling Isolde prepped against the table.

The empress heard the clinking of bottles against bottles, but she couldn't gather enough focus to look at the witch. It was her fault, after all. She was suffering like that because of the blonde, and she would enjoy nothing more than to put her hands around the witch's throat and squeeze.

Suddenly the witch was in front of her, with another bottle in hand, but Isolde let her emotions get the best of her and pushed the blonde away, unable to trust the witch's potions once more.

Daisy was surprised, it was obvious in how she lost her footing and fell to the ground, grabbing the edge of the cauldron she had been working on as she did it, and spilling its contents over herself.

Isolde laughed, she couldn't help it, the sight was too funny. Daisy was blinking, and looking from the potion spilled all over her to the empress, and back again, her mouth opening and closing. Another spear of lust went through Isolde and she closed her eyes, muffling her cries. She couldn't let anyone else see her like that, she could only imagine what her subjects would say about her if they did.

A cry echoed through the room and Isolde froze, wondering if she had been the one to release it, if she had lost enough composure to let out such a needful moan escape her without even meaning to, but another moan came after the first, and she turned to Daisy, realizing the witch was the one moaning.

It could almost be payback, something whispered inside Isolde's mind, that the witch seemed to be suffering as she was.

Then she watched as Daisy pushed down her long skirts, and her undergarments, baring herself. Even the sight of the treasure between the witch's thighs was enough to spurn Isolde's lust, though she had never cared much for the fairer sex, but what really made her blood boil with need was what happened afterwards.

Daisy's flesh seemed to shift, so slightly at first that Isolde only blinked, thinking she was wrong, but there was no denying something was happening, not when her flesh seemed to extend and grow upwards in the form of a cock.

Isolde blinked again, not quite believing her eyes. The sheer surprise of what she was seeing was enough to make her forget about her lust for a few moments, and she opened her mouth, and then closed it without saying anything. She couldn't take her eyes off the appendage though, and took a step forward before noticing what she was doing and stopping.

She shook her head, and tried to turn away, but couldn't.

Daisy moaned again, and the sound was enough to make the empress shiver. She should turn away and flee, ignore her lust and desire and hide in her room, but she was rooted in place, looking at that hard flesh.

The witch arched from the ground and her hand came to rest on that rod, starting to stroke it. Isolde swallowed, and tried to move her eyes, tried to turn her head and look at something else, but eventually her gaze would turn back to the witch and her struggle to reach pleasure.

She took a step without really thinking about it, and then stopped, knowing what she wished to do and what she *should* do were two very different things. Then the blonde moaned again, and she was lost.

Isolde walked until she stood beside the witch and looked down at her. Daisy was seemingly lost in the throes of whatever it was that came over her, but at Isolde's proximity, she opened her eyes and looked right into Isolde's orbs. The empress gazed seriously at the other woman, her face carved from stone, and then reached out with one foot, using it to press against Daisy's rod.

The witch gasped and arched into that hold, even when it started getting more painful as Isolde's foot pressed down.

The mocha skinned woman was angry, and full of desire, and the two emotions were conflicting in a way she wouldn't be able to explain. She had never wanted to hurt one of her partners during sex, dominate them yes, hurt never, and she didn't exactly want to hurt Daisy, but she wouldn't mind seeing her flinch for a bit.

She pressed harder, momentarily, just until Daisy reacted, and then retreated. The whine that escaped the witch's throat made a shiver run down her back, and she shuddered. She leaned down and unlaced her shoes, then pressed her now naked foot against Daisy's rod. It was warm, and just as hard as it looked, and she couldn't resist the temptation to move her foot up and down, caressing it.

The witch moaned again. She tried to put one hand against Isolde's foot, hoping to direct the woman's motions, but the empress kicked it away. She was being forced into following Isolde's whims, and she didn't mind at all. All she wanted was to have her release, to feel the pleasure that the potion in her veins wanted to grant her.

Isolde licked her lips. She had never much cared for the fairer sex, though she had experimented a little when she was younger, but the sight of the witch trashing under her foot was making her feel warmer than she had been in a long time. A part of her knew it was because of the potions the other woman had given her, but there was something about the knowledge that there was someone completely at her mercy that really appealed to her.

A moment after that thought, another pulse of lust went straight through her sex, and the empress couldn't resist. She would have enjoyed forcing the witch to crawl on her hands and knees to beg for release, but she wasn't feeling much better than the blonde. She needed to have her pleasure as well.

She had just enough focus to start unlacing her dress and then pull it over her head before joining the witch on the floor.

Isolde climbed atop of Daisy, moaning a little as she pressed her covered sex against the woman's hard rod, grabbing unto the witch's hands when they made to grab her bare breasts. For a moment, she thought of allowing the witch's touch, but she was in control there, always would be, and she would decide how they entertained each other.

She pushed the witch's hands above her head, against the ground, and stopped just inches away from Daisy's face, letting their eyes meet. She lingered for a while, just meeting the other woman's orbs, then let her own move to the witch's mouth. Daisy's lips were full, wide and redder than those of any other woman she had seen, and in that moment, she wanted nothing more than to taste them. So, she did so.

She was the empress, she ruled these lands and all of those within, and the witch wouldn't escape her grasp. Not that she seemed to want to, if the manner in which the other woman kissed her back was any indication, or in how her hips thrust in an attempt for her rod to find comfort inside of Isolde.

Isolde shuddered. There was nothing she wanted more right then than to feel that rod entering her, and after a moment she wondered why waste time.

She pulled back from their kiss, and then reached down with one hand, trying to pull her undergarments down. It was a struggle, and she only really succeeded when the witch helped as well. There wasn't enough time to appreciate that success however, because right after, Daisy shifted and somehow that allowed her to find what she wished for.

Isolde only gasped when the other woman's rod pushed inside of her. She had never felt anything as wonderful as that, never had lovemaking managed to make her enjoy so much from so little, and though she was aware the potions were responsible for it, it didn't stop her from wanting to feel the same again. She needn't have worried.

Daisy wanted that pleasure just as much as Isolde, and she pushed deeper into the empress, thrusting her hips. It was an unfamiliar motion for her, she had never done anything of the kind, not as the one with the rod, but though clumsy her attempts were well received by the woman above her.

As the moments went by, they grew more accustomed to the motions, more practiced and less clumsy, and soon they were moving into one another. Isolde struggled not to moan every time Daisy's rod entered her in full, but it was impossible to resist completely, and cries of pleasure escaped her often enough.

The witch didn't care about that. She wanted to feel sated, she wanted to reach the highest of pleasures, and so she grasped Isolde's waist and used that grip to thrust harder and stronger, faster as well, entering the empress again and again with her full length.

With so much contributing to their pleasure, it was inevitable they reached it fairly quickly. Daisy gasped when her rod started to throb, and pulled Isolde all the way down, letting herself take refuge within the empress. The quickness of that motion made Isolde moan out loud, and she felt the witch release inside of her. That release called to her own and she came as well.

They trashed against one another in the midst of their orgasms, and then they came down from them, still entwined. Isolde knew even then that was only a temporary reprieve: she could still feel lust gathering in the back of her mind, ready to overwhelm her again. She shifted a little, and then paused as she felt Daisy's rod. The witch was still hard, and it surprised her very much, almost as much as it delighted her.

Without anything that would resemble a conscious thought, she started moving against the witch once more, moaning when the other woman followed her clue and moved back against her.

Soon they reached another orgasm, and then another and another.

They changed positions and enjoyed each other once more, and it reached a point where Isolde simply forgot who she was, and where she was. Who she was fucking. The only thing that mattered was the pleasure her companion could give her, and how she enjoyed that skin pressed against hers. Part of her marveled at the contrast between their colors, her brown skin against Daisy's pale one, her dark hair against the witch's golden curls.

She would pull the other woman against her and kiss her, and Daisy would reply in kind, entwining their tongues, and that would be just the start of another round of lovemaking.

More than once, Isolde had trailed down and tasted Daisy's rod, putting her lips around it and suckling, kissing it, letting it enter her mouth. Daisy always returned the favor, and the feel of that tongue between her nether lips was something Isolde wasn't sure she would ever be able to forget.

They only stopped loving each other when they were completely spent, and Isolde breathed deeply and settled against Daisy, ignoring the thought that hours earlier she would more quickly try to throttled the blonde than hug her. Even then,

after all they'd shared, part of her lust wasn't completely abated, especially once she felt the witch's breasts against hers, but she was too tired, and fell asleep without another thought.

Chapter 3

“... And so, we can conclude our harvest will be more than enough to feed our people this year, without having to rely on foreign imports.”

Her seneschal nodded and glanced at her, but Isolde wasn't paying much attention, and simply gestured for them to continue. She should focus on the council but, unfortunately, she hadn't been able to focus on anything in the last days. Oh, the haze of lust had diminished, though it was once more slowly building up, and wasn't the reason she couldn't focus. The one who she sated it with before was.

The golden-haired witch was always present in her thoughts since they shared themselves with one another, and she couldn't understand why. It wasn't the first time she had been with someone else, it wasn't even the first time she had been with a woman, though she had never enjoyed those occasions as much as whenever she slept with a strapping male. And yet, she couldn't get rid of the image of the other naked woman, or forget the sensation of their frames against one another.

Isolde was aware the potions they had consumed might have something to do with it, but it didn't exactly solve the problem. It had only been three days since she had been with the witch, and already she was aching to enter the woman's study and force her against one of the walls. For someone who had always prided herself in her self-control, to be so unbalanced was ... a little daunting.

One of her military commanders started speaking, and she tried to pay attention once more, only to find her eyes drifting to the door she knew would lead her towards the witch. She breathed deeply, anger mounting.

She didn't know if she was angry at herself or at the witch. Or perhaps the witch's clumsiness. If Daisy had been able to give her the right cure, none of what happened afterwards would have occurred, and she would be feeling normal right then. Unfortunately, there was no way to undo the past, and she could only bear the consequences of it.

She started tapping her foot against the floor, and only noticed she was doing so when her entire council looked her way, sudden dread in their eyes. They had never seen their empress behaving so erratically before, and most knew the fate that awaited them should they have done something to displease her.

Isolde noticed what she was doing and stopped, and gestured for them to continue. It was for naught though. She couldn't focus on their words, couldn't care less about army rations or expenditures right then, and eventually she got to her feet, aware her council stilled once more.

“I trust you know what's needed of you, and that none will fail me.” Her voice left them no doubts about what would happen if they did. “I find myself in need of solace, I'll leave my trustworthy seneschal to take care of the matters that might need me.” She glanced at the man, and watched him swallow, before turning on her feet and leaving the throne room.

She hesitated once more after leaving their sight, and glanced at the guards that had fallen in position behind her. Any other time, if she had felt as lustful as she was feeling, she might have dragged the two of them into her chambers and let them worship her, but while the thought wasn't completely unappealing, she realized she wanted something else. Someone else.

The memory of the witch's taste, the feel of that pale skin against hers almost made Isolde moan out loud, but she managed to control herself. She dismissed her guards once she reached her room, and then laid on the bed, slowly undressing herself and letting the air caress her skin. She almost didn't notice her own hands gliding down her body, not at first.

She bit her lip, and wondered if she should do it or not. The temptation was too great however, and she was empress, she could do whatever she wished. Her aching nipples were the first thing she focused on, caressing and playing with them, pulling them just until it became painful and releasing them afterwards.

Isolde let her hands wander lower afterwards. She didn't waste much time, barely stopped to play with her navel or the curls atop her sex. She wanted, *she needed*, to feel her sex being caressed, to writhe in pleasure and enjoyment.

She spread her legs as far as she could, and her hands fell upon the now open passage, touching her sex and inner thighs, sharp nails pressing against her flesh until it became almost uncomfortable.

Memories of what happened with the witch made their best to come to the forefront of Isolde's mind, and she moaned without quite meaning to, hating how they were able to incite her lust to new heights. She hated that she couldn't deny her interest in the blonde, she hated that thinking about her only increased the pleasure she was feeling.

Her hips arched from the bed and helped her sex meet her hands, and fingers entered her, her own fingers, fast and hard, showing her just how wet the thought of the witch had made her.

Tension started building inside of her, her need becoming the most important thing in the world. It had been a long time since she had deigned to touch herself, and it was almost strange at first, but she soon found one can never truly forget such things. A fingertip sliding over her lips made her writhe, a hard digit entering her again and again made her thrust, and two fingers circling her clit made her groan in need.

Despite it all, it wasn't easy for her to come. It was as if her body was rejecting her own touch, wanting to feel another's hands against her, another's ... rod. The memory of the cock that grew between Daisy's hips almost overwhelmed her, and gave her just the push she needed.

Her fingers moved faster, deeper and harder, and the tension built and built. She drew her legs closer to her body, contorting in ways she wouldn't have at any other time, always hoping the next motion would be the one to trigger her release, to make her explode in joy.

When that happened, she didn't bother to stifle her own cries, not caring if others heard her. Prudes weren't common in her country. As empress, she should present a more dignified facade, but no one would criticize her if she didn't.

Her body shook and her mind almost disconnected for some moments. Isolde could only enjoy her orgasm, mewling cries escaping from her mouth as her fingers kept working until she was spent and tired atop her bed.

Soon after, she shook her head, trying to regain her senses. One of her legs was stiff, having ended up in an uncomfortable position under the other; there was sweat on her chest, between her breasts, and for a moment she wondered if she should take a bath, or do what she needed to and confront the witch. In the end, she figured a bath would only waste time, and be rendered useless soon after, if what

she imagined came true.

She ended up only dressing herself in a light dress that glued itself to her body. She might not have the same curves the blonde did, and over the previous days she had grown exquisitely aware of those curves, but she was athletic enough that her body presented quite a nice figure.

If she paused for a second and thought about it, she would realize she hadn't ever bothered to dress herself for someone else, to try to seduce them. She was the empress of a powerful empire, she was rich and attractive: people came to her, they tried to seduce her, she didn't need to bother to seduce them.

Those servants that crossed her path on the way to Daisy's laboratory got out of her way fairly quickly. They noticed how hurried their empress was, and the look in her eyes, and they figured they didn't want problems.

She breathed deeply before entering Daisy's room. Hesitation flared momentarily, but she shook her head and tried to ignore it; she had never allowed hesitation to take hold over her before.

"You can put it right there."

It was the first thing she heard once she entered, and she stopped, suddenly, just blinking at the blonde witch who uttered the phrase. When the other woman didn't turn, or pay any attention to her, she coughed, and again louder when that didn't seem to work, and finally Daisy turned to glance at her.

The witch froze almost immediately, like a rabbit that had seen a wolf far closer than it expected to, and then slowly a blush graced her cheeks, and she jerkily turned around, once more trying to ignore the empress's presence.

Isolde simply raised an eyebrow. She couldn't expect that to work, could she? If the next minute was any indication, she had expected it to work, but soon the empress got bored of the whole charade and coughed again.

Daisy refused to turn and look at her, and Isolde grew annoyed. She started gritting her teeth, then tapping her foot on the ground, and when that didn't seem to work she stepped forward and grabbed Daisy's shoulder, forcing the witch to face her. The moment her eyes met the witch's, her courage seemed to flee, and the two remained in silence, simply looking at one another.

During the last days, Isolde had thought about so many things she wanted to say or do to the witch. The more vengeful ideas involved punishing the witch for the whole ordeal between them, but for the most part she didn't consider harming the witch. She wanted to talk, and didn't know if she would like to maybe repeat it all.

It was a first, in a way. She had never been hesitant about wanting anyone before.

She didn't know if she still wanted Daisy's help in conceiving a child, or if she would prefer to simply have the witch at her side for some time longer.

Her loneliness, and the need to continue her bloodline, had led her to the dream of having a child, and she didn't want to give it up, not after so much effort, but she also didn't want it to come between her and the witch. And it shouldn't, not really, but Isolde had never quite felt like she was feeling at the moment, and she could admit she wasn't thinking completely rationally. "We need to talk." She let out, eventually.

"What about?" Daisy questioned, and turned away once again.

She seemed focused on her potions, but Isolde knew better. The woman was just trying to avoid her. She narrowed her eyes and started tapping with her foot once again, but all that did was make the witch more withdrawn. “What do you think I want to talk about?”

“I have no idea.”

Daisy seemed as clumsy in avoiding a conversation as she was in everything else, and Isolde didn’t enjoy it at all.

She breathed deeply. If the other woman wanted to play like that, then she would. “What else could I possibly want to talk to you about? Your inability to get me pregnant, obviously.”

Daisy startled so hard that the empty bottle in her hand fell to the floor and broke. Isolde looked at it and then at the blonde, raising an eyebrow.

The witch’s face was red, and she seemed to have some difficulty breathing. “I-Inability ... to get you pregnant?” Her stuttering almost brought a smirk to Isolde’s lips, but the empress retained control at the last moment.

Her eyebrow simply raised even further. “Isn’t that why you were brought before me? To use your knowledge and ensure I would get pregnant?”

“Well, yes, but I thought...” Daisy colored even further, and her eyes were unable to meet Isolde’s.

The empress frowned. “You thought what?”

“Nothing.” The witch replied quickly, once more trying to look away. She did turn and started grabbing some of the ingredients on top of her working table, but Isolde wouldn’t let her escape that easily.

“Tell me, what did you think exactly?”

Daisy’s voice was hesitant, and her hands were trembling. “I ... I thought you wanted to talk about you-know-what...”

Isolde shook her head. “No, I don’t know what. What did you mean?”

“... Nothing.” The blonde mumbled under her breath.

“This is why I don’t like you.”

Daisy stumbled back at the words, and looked at Isolde’s face, surprised. Her eyes were wide, and her mouth was open, and Isolde had to resist the temptation to reach forward and pressed her lips against it, continuing with the charade.

“You’re clumsy, you can’t do your job, and now you’re speaking nonsense.”

“You’re the one speaking nonsense.” Daisy shot back, then remembered who she was talking to and took another step back, only stopping when the empress narrowed her eyes at her. Something told her she shouldn’t hold back now, and say what needed to be said. “You’re the one behaving as if nothing happened between us.”

“I have no idea what you mean.” Isolde smirked, and her eyes glittered.

Daisy swallowed, understanding what the other woman was doing. “You’re teasing me.”

“And you were avoiding the conversation, I think that’s only fair. I don’t like people to ignore, or try to make a fool of me.” Isolde’s rebuke was gentle, not something exactly normal in her, but then nothing in this situation was.

Daisy tried to look away once more, but the empress’s hand coming to rest on her cheek stopped her. The two women looked into each other’s eyes, and shared a moment of silent understanding. Then their embarrassment took hold, and Isolde stepped back, and Daisy once more turned her back on the other woman.

The empress just looked at the blonde, and wondered what to do. Deep down, the problem was that she didn't know what she wanted to come from this. Did she want Daisy to turn around and kiss her? Did she want to feel the other woman's body against hers, to have the blonde's arms around her? The sudden pressure between her thighs indicated that yes, she would enjoy that very much, but she didn't know if that was all she wanted.

She wouldn't mind just having a conversation with Daisy, and learn more about her. She was intrigued about the woman, had been since she met her. It wasn't what she truly wanted – she wasn't sure about that either – but it was something she could do without regretting it later. “Who are you?”

Daisy turned to her, confused if the raised eyebrows were any indication.

Isolde shook her head and tried to focus. “I mean, it's not exactly common for someone from the northern kingdoms to travel our way, not if they aren't merchants. Why are you here?”

The witch hesitated, it was clear, and then licked her lips and forced Isolde to resist the temptation to kiss her once more. “I was hoping to find someone that could help me, or ingredients that would allowed me to make a potion that would solve my problem.” She fidgeted, and tried to look away from Isolde.

“What problem?” The empress asked, curious.

Daisy smiled sadly. “I'm sure you noticed it, but sometimes I ... become a klutz. I stop being able to focus on anything, I just can't think straight. It doesn't always happen, and it's pretty arbitrary, but it's there.” She seemed to struggle to get the words out.

Isolde remembered the first time the witch was brought before her, and how she had flitted from shiny bauble to shiny bauble in her throne room, unable to pay attention to the woman that could have ordered her death so easily. Her seneschal told her the woman had some kind of accident with a potion. She asked her about it.

The witch nodded. “I was trying to develop a panacea, a potion to cure all ailments, but I ended up doing something that only harms the mind. I didn't even mean to use it, but unfortunately I wasn't as careful with one of the bottles as I thought I was, and here I am.”

The manner in which she fidgeted, her being unable to hold Isolde's eyes; all of it made the empress realize just how embarrassed the other woman was about her mistake, and part of her wanted to reassure Daisy. She didn't know how, however.

She couldn't imagine how it must have felt to lose capabilities, to sometimes lose the ability to even focus on what was going around you. In her thoughts, she let her eyes wander about, and stilled when they fell upon the cauldron besides Daisy's table. The almost turquoise potion inside was easily recognizable, and Isolde swallowed without quite meaning to, another bout of lust making her breathe a little deeper.

She took a step in its direction, then one back before Daisy noticed it. She tried to focus on the conversation. “You seem to be better.” She said after a while, a questioning tilt to her words.

Daisy paused and seemed to blush. “It's not always the same, but lately I seem to be more focused.”

Something about the way she said it made Isolde narrow her eyes. “Since when, exactly?” Daisy's blush answered for herself, and the empress took a step forward, getting closer to the other woman. She glanced once more at the potion,

and wondered. "That is the one that affected you the other day, correct?"

Daisy glanced at it and colored further. "Yes, it is."

"What is it supposed to do?"

The witch shrugged. "It wasn't supposed to be able to affect a woman. It was purely for a male to drink, and to enhance his ability to both perform and impregnate a woman. The effects it had on me were ... unpredictable." Her cheeks were so red by now that Isolde doubted her blush would ever vanish, but she didn't mind.

She just nodded, then let her gaze move around, trying to find the other potion, the one she drank. She encountered it soon enough. "And this is the one you fed me, correct?"

"No." Daisy shook her head, reaching out to point at the correct one. They were both the same color. "That was the cure I was supposed to give you; this one is the one you ended up drinking."

Looking from one potion to the other, Isolde could understand how the other woman gave her the wrong one. They were almost indistinguishable after all, and she narrowed her eyes.

Daisy took that gesture as some kind of condemnation. "I usually label them, but I had just finished a batch, and seeing as the other one had a fairly indistinguishable color I hadn't bothered before." She explained, then her eyes widened when she saw the empress reach for one of the potions. "What are you doing?"

Isolde raised an eyebrow at her, but didn't stop, and picked a bottle of the potion the other woman fed her. "I just figured something." She started, opening the bottle and inhaling, recognizing the scent. "You haven't been doing that good of a job with me, have you?"

"What?" Daisy seemed confused by Isolde's statement, and shook her head. "I mean, I don't know. I told your men it would take time to find a solution, you can't blame me for being right."

"I can blame you for failing." Isolde ignored Daisy's spluttering and moved closer to the turquoise potion, still holding onto the green one in her hand. "And I can blame you for what happened between us."

The blonde swallowed.

"Fortunately for you, I just had a great idea. One that might benefit us both." Her smirk sent a shiver of need racing down Daisy's back.

"What idea?" The blonde knew she should have remained silent, maybe try to flee, but something in Isolde's eyes told her that wouldn't have helped. And part of her didn't want to. Whatever the empress was cooking up would be something the woman in her would end up liking very much, and after their previous night together she didn't know if she would be able to deny her instincts.

And the empress might be right, in more than one manner. Daisy still wasn't certain about what had allowed her to improve in these last days, but she narrowed it to only two causes. Either it had been the potion she ended up bathing in, or the sex that had made her feel better, and she wouldn't mind having a clearer answer.

Isolde glanced at the caldron, noting that the fire used to cook the potion was extinguished, and slowly let one of her hands get submerged in the liquid within.

Daisy swallowed when the empress turned to her and offered her the green potion. "Drink." Isolde ordered, and the witch grabbed the potion without really

thinking about it. "If you're unable to make me have a child, then I figure you'll have to carry *my child*."

Daisy understood what she meant almost immediately. "We can't, I mean..." She trailed off at the empress's look, and swallowed, glancing down at the potion in her hand. "There's no reason to assume it will work, the potion was designed for a man."

Isolde rolled her eyes. "And we saw the effect it had on a woman. Something tells me it will probably work." She let her gaze wander over Daisy's body. "And something tells me we'll enjoy it very much." A groan escaped her after those words, and she removed her hand from within the caldron, grabbing the edge of her dress.

Only then did Daisy actually pay attention to what the empress was wearing, and she swallowed again. The other woman was using a silk dress, a very short one, ending just beneath her thighs. It was also thin, so thin she could see the curves the woman sported underneath the dress, and the sight incited something inside of her.

Without really thinking about it, she drank the potion, and moaned when the effects started getting to her.

Isolde watched as the other woman moaned and threw her head back, and smiled. A pained sound escaped her when she started to feel her flesh change, a pulse within her sex making her perfectly aware of what was happening. She raised her dress and watched as a cock grew above her slit, and groaned in desire.

She threw her dress aside, baring herself completely, and glanced down, waiting until her cock finished growing, marveling a little when it did so. It was dark, far darker than the one Daisy had sported, and bigger as well. Isolde giggled slightly when she grabbed her rod and mentally compared it with others she had seen before, and realized she was bigger than many of the men she had been with.

A moan called her attention back to Daisy. The witch was panting, and her eyes were fixed on Isolde's rod. The empress enjoyed the attention, and started shifting from side to side, giggling when Daisy's eyes followed her new cock as a dog would follow a bone. Her amusement managed to get through to the witch, and she looked up at her.

Isolde saw the struggle in Daisy's eyes, the urgency to step forward and fulfill her need, but the witch held back. She almost pouted. That wouldn't do, she wanted Daisy, wanted to hear the blonde scream in pleasure, wanted to own her. And she would.

She stepped forward. "Come here," She called to the witch, and the woman obeyed. "Let me see you."

Daisy swallowed, but stayed still, even when Isolde reached out and grabbed her upper clothes and started pulling them off. The lust running through her mind was too great, and she wanted nothing more than to satisfy it.

Eventually, she started helping the other woman, and soon both stood naked. Daisy let her eyes rove over Isolde's body, but more often than not they strayed to the woman's rod.

The previous day they had been together, she had been too confounded by the sensations coursing through her body to study her rod, but now, even though there was plenty of lust running through her veins, she could focus somewhat. Isolde's cock was long, dark, and it seemed to be pretty hard. Without really thinking about it, she reached out and touched it, then drew back when the empress giggled at her.

“Go on,” Isolde said with a smile. “You can touch it. You can do more than that.”

Daisy only bit her lower lip and looked at the rod, and the sight almost made Isolde’s rod jerk. She needed to have the other woman, and looking at those lips there wasn’t anything she would like more than to feel them around her rod, but the reason why she had called for the other woman, the only reason why this had started, was her desire to have a child, and now she had a chance. There was only one place where the first drops of her seed would end on, and that was on Daisy’s womb.

“Turn around,” She whispered, but it was still loud enough for the other woman to hear her. “And bend over the table.”

Daisy looked at her with wide eyes, and for a moment she feared the witch would fight her, wouldn’t obey, but all the blonde did was shudder, and then did as commanded. Isolde groaned at the sight.

Daisy’s bottom looked like the most precious thing she had seen in her life, and she wasn’t able to resist reaching out with her hand and running it over those globes, hearing the other woman moan under her breath as it happened. The blonde’s skin was soft, softer than that of any lover she had before, and Isolde wondered if the pale color had anything to do with it, or if that was simply something about Daisy.

She wanted to prolong that moment for as long as she could: she had never been in that position before, hadn’t ever been the one about to sink her length into anyone, but unfortunately her lust was too great. She stepped forward almost without meaning to, and pressed her rod against Daisy’s buttocks, and when the woman moaned grabbed it and used it to tease the blonde’s sex.

Lust overwhelmed Daisy easily enough, and she started moving against the empress, trying to get just a little bit of friction in the right place, but the other woman made her wait.

Isolde teased the blonde, first with her rod, then with her fingers, waiting until the only thing that came out of Daisy’s mouth were mewls and pleading, and then aligned herself with the blonde’s opening and thrust. It was a little awkward, there was no denying it, but it was worth it.

Daisy was tight, and Isolde shuddered as her flesh became imprisoned within the blonde’s depths. It was hard to describe how it felt. Isolde had sex many times before, but never like that, never being the one fucking someone. That, together with the lust the potion provoked in her, made sure she didn’t last long.

She thrust and thrust, becoming more used to the motions with every second that passed, and eventually reached her limit, feeling her cock starting to jerk, and groaning when her seed started escaping. It was too soon, they had barely started, but Isolde coming was enough to trigger Daisy’s own orgasm, and the two of them came together.

Orgasm allowed them to regain some measure of focus, and Isolde shivered, and made to move back, then stopped and groaned. She was still hard, the potion made sure of it, but Daisy’s walls felt far more pleasurable right now. Her rod was far more sensible.

She started thrusting once more. It was slower than before, more contained, but both of them were still reeling from their first orgasm, and it was far more enjoyable. Isolde grasped Daisy’s hips, and used that grip to coordinate her thrusts,

never letting her rod fully escape the other woman.

Daisy could only brace herself against the table and moan, the lust and need she felt too great to allow her to do anything else. She started moving back against the other woman, then stopped when that became so pleasurable it seemed to hurt.

Isolde didn't mind at all. She was in heaven, and right then nothing would have made her relinquish her hold on the other woman.

It didn't take them long to have a second orgasm. Isolde stopped to enjoy it, and then draped herself over Daisy's back, her legs suddenly failing her. The blonde struggled under the weight, and at the hard rod that remained inside of her, but managed to remain upright.

"That was perfect, wasn't it?" Isolde whispered in Daisy's ear, and smirked when the other woman shivered.

Daisy didn't even attempt to formulate a reply. Her thoughts were heavy, her tongue seemed to be tied in a knot, and her sex was on fire. The lust provoked by the green potion had only abated slightly, but she could feel it gathering once more, and she knew it would only truly leave her hours later, once she had thoroughly enjoyed.

Isolde moved back, slightly, and slipped out of the other woman. Daisy winced, then turned around and looked at the empress. The mocha skinned woman was beautiful, and even she, who had never much cared about other women, could see it. The empress was slim, athletic, but still had enough flesh in her to make her curvaceous.

Her breasts were on the small side, but looking at them right then, Daisy couldn't resist the temptation and reached out to touch them, cupping them with her hands and playing with the nipples.

Isolde arched and offered her chest to the blonde, her hand moving down to play with her cock. Daisy's touch was inflaming her once more, and she decided to pay the blonde in kind. They both moaned when she grabbed the voluptuous breasts in front of her, spreading her fingers wide, feeling Daisy's nipples come to rest between them.

The empress smirked at the other woman, and then leaned down to taste those pink buds, wondering how they would taste, wondering if it would be something close to the taste of the other woman's sex. They didn't taste much of anything, but Isolde licked them nonetheless, hard and fast, and then pulled the nipple into her mouth and started suckling.

Daisy shuddered, and this time she was the one arching into Isolde, offering herself. Her hands fell atop the empress's head, holding unto her braided hair and pulling her tighter. Isolde didn't fight against that grip, and used the opportunity to press her rod once more against the other woman.

When she couldn't take it anymore, the empress leaned back and poised her hands on the other woman's shoulders. "Kneel." Her voice was husky, and the look in her eyes scorching. Daisy didn't resist.

Slowly, bit by bit, her knees bent and she fell, stopping when her face was right in front of Isolde's crotch. The empress's hands on her hair, the almost pull, only made her more eager, and without hesitation she grasped the woman's dark rod.

She started teasing a little, grasping it and pumping, rubbing her thumb against its tip, but she was in no mood for games, and neither was Isolde. She

pressed her lips against the tip of that rod, and licked it, then opened her mouth and let it take refuge within.

Isolde shuddered and held tighter unto Daisy's head, resisting the temptation to start to thrust. It felt too good, and it was hard to describe just how much she enjoyed the motions of the other woman's tongue against her. Daisy bobbed her head, massaging the cock with her lips, and at the same time licked the underside of it, swirling her tongue around the rod for good measure.

With so much stimulation, and after all they had done together, Isolde couldn't resist and came once more.

Daisy's eyes bugged out when the cock released its seed, but persevered and continued sucking, continued caressing it until it gave her all that it had to give, and only then did she release it.

"Turn around." Isolde ordered almost immediately, and Daisy was so out of it she didn't even bother questioning why. There was a push on her back, and she was forced to brace herself on her hands and knees, and realized what Isolde intended.

She shuddered when the other woman kneeled behind her, and again when the empress pressed the rod against her sex. They had done this minutes earlier, but she was just as eager to do it again as she was the first time.

Isolde's thrusts were harder this time, more precise, the motion far more comfortable than before. She held unto Daisy's hips and pulled, forcing the woman to move into her, driving herself to the hilt inside of Daisy. The blonde started thrusting back of her own volition, closing her eyes and just enjoying, starting to moan as the pleasure built up.

Their pleasure was harder to reach this time, their previous releases playing against them, but eventually it had to happen once more, and Isolde came for the third time inside of Daisy. It wouldn't be the last time.

They fucked each other in all the positions they could think of, they used their hands and mouths, they played with Isolde's rod, and eventually, when the night turned back into day, they collapsed against one another and slept, content in each other's warmth.

Epilogue

“Enough, enough.” Daisy’s voice showed her temper quite clearly, and the women surrounding her retreated in short order. She grabbed the gown they tried to dress her in, and tried to put it on, only to fail when it wasn’t able to accommodate her swollen belly. She almost screamed, and the handmaidens moving back showed they noticed it. She glared at them, and they fled the room without hesitation.

“You should relax.” Isolde’s voice came from behind.

Daisy gritted her teeth. “Easy for you to say, you’re the one who did this.” She pointed at her pregnant belly.

“And you did this.” Isolde replied in kind, pointing at her own pregnant belly as she approached her lover, smiling when the woman huffed and looked away.

She couldn’t deny she was amused by how their pregnancies changed them. Before, she was the one who got angered easily, now she found it easy to relax, to let life follow its path, and Daisy hated it.

The blonde glared at her when she noticed her smile.

Isolde let her eyes move over the witch, feeling her lust become more pronounced as she did so. She had grown to enjoy the other woman’s company very much, and only hated that in their far advanced pregnancies it wasn’t easy to love each other. She wanted nothing more than to make the other hers every moment of the day.

Eventually, Daisy looked aside, and Isolde approached, putting her arms around the blonde. The witch might not say anything about it, but the gesture reassured her, Isolde could see it. She smiled.

She couldn’t have imagined this was what would happen when they brought the blonde witch to her, but she wouldn’t change anything about it all.

The end

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